

**The NEWS MAGAZINE of the SCREEN**

# PHOTOPLAY

**FEBRUARY**

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MARY  
ASTOR

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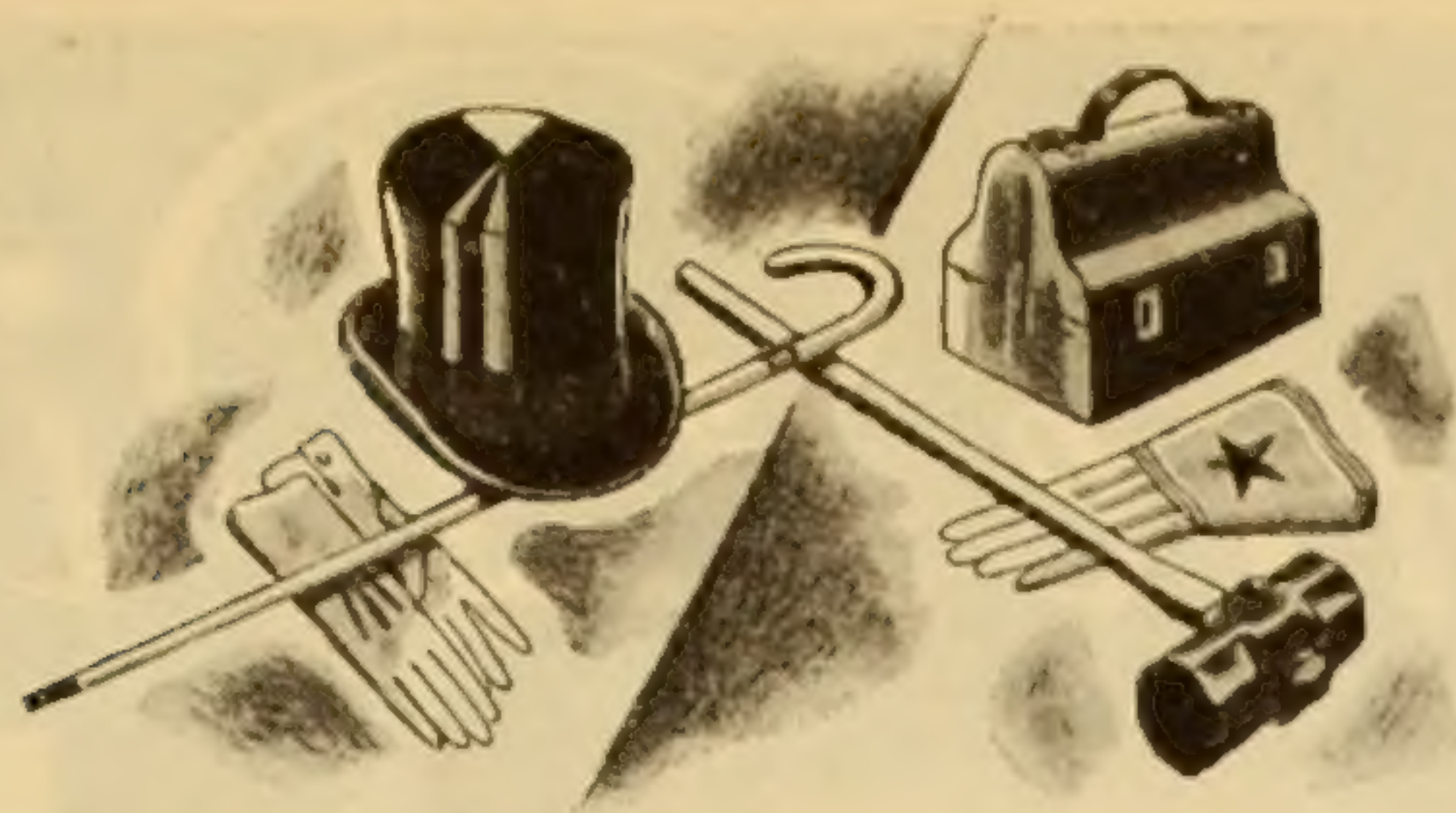
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# Marlene Dietrich



CLIVE BROOK

## "SHANGHAI EXPRESS"

with CLIVE BROOK, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and Eugene Pallette. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg

All men desired her, this ravishing, mysterious creature whose scarlet life held many men—whose Love only one had ever known! Parted, they meet again, on the Shanghai Express—seething with intrigue, desire, hatred—hurtling through the night with a dead man at the throttle . . . Marlene Dietrich in the year's greatest melodrama—another Paramount "best show in town!"

象形

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# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XLI No. 3

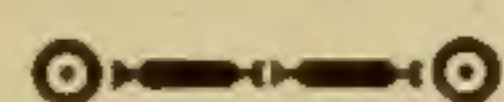
JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

February, 1932



Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

1920	1921	1922
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ROBIN HOOD"
1923	1924	1925
"The COVERED WAGON"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"THE BIG PARADE"
1926	1927	1928
"BEAU GESTE"	"7th HEAVEN"	"FOUR SONS"
1929	1930	
"DISRAELI"	"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"	



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# What the Audience Thinks

## With Brickbats and Bouquets PHOTOPLAY Readers Voice Their Opinions of Pictures and Personalities

### THE \$25 LETTER

I wouldn't exchange my \$25 a week for Clark Gable's thousands. When I am through for the day, no 'phone rings to ask me to make retakes. I can take my girl to a movie and no one will say where we went or what we wore. Every summer I have my vacation in peace and I don't get any wires saying, "Come back. Picture starting."

I can talk about my girl and no reporter will write, "He said, 'She is a marvelous girl but we're just good friends.'"

And after reaching the top of the ladder, which I intend to do, no fickle public will say, "We are tired of him," and down I come. I am satisfied just being a movie fan.

ARTHUR CAIN, JR., Vidalia, Ga.

### THE \$10 LETTER

I play quarterback on the high school football team. So far this season I have had good breaks (or maybe it is good interference on the part of my team mates). Anyhow, I've been gaining yardage and scoring quite a few touchdowns. Well, I was beginning to feel real important. I had the big head.

The other day the coach and a few players and I saw Richard Arlen in "Touchdown." When it came to the part where the star player began to think he was the big "I," I could see, out of the corner of my eye, some of the team staring at me. I knew right away what they were thinking. From now on I'm going to play for the team and not for the big "I." This picture sure opened my eyes.

R. J. SATTERLEE, Muncie, Ind.

### THE \$5 LETTER

I'm in my early twenties but have been deaf for more than eight years and I found no joy in being alive. One day a friend asked if I had tried the ear-phones at the neighborhood theater. I went to see "The Big House," but did not expect to hear. I doubt if Columbus when he sighted America could have been so overcome with joy as I was when, for the first time in years, I heard a human voice. I sat through three performances and my ears ached badly, but the next night I went back again. Now my ears do not ache, and I've seen every movie I could, good or bad I've not cared. That I can hear people talk is joy enough.

LOUIS S. PAPP, Cleveland, Ohio

### A NEW INTELLIGENCE QUOTA

After a lapse of fourteen years I have resumed teaching in the public schools. The intelligence level of school children has advanced so much in that period that it is amazing. There is no such thing as a totally dull and listless child any more. I am convinced the change is due to the educational value of the motion pictures. In almost every



Joan Crawford's face is to the camera, Clark Gable is in profile in this still from "Possessed," and lots of people didn't like that. It wasn't because they object to looking at Joan, they just want to see more of Gable. But all liked the film itself

**LETTERS** come from the four corners of the earth. China, South Africa, South America, Hawaii, British Columbia, Australia and England.

A big battle is raging. All of a sudden there are just two kinds of people in the world, the pro-Bennetts and the anti-Bennetts. First name is Connie, of course. And, while this goes on, the smoke from the Garbo trenches is reduced to a few mild puffs. You'll find a story about Connie in another part of this magazine.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was roundly cheered for giving Marie Dressler the award for best acting. There has never been one brickbat hurled at "Queen Marie." And that's a record.

Sorrow over the untimely death of Robert Williams and congratulations to Richard Dix for getting married at last. And, believe me, you readers know stories when you see them, for the pet pictures are: "The Champ," "Frankenstein," "Arrowsmith," "Possessed," "Are These Our Children?" "Platinum Blonde," "Over the Hill," "Palmy Days" and "The Cuban Love Song." PHOTOPLAY doesn't want to dislocate its arm patting itself on the back, but we did recommend every one of these films.

Jimmie Dunn is still a favorite as is, of course, Clark Gable, and everybody is waiting for Garbo's "Mata Hari." It is reviewed in this issue.

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. Write up to 200 words, no more. We must reserve the right to cut letters to suit space limitations, and no letters can be returned. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

piece of literature we study I find that a preconceived idea of the period has been accurately formed by some picture.

GRACE H. KEHR, Decatur, Ga.

### COLLEGIATE OPINION

After many hours spent in poring over the monotonous details of chemistry or economics, what a joy it is to abandon all studies and hurry off to the movies. Here at Wellesley, we have found this form of entertainment the ideal college recreation. It keeps us in touch with the outside world and relieves our minds for a few hours from the tension of study. It fits in nicely with our limited time schedules and limited pocketbooks as well.

MARY CROWLEY, Wellesley, Mass.

### "POSSESSED"

I saw Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Possessed." It was swell. I always did say Joan was the best actress on the screen, but in this picture she was superb. The same goes for Clark Gable. What the movies need are more actresses like Crawford, more actors like Gable and more stories like "Possessed."

MARION BANNO, Dallas, Texas

A few months ago PHOTOPLAY nicknamed him "What-A-Man Gable," but now my girl friends and I call him "What-A-Neck Gable." The reason? Because in "Possessed," practically all we saw of our favorite actor was the back of his handsome head and neck! The way they let Joan Crawford (or told her to) "back up" on that boy and take all the full faces and the close-ups was flagrant scene stealing.

But we just go for Clark twice as hard. Now we know that in addition to high-powered sex appeal he has "back appeal plus."

ROBERTA JEAN ROBBINS, Chicago, Ill.

Even though Joan Crawford got all the breaks in "Possessed" and Clark Gable's part wasn't as big, he "did himself proud" in the opinion of this family of seven. As PHOTOPLAY's review said, "If Joan hadn't been so good in her rôle, Clark would have had the whole picture." We hear Clark is to play opposite Marion Davies in "Polly of the Circus." This time we hope they give him a chance to look at the camera more often, and us audiences a better chance to look at him. We like his type.

THE BRANNIGAN FAMILY, Kansas City, Mo.

### NUMBER PLEASE?

Telephone companies report a big demand for French telephones as soon as they were used in the movies. The movies set new standards for dress, house furnishing, hair dress, voice, manners and conduct.

ILVA GRAEFF, Cleveland, Ohio  
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]



# A Great Actress ARRIVES....

Glamorous Dagover! . . . Her beauty exotic as a tropic night . . . Her personality—fascinating . . . Her artistry—unequalled . . . The flame of her genius blazed a trail of triumph thru the capitals of Europe . . . Now she is destined to intrigue America with her allure, her subtlety, her tremendous power of emotional expression . . . Her *premiere* in "The Woman from Monte Carlo" is an event not to be missed . . . Watch for it.

Screen play and dialogue by Harvey Thew  
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ



# LIL Dagover

*in*  
**The WOMAN**  
*from*  
**MONTE CARLO**

with

WALTER HUSTON  
WARREN WILLIAM  
JOHN WRAY • ROBERT WARWICK  
GEO. E. STONE

*In Berlin* • Dagover is the foremost actress of their stage and screen

*In Paris* • Dagover is idolized by famous modistes for her style and beauty.

*In Vienna* • Dagover is a vivid figure in the entertainments of the nobility.

*In Hollywood* • Dagover set the cinema capital aflame with the brilliance of her artistry.

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Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

**AGE FOR LOVE, THE**—Caddo.—Billie Dove is good but the old familiar story doesn't click. (Oct.)

★ **ALEXANDER HAMILTON**—Warners.—George Arliss, need we say more? Another superb characterization of an historic figure. (Aug.)

**ALIAS THE BAD MAN**—Tiffany Prod.—You probably won't like this even if you're a Western fan. Ken Maynard is okay—but you simply don't believe that story. (Sept.)

**AMBASSADOR BILL**—Fox.—Will Rogers, a mythical kingdom and a lot of laughs. (Dec.)

★ **AMERICAN TRAGEDY, AN**—Paramount.—Dreiser's great tragedy becomes one of the month's best pictures. Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sydney head a glorious cast. Not for the children. (Aug.)

★ **ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?**—Radio Pictures.—Inside, and pretty serious stuff on what goes on in some high schools. Neither parents nor children should miss it. (Dec.)

**ARIZONA**—Columbia.—(Reviewed under title "Men Are Like That"). Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY MINUTES**—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks in the funniest, trickiest, peppiest travelogue you've seen. A novelty you must not miss. (Jan.)

★ **ARROWSMITH**—United Artists.—Neither author Sinclair Lewis nor you will find fault with this. The story of a doctor, beautifully done by Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes. A great picture. (Jan.)

★ **BAD COMPANY**—RKO-Pathé.—A gang picture that's different, with Helen Twelvetrees and Ricardo Cortez doing some fine acting. (Nov.)

★ **BAD GIRL**—Fox.—You'll laugh and cry over this, made from the novel of the same name. Sally Eilers is all the girls who live next door. That new kid, James Dunn, bears watching. Don't miss this one. (Sept.)

**BELOVED BACHELOR, THE**—Paramount.—Complications between a sculptor, his ward and his sweetheart. Paul Lukas and Dorothy Jordan are the heartthrobs—Charlie Ruggles screamingly funny. (Dec.)

**BLACK CAMEL, THE**—Fox.—Here's your old pal *Charlie Chan* (sure, it's only Warner Oland) unraveling the mystery of a movie star's murder in Honolulu. Great stuff for the mystery-minded and other folks, too. (Sept.)

★ **BLONDE CRAZY**—Warners.—Reviewed under the title "Larceny Lane." James Cagney and Joan Blondell in another "crook picture" that's top-notch entertainment. (Oct.)

★ **BOUGHT**—Warners.—Connie Bennett and her father, Richard, rip off a real picture. Elegant acting, clothes you'll be ca-ra-zy for, and a vivid, human story. Ben Lyon does the best work of his career. (Sept.)

**BRANDED**—Columbia.—Good scenery, good riding, good ol' Buck Jones. But let's have less talk and more action in Westerns. (Oct.)

**BRAT, THE**—Fox.—Remember Sally O'Neil? What a comeback the kid stages in this old Maude Fulton comedy-drama. And what a rough and tumble fight she and Virginia Cherrill have! (Sept.)

★ **BUSINESS AND PLEASURE**—Fox.—Will Rogers is a riot. (Oct.)

**CAPTIVATION**—Capital Prod.—Ho-hum, a wife-in-name-only situation, a stouter Conway Tearle and a leading woman who almost out-Dietrichs Garbo. Made in England. (Dec.)

**CAUGHT**—Paramount.—The plot is pretty silly. Boy (Dick Arlen) finds mother (Louise Dresser) is outlaw he was sent out to get—but Louise is worth the admission. (Sept.)

**CAUGHT PLASTERED**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "Full of Notions.")—If you like Wheeler and Woolsey, don't let this get by you, for it's one of their best comedies to date. (Sept.)

★ **CHAMP, THE**—M-G-M.—You'll laugh, you'll cry, you'll thrill at this superb picture with those two great artists, Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery. Don't miss this one. (Dec.)

**CHEAT, THE**—Paramount.—In which Tallulah Bankhead does her acting stuff in an old-fashioned story. (Jan.)

★ **CISCO KID, THE**—Fox.—Warner Baxter makes the girls' hearts beat double time in this thriller. The plot isn't new but the treatment is. (Nov.)

You get the real inside news in

## PHOTOPLAY

You get it first. You get accurate news.

You can rely upon PHOTOPLAY'S reviews.

It is way out in front in the vast field of imitators.

**COMMON LAW, THE**—RKO-Pathé.—A poor adaptation of an old favorite but Constance Bennett is worth seeing. Sophisticated fare. (Aug.)

**COMPROMISED**—First National.—(Reviewed under the title "We Three".) Just uh-huh on this one. It neither bores nor thrills. About a millionaire. (Nov.)

**CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED**—Paramount.—Not a very convincing piece with Sylvia Sydney, Phillips Holmes and Norman Foster. College atmosphere. (Aug.)

★ **CONSOLATION MARRIAGE**—Radio Pictures.—Don't miss this truly sophisticated 1931 movie, with Irene Dunne and Pat "Front Page" O'Brien. (Nov.)

**CONVICTED**—Supreme Features.—A murder mystery at sea and a good one, with Aileen Pringle and Harry Myers. (Dec.)

**CORSAIR**—United Artists.—Familiar gangster activities transferred to a marine setting, without improvement. Chester Morris. (Jan.)

★ **CUBAN LOVE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett's voice, Lupe Velez' love-making and Jimmy Durante's darn foolishness in a lusty story of marines in Cuba. Great stuff. (Dec.)

**DANGEROUS AFFAIR, A**—Columbia.—A fast-moving and surprise-filled "shrieker" with Jack Holt and Ralph Graves. (Nov.)

**DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON**—Paramount.—Sessue Hayakawa and Anna May Wong in an Oriental mystery. Recommended if you like your murders sinister. (Oct.)

**DEADLINE, THE**—Columbia.—A Western with a really good plot. Better than the average horse opera. Buck Jones. (Jan.)

**DER GROSSE TENOR**—UFA.—A slow moving, all-German talkie with Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. A song or two. (Aug.)

★ **DEVOTION**—RKO-Pathé.—Perfect cast, excellent direction and sparkling dialogue make this moth-eaten plot a picture you must not miss. Ann Harding. (Nov.)

**DREYFUS CASE, THE**—Columbia.—An accurate account of the famous Dreyfus-Emile Zola rumpus, made in England with a fine British cast. (Nov.)

**EAST OF BORNEO**—Universal.—The title tells the story. Real Borneo scenery, excellent studio "fakes." Charles Bickford and Rose Hobart make it interesting enough. (Sept.)

**ENEMIES OF THE LAW**—Regal Prod.—Unless you want to see Lou Tellegen's brand new face-lift, you can check this off your list. Not even Mary Nolan's beauty compensates for that old formula 877—a gangster story. (Sept.)

**EX-BAD BOY**—Universal.—If you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Robert Armstrong and Jean Arthur give fine comedy acting. (Aug.)

**EXPENSIVE WOMEN**—Warners.—A pretty unhappy return to the screen for Dolores Costello. The less said about it the better. (Aug.)

**EXPRESS 13**—UFA.—A thrilling German-dialogue film that makes you wish you'd paid more attention to your German teacher. (Oct.)

**FALSE MADONNA, THE**—Paramount.—This doesn't make you laugh but it hits your heart. Kay Francis is good but a new boy, John Breeden, steals the show. (Jan.)

**FANNY FOLEY HERSELF**—Radio Pictures.—Edna May Oliver's first starring film. You'll laugh and—what's more—you'll cry. In Technicolor. See it. (Oct.)

**FIFTY FATHOMS DEEP**—Columbia.—Why waste Jack Holt and Dick Cromwell on that same old plot? Oh sure, they are deep sea divers in love with one girl. (Nov.)

**FIGHTING SHERIFF, THE**—Columbia.—Recommended for dyed-in-the-wool Western fans. Others will find it just average film fare. Buck Jones is the hero. (Sept.)

**FIRST AID**—Sono Art.—In which a lot of people—Grant Withers, Marjorie Beebe and Wheeler Oakman—do a lot of unconvincing things unconvincingly. (Sept.)

**FIVE AND TEN**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies with a splendid cast. Adapted from the Fannie Hurst story—jerky in spots. (Aug.)

★ **FIVE STAR FINAL**—First National.—Rush to the nearest theater. You mustn't miss this exciting story of tabloid newspaper sensationalism. Eddie Robinson is superb. (Sept.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]



# DANCE TEAM

with

## JAMES DUNN SALLY EILERS

All dressed up and going places where Broadway lights are brightest. From dance hall hoofers to society's favorite night club, the stars of "Bad Girl" glide to fame in each other's arms...stepping to the rhythm of love in the season's smartest romance.



# FOX



# Garbo, Gable, Joan, Marlene, Ruth



"Frankenstein"—ooh, what thrills and chills! But the picture broke box-office records and all the people who wrote letters this month said they were crazy about it. It will give you the creeps in the theater, but evidently folks like a good scare

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

## AVIATION TAUGHT

I am a first lieutenant in the U. S. Army Aviation Corps and I am called upon to talk and demonstrate to my pupils. Well, it seems as if I become suddenly tongue-tied. It is difficult to stand upon a platform and explain certain things about aviation.

Then I hit upon the plan of showing the students aviation pictures that illustrate my topic.

These pictures help me to stress certain points that I, alone, would never be able to teach satisfactorily.

FIRST LIEUT. G. F. WERNER, Somerset, Ky.

## "ARROWSMITH" DID IT

For months I had been undecided whether to become a nurse or not. Seeing "Arrowsmith" decided the question for me. When I am graduated from high school next June I'm going in training. That is my idea of a complete picture.

LENORE OEHL, San Bernardino, Calif.

## ABSENT MINDED ACTRESSES

What is the trouble with the actresses in Hollywood? Can't they find suitable husbands for themselves? We were so shocked to hear that young Constance Bennett married Henri Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. Just as if there aren't any more good looking fellows in Hollywood beside Henri Marquis. We movie fans don't see any reason why Connie married Henri Marquis when she loved Joel McCrea much better.

Besides, Joel McCrea is so much better than Henri Marquis.

The Hollywood actresses are certainly going absent minded when it comes to choosing their husbands.

FRANCES NASH, Herkimer, N. Y.

## HIGHER MATHEMATICS

I invested forty cents in four cheaper movie magazines, thereby saving sixty cents above the price of four PHOTOPLAYS. I attended six shows at their recommendation—the total cost being \$2.80—and was terribly disappointed in three of them. Later, in looking over a friend's PHOTOPLAYS for the same months, I found had I first consulted your reviews I would have attended only the three I enjoyed, and at the expense of only \$1.15. This month I return to PHOTOPLAY. I was "penny wise and pound foolish."

MARGARET L. KIRK, San Diego, Calif.

## FIGHT IT OUT, FOLKS

I'm for the new stars. Give the young actors a chance and the public a change. We do not care to see the same hero for ten years or the same heroine for fifteen. I saw Dix, Fairbanks, Gilbert, Lloyd and many others when I first started going to movies. I still see them. Why all the comebacks? Certainly the stars don't improve with age. Hollywood seems to be fading.

MARY COBURNS, Ft. Madison, Iowa

And still they come! Not a month passes but what more and more new faces greet us. May I register a protest not only for the fans, who resent having their old favorites ignored,

but also for the "new finds" themselves? There are so many of them that only a small percentage can make good. It seems so cruel to give them a sip of fame in one picture and then snatch the cup away. We fans are not so forgetful as we are said to be. We would stick to our old favorites if the producers would let us, but they keep cramming newcomers down our throats.

M. K. CLEMENT, San Francisco, Calif.

## D. A. R. SPEAKS UP

The picture "Alexander Hamilton" was sponsored in our city by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and we felt proud to have been in any way connected with the showing of such a superb characterization as George Arliss gave in "Alexander Hamilton." We felt we each had seen our Revolutionary ancestors. Give us more such pictures, so wholesome and entertaining for old and young alike.

ELIZABETH GODCHARLES BIGLER,  
Clearfield, Penna.

## YOU'RE RIGHT, ROSE

I'm short, plain looking, with a large mouth and hair that is so straight it is hard to keep waved.

Therefore, it is a consolation to read that Greta Garbo has her hair waved about ten times a day to keep it right; that Janet Gaynor is only five feet tall and that a large mouth like Joan Crawford's can be lovely.

ROSE TAKENCHI, Los Angeles, Calif.

## BIG CONNIE CONTROVERSY

Constance Bennett is my idea of the perfect snob. She plays the part and looks the part and seems to despise the ground other people walk on.

LANGDON C. HORNE, Danville, Va.

Constance Bennett is worth every cent of her salary. If she ever stops making pictures I'll never go to another show. I'm sick of reading so much about Clark Gable and Greta Garbo. They are both fine but give me my Connie.

CATHERINE MACGUREE, York, Penna.

I don't like Constance Bennett to act a drunken part as she did in "Bought." She is a nice, clean, sweet girl and should not be taught such bad habits. Why not let Connie and Clark Gable steal some of the Gaynor-Farrell stuff for just one picture, and listen to the fans howl with joy. Connie has the same innocent look that Janet has, and Clark has Farrell skinned a mile in winning ways.

LILLIAN CROWELL, Kansas City, Mo.

Why are we supposed to go into ecstasies over Constance Bennett? She is so weak and wan that she is no longer able to put any feeling in her lines.

And her camera always goes to great lengths to keep her feet from showing.

MRS. C. E. DINKLE, Grunville, Texas

## "PLATINUM BLONDE"

Why they called "Platinum Blonde" that, is still a mystery to me. Jean Harlow was non-existent as far as our crowd was concerned. We certainly enjoyed the late Robert Williams. Haven't had such an enjoyable movie evening all winter, lots of clean comedy, a laugh a minute and a corking good story.

MAE V. CONNELLY, Trenton, N. J.

## WHAT HO, GABLE FANS!

David Manners is far more handsome and a better actor than Clark Gable. David's



# Some Like 'Em and Some Don't

acting is far more sincere. I never notice Clark being sincere.

GILBERT SETTLES, St. Louis, Mo.

## ANOTHER SECOND RUDY

Why can't some director see that Ricardo Cortez is all that Rudy Valentino ever was, and I was a great Valentino admirer.

LILLIAN M. HANSEN, La Crosse, Wis.

## NOW YOU'VE STARTED IT

I have seen Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor in all their pictures together, but I have never been able to agree with the rest of the world that they are a good team. In my opinion Charles is too tall for little Janet. I think Madge Evans is much better suited to him.

CLARA L. BARTELS, New Braunfels, Texas

## OUR CHILDREN

A friend of mine told me about her son who was coming home every night with liquor on his breath. I told her not to worry, that he would come out all right. The next day I saw "Are These Our Children?" and I grew alarmed, so I planned a theater party for a group of young folks, including my friend's son, and, after a buffet supper, gave them tickets to "Are These Our Children?" He liked the show and has been a different boy since that night, has broken his bad company dates and is acting like a real little gentleman.

MRS. AL HILL, Kansas City, Mo.

## COME ON, SAY ALL!

We hear over our radios and read in the daily columns that wedding bells are about to ring for this star and that star; that a star was dismissed from a hospital and another entered a sanitarium, etc., etc. Now I read my PHOTOPLAY the day it arrives and I find that most (I wouldn't say *all*) of the "sensational scoops" that the columnists and radio bamboozlers scoop up as up-to-the-minute news, are found in your *monthly* magazine, PHOTOPLAY.

RAY WILKINSON, Lubbock, Texas

## WORLD OPINION

Clark Gable is new and original but as for his being another Valentino, the idea is ridiculous. We all prefer that the latter should remain a great memory.

JEAN MILLER, Surrey, England.

Will someone please ask Charles Farrell to take up voice culture?

JULIA BOASE,  
St. Catharine's, Ontario, Canada

When the talkies first came here people said, "We prefer silent pictures." But now everybody goes to the talkies and enjoys them.

KATE GRILL, Tsingtas, China

You American fans don't realize how lucky you are to see the newest releases instead of waiting ages and ages for them as we do here. We have not yet seen or heard Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford or Robert Montgomery. Just imagine that! Now, don't you think you're well off?

LEILA S. ANDERSON,  
Cape Town, South Africa

Maybe the Americans like this glamour business we hear so much about. I don't. If a girl's only claim to individuality lies in gazing through her eyelashes and drooping a cigarette from the corner of her mouth, she'd get no-



"Arrowsmith" turned the tide of one girl's life. When she saw this grand picture of sacrifice for humanity she decided to become a nurse. Other folks loved it because it was real. Bouquets were tossed at the feet of Ronald Colman and Helen Hayes

where with me if I were a man. I like girls who are snappy. Glamour, appeal, mystery, charm? No, sir—give me zip!

BUNTÉE D'ALTON, Argentina, S. A.

So many bigstars have been visiting our shores that we have a Hollywood colony at the beach at Waikiki. Because they are so free from affectation they give us an inspiring impression that they, too, were struggling souls like us before they made the grade. Their simple laughter and love of life thrill us with the fact that they are human beings after all.

ALMA AU, Honolulu, Hawaii

I am not a great admirer of Garbo, Dietrich, Crawford and the others of that type but would not miss one of their pictures, because they certainly wear beautiful gowns and usually have nice surroundings sooner or later in their pictures. It does appeal to a woman to plan a dress or a home, even if she never gets the money to buy them.

BARBARA PONDER, Vancouver, B. C.

I have been waiting to see and hear Constance Bennett because so many magazines have referred to her cosmopolitan and cultured voice. I have now seen her latest film and think her a sincere artist and a very lovely woman, but her voice, although quite attractive, does not, to English ears, sound particularly cultured. Her speech is less broad than that of some film stars, but still definitely American. But what does it matter? She is a gorgeous creature.

VIOLET CLEMENCE, Sussex, England

Recently in a well-known Sydney newspaper there appeared a whole paragraph concerning

the engagement of Clara Bow to Hoot Gibson. It also said she was spending her vacation at Hoot's ranch. All I can say is that thank goodness we have a fine magazine like PHOTOPLAY to give us the real news.

MISS R. GIGG, Sydney, Australia

## SERVES THE AUTHOR

The movies are a godsend to the young author. If I'm writing a story with a negro background I see a picture like "Hallelujah." If my story is about newspaper life, films like "Five Star Final" and "The Front Page" are just the material I need.

Valuable tips on etiquette and highly technical information can also be gained from the movies.

I use motion pictures along with encyclopedias and other reference books.

ALBERT CHARLES DEWERT, Cincinnati, Ohio

## DEPRESSION CURE

My beauty shop was barely paying expenses. I could not understand why, because I have a busy location and working girls for customers. A boy induced me to subscribe for PHOTOPLAY and with the first issue I began my thanks, for it opened up new ways to improve my business. Each month I tack up pages of the latest styles upon my walls. I also study my customers and compare them with actresses they most resemble so I may advise them what hairdress is most becoming to their individual type. They certainly respond to this method. Then there are the pages of beauty hints which I study and repeat. And last, but not least, is conversational matter. I find that PHOTOPLAY [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12 ]



# What the Audience Thinks

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11 ]



What a tragedy that Robert Williams, who died because he wouldn't have an operation soon enough, couldn't hear all the praise his work in "Platinum Blonde" received. The fans liked Bobby better than Jean Harlow

topics interest everyone and give rise to lively conversations.

GRACE SEABROOKS, Youngstown, Ohio

## GENEROUS PRAISE

I am one of three hundred boys confined at the Maryland Training School. Although we do not have an up-to-date projection machine we do see talkies. And they have all given us a feeling of contentment even though we are under a court sentence. If we have more pictures during the coming year as we have had in the past, we will feel more like doing our work and doing it not merely because we are forced.

PAUL FLETCHER, Loch Raven, Md.

## IVAN FROM RUSSIA

Why all the fuss over Clark Gable when we have Ivan Lebedeff to rave about? He not only has the more intriguing personality but he is much the better actor. And personally I prefer a handsome actor. Ivan also has the most delightful and thrilling voice that I have ever heard.

GLADYS CONRAD, Indianapolis, Ind.

## AND WAS IT YOU, JACK?

I have been trying to impress on a girl friend of mine that it is not right to kiss all the boys that she goes with, but she seemed to think that the kissing means not a thing. But I took her to a show the other day and it was about a girl who thought the way my friend had been thinking. In the end the heroine was let down by all the boys whom she had been stringing along.

My girl friend said that she believed I was right, and from now on she would only kiss the boy she liked the best.

JACK LAWRENCE, Brownwood, Texas

## DRUNKARD OR PIONEER

I want to express my distaste of the decision of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in selecting the best actor's performance for 1931. The splendid and flawless por-

trayal of *Fancy Cravat* by Richard Dix in "Cimarron" is, in my opinion, far superior to the prize-winning characterization of a drunkard by Lionel Barrymore in "A Free Soul." Aside from the artistic viewpoint, I should think the Academy would consider the ethical viewpoint.

Does the Academy consider the portrayal of a drunkard more edifying for future generations than that of a pioneer?

M. SHERIDAN, East Elmhurst, Long Island

## STRONG FEATURES WANTED

In the palmy days of the theater the greatest stars were those with strong features and not soft contours. Who would call Sarah Bernhardt beautiful, or Booth handsome? I believe that when the screen passes the *he* and *she* doll era, more talent will arrive and fewer flops be recorded.

FRANK A. DUNN, Pasadena, Calif.

## MOVIES TAUGHT HER

A teacher friend and I grew up together and had exactly the same amount of education. Recently we were called upon to furnish a living-room, and for this seven prizes were awarded. I received first prize and she took second from the last. She never attended a motion picture because we were both taught they were full of evil influences. Regardless of this, I attended anyhow and I feel that at the movies is where I learned what I know about furnishings.

CLAIRE M. BOLTHOUSE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

## EDDIE THINKS SO TOO

Gangster films have ceased to be interesting, but not Eddie Robinson. With the warmth he shows in his work he will scale the heights. Here's to Eddie, the greatest character actor of them all.

RAY A. HIPPARD, Chicago, Ill.

## RANDOM THOUGHTS

Gloria Swanson is not the actress she was in silent pictures. I don't mean she has lost her

acting ability, but the pictures do not do her justice.

LORIS CARR, Lawrence, Mass.

Last night we went to see "Touchdown." It has amply repaid us for the many terrible talkies we have sat through lately. It was delightful, full of humor and convincing.

M. Q. LOTT, Baton Rouge, La.

I had my first party dress made from one which I saw on Fay Wray.

VELMA BENELISHA, Bridgeport, Conn.

Why do the fans throw more brickbats than bouquets? I would like to see one of them act half as good as any actress or actor on the screen.

DORIS GOODFRIEND, Buffalo, N. Y.

I consider Richard Dix one of the best actors on the screen. He not only holds your interest but has looks and talent.

SALLYE BLANDING, Sumter, S. C.

If "The Champ" with Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper does not go down on the list as one of the year's best, then I am a poor guesser of good pictures.

C. J. WILLIAMS, St. Louis, Mo.

Why is Ruth Chatterton so popular? In "Once a Lady" her make-up was terrible.

ALBERT E. LITTLE, Baltimore, Md.

## A PLEA FOR MADGE

This is not another gushing epistle with floral tributes for Greta Garbo and Clark Gable, the current "passionate moments," but just a plea to give our new, yet not new, star, Madge Evans a great big hand.

Without the usual fanfare of publicity a new star is coming into the firmament. She is like a fresh breeze, blowing where ultra-sophistication and so-called glamour have flourished. And what a relief!

LOUISE NANCE, Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.

## THE NEW WOMAN

The movies have done more toward the emancipation of woman than any other influence. It has been the beacon which lighted her way to freedom, independence, knowledge and power. In fact, it has taught her to know herself.

FABIOLA WILTZ, New Iberia, La.

## BLONDE BABIES

What's it all about? Are all the movie heroines getting the blonde craze? I'm not knocking the natural blondes (which are sufficient without the rest) as there should be a variety. Are the brunettes sinking into oblivion? If they are out of style, no doubt you will soon see people staggering out of the theaters, because they will be light-headed from viewing the relentless line of blondes.

LUCILLE CHEVRAUX, Canton, Ohio.

## ALL RIGHT, IF YOU ARE

At the end of a motion picture I never feel that I've been either cheated or demoralized. If I should go out and kill somebody after seeing a gangster picture then there was something intrinsically wrong with me to start with.

PATRICK BRADY, JR., Kimball, S. D.



**THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME,**  
men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be  
betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, be-  
trayed their country, gave up their lives! Here  
is one of the truly great dramas that has  
come out of the war—based on the incred-  
ible adventures of Mata Hari—called the  
most dangerous woman who ever lived.  
Who but the supreme Greta Garbo  
could bring to the screen this strange,  
exciting personality! Who but  
Ramon Novarro could play so well  
the part of the lover who is willing  
to sell his honor for a kiss! See these  
two great stars in a picture you will  
never forget.

*Greta*

It was beyond the  
powers of mortal  
man to withstand  
the lure of this  
siren.

The lives of a  
million men—  
the destinies of  
nations—these  
were the stakes  
she played for.

*Ramon*

with  
**LIONEL  
BARRYMORE**  
and  
**LEWIS STONE**

Directed by

**George FITZMAURICE**

**A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE**



# **GARBO • NOVARRO**

## **MATA HARI**



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

★ **FLYING HIGH**—M-G-M.—Comedy with snappy music used in just the right places. Good dancing, good singing. Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. (Jan.)

★ **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**—(Also released as *Newly Rich*)—Paramount.—An entertaining picture for kids and grown-ups. Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green in some swell acting. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

★ **FRANKENSTEIN**—Universal.—Not for faint-hearted folks. This is strong horror stuff which leaves you breathless. But what does that matter? See it. Boris Karloff out-terrors Lon Chaney. (Jan.)

**FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY**—RKO-Pathe.—Cowboy songs and good comedy put the ginger in this Western with Tom Keane and Barbara Kent. (Jan.)

**FRIENDS AND LOVERS**—Radio Pictures.—Adolphe Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim and Lily Damita get tangled up in an involved yarn that tries to be too sophisticated. (Oct.)

**GAY BUCKAROO**—Allied Prod.—Hoot Gibson does his best, Roy D'Arcy his worst and Merna Kennedy her sweetest in this formula Western. (Jan.)

**GAY DIPLOMAT, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Ivan Lebedeff intrigues the ladies (Betty Compson and Genevieve Tobin) in this story of Balkan intrigue. (Oct.)

★ **GIRL HABIT, THE**—Paramount.—An uproarious farce that boosts Charles Ruggles to stardom. It's all laughs. See it! (Aug.)

★ **GIRLS ABOUT TOWN**—Paramount.—The old gold digger story all dressed up in new clothes. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wear the clothes and speak those smart lines. (Dec.)

**GOLDIE**—Fox.—If you like lusty, gusty stuff, this'll do. Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer make a new comedy team. (Aug.)

**GOOD SPORT**—Fox.—Whistle the story—it's that old and that familiar. But it has good dialogue and Linda Watkins. (Jan.)

**GRAFT**—Universal.—A fast action thriller. Regis Toomey is a dumbbell reporter and Sue Carol is heart interest. (Oct.)

**GREAT LOVER, THE**—M-G-M.—Adolphe Menjou breaks hearts. Irene Dunne breaks into song. Both do good jobs. (Sept.)

**GRIEF STREET**—Chesterfield.—A wobbly mystery story with pretty Barbara Kent and John Holland. Save your time. (Dec.)

★ **GUARDSMAN, THE**—M-G-M.—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. You'll be ca-razy about them in this sophisticated comedy. See it, but don't take the kids. (Oct.)

**GUILTY GENERATION, THE**—Columbia.—No machine guns but plenty of action in this beer feud drama. Leo Carrillo stars. (Jan.)

**GUILTY HANDS**—M-G-M.—That Lionel Barrymore—how he can act! You know he is the murderer, but will they discover his guilt? You'd better find out. (Sept.)

**HARD HOMBRE, THE**—Allied.—For kids and grown-ups. A novel Western with Hoot Gibson and Lina Basquette. (Oct.)

**HEARTBREAK**—Fox.—This has a war background but it's really a sweet love story. Madge Evans (what an actress!) takes honors from Charlie Farrell, a good actor, too. (Dec.)

**HEAVEN ON EARTH**—Universal.—Recommended only for Lew Ayres fans. (Nov.)

★ **HELL DIVERS**—M-G-M.—Wallace Beery, Clark Gable and the United States Naval Air Forces turn out a picture of peacetime aviation you won't forget. (Jan.)

**HER MAJESTY LOVE**—First National.—Marilyn Miller, as a beautiful barmaid, tosses off songs between every glass of beer. This is light, but pleasantly entertaining. (Jan.)

**HIS WOMAN**—Paramount.—Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert try hard but a baby steals the picture with its lusty bawling. Claudette plays a tarnished lady. (Jan.)

**HOLY TERROR, A**—Fox.—A two-fisted Western with George O'Brien. Good, wholesome entertainment. (Aug.)

**HOMICIDE SQUAD**—Universal.—Ho-hum, another gangster picture. (Nov.)

**HONEYMOON LANE**—Sono Art.—Not a great picture, but a delightful one. A nice romance between Eddie Dowling (who sings) and June Collyer. And that swell comic, Ray Dooley. (Sept.)

**HONOR OF THE FAMILY**—First National.—Nothing left of the Balzac story but the title. Bebe Daniels is a hot-cha-cha adventuress heroine. (Nov.)

**HOUSE DIVIDED, A**—Universal.—Life in the raw with Walter Huston as a hard-boiled sea captain whose wife falls in love with his son. Huston is grand. (Jan.)

★ **HUCKLEBERRY FINN**—Paramount.—This sequel to "Tom Sawyer" will cure the blues. Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin take you back to old swimmin' hole days. (Oct.)

**HURRICANE HORSEMEN, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—A fast moving thriller, with plenty of Spanish atmosphere. Lane Chandler has the stuff. (Dec.)

**HUSH MONEY**—Fox.—Another gangster film and not a very thrilling one. Joan Bennett and Hardie Albright try hard. (Aug.)

**I LIKE YOUR NERVE**—First National.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., acts just like his father did in "The Americano." He does it well, too. The story is weak. (Sept.)

**IMMORTAL VAGABOND, THE**—UFA.—A tedious Tyrolean story without a single yodel. Nice scenery, good acting, English dialogue. (Oct.)

**IN LINE OF DUTY**—Monogram Prod.—The Northwest Mounted Police get their man again. This time it's Noah Beery. Sue Carol is the girl. (Dec.)

**I TAKE THIS WOMAN**—Paramount.—A wheezy old plot dressed up for Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard. Just another movie. (Aug.)

**LASCA OF THE RIO GRANDE**—Universal.—Just another Western—but this one is South of the Rio Grande. Fair entertainment with Johnny Mack Brown, Leo Carrillo and Dorothy Burgess. (Sept.)

**LAST FLIGHT, THE**—First National.—Gay aviators in Paris make the first half grand, but the somber part is not so good. Richard Barthelmess' work is overshadowed by the others in the cast. (Oct.)

**LAUGHING SINNERS**—M-G-M.—Not so good, but if you are a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable and Neil Hamilton, too. (Aug.)

**LAWLESS WOMAN, THE**—Chesterfield Pictures.—An uninteresting, unimportant film. A gangster-newspaper plot, poorly done. (Aug.)

**LEFTOVER LADIES**—Tiffany Prod.—Divorcees talk a lot about careers and freedom in dreary dialogue. Claudia Dell, in a brunette wig, is good. (Dec.)

★ **LE MILLION**—Tobis Production.—It's not necessary to understand the language to get all the fun out of this French musical farce. (Aug.)

★ **LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD**—First National.—Joe E. Brown is funnier than he's ever been, in this story of a college grind with inhibitions and botanical aspirations. (Dec.)

**LOVE STORM, THE**—British International.—Three men and one woman are exiled to a lighthouse. Even a murder doesn't speed things up. Dreary fare. (Dec.)

**LOVER COME BACK**—Columbia.—Betty Bronson changing her type with rather sorry results. (Aug.)

**MAGNIFICENT LIE, THE**—Paramount.—Not up to the standard of most Ruth Chatterton films. But there's a new young man named Ralph Bellamy who is particularly good. (Sept.)

**MAN IN POSSESSION, THE**—M-G-M.—Robert Montgomery in a spicy comedy full of situations and sparkling lines. Amusing. (Aug.)

**MEN ARE LIKE THAT**—Columbia.—(Also shown under the title of "Arizona".) Laura La Plante and John Wayne find life and love at an army post. (Oct.)

**MEN IN HER LIFE**—Columbia.—The dialogue crackles, but the old story creaks. All about a rich girl in Europe and a rough and ready American. Lois Moran and Charles Bickford both good. (Jan.)

**MEN OF THE SKY**—First National.—Yep, it's an aviation war story—but it's pretty flimsy stuff. Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting. (Sept.)

★ **MERELY MARY ANN**—Fox.—Take your hankie to this one, but be sure to go. Not since "7th Heaven" have Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor been so whimsical and idyllic. (Sept.)

**MERRY WIVES OF VIENNA, THE**—Super Film.—Even if you no speak *Deutsch*, you'll enjoy this. Rippling waltzes and sparkling gayety make this foreign film worthwhile. (Sept.)

★ **MIRACLE WOMAN, THE**—Columbia.—A well staged, directed, and photographed picture with Barbara Stanwyck doing her best work as a female evangelist. (Aug.)

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## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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CARL  
LAEMMLE  
PRESENTS

# "THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE"



## WATCH YOUR THEATRE

for "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE" which follows close on the heels of "DRACULA" and "FRANKENSTEIN" and is fully as gruesome and intense. It is an amazing story by that grimmest of all writers, Edgar Allan Poe, whose "Raven" has become immortal.

And what greater cast could you ask than BELA LUGOSI (Dracula himself) as "Dr. Mirakle," SIDNEY FOX as "Camille," LEON ADAMS as "Dupin," BRANDON HURST as "Prefect of Police," NOBLE JOHNSON as "Janos, The Black One."

I shook and shuddered when I saw this picture and so will you.

It is another *UNIVERSAL* Masterpiece

Write me your opinion of *UNIVERSAL* Pictures you have seen and mention this magazine.

WALTER HUSTON in "A HOUSE DIVIDED," SLIM SUMMERVILLE and ZASU PITTS in "UNEXPECTED FATHER," MAE CLARKE and RICARDO CORTEZ in "RECKLESS LIVING" and SIDNEY FOX in "NICE WOMEN" are pictures you must see. Watch for LEW AYRES and MAE CLARKE in "IMPATIENT MAIDEN"

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Age \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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**MONKEY BUSINESS** — Paramount. — Messrs. Marx, Marx, Marx & Marx in another outbreak of assorted lunacy. No beginning, no end—just gorgeous nonsense. (Oct.)

**MORALS FOR WOMEN** — Tiffany Prod. — This "it's the woman who pays" yarn takes a couple of new routes and brings back trouser Bessie Love. (Jan.)

**MOTHER AND SON** — Monogram Prod. — Another Reno story, with Clara Kimball Young as *Faro Lil*. (Oct.)

**MURDER AT MIDNIGHT** — Tiffany Prod. — Yep, it's a mystery story and a swell one! Alice White, in a small part, has a sex-appeal voice. (Oct.)

**MURDER BY THE CLOCK** — Paramount. — With such a cast, headed by Lilyan Tashman, this should have been swell. But alas! and alack! this gruesome, murder story is nothing but gruesome. (Sept.)

**MY SIN** — Paramount. — Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March in one of those "should a woman tell her past?" things. (Nov.)

**MYSTERY OF LIFE, THE** — Classic. — Clarence Darrow and a Smith College zoology professor explain evolution. Uh-huh, it's as dull as it sounds. (Sept.)

**MYSTERY TRAIN, THE** — Darmour Prod. — Old school mystery melodrama with plenty of sure-fire hokum and suspense. (Nov.)

**NECK AND NECK** — Thrill-O-Drama. — Only Stepin Fetchit's funny face and voice save this dull race-track story from a complete case of the dol-drams. (Jan.)

★ **NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD, THE** — M-G-M. — And they said William Haines was slipping! See this knock-out comedy with Billy and the coming big shot, Jimmy Durante to be convinced they're wrong. (Nov.)

**NEWLY RICH** — See **FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE**.

**NIGHT ANGEL, THE** — Paramount. — A bad display for the talents of Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. (Aug.)

★ **NIGHT NURSE** — Warners. — Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em. It's great. Barbara Stanwyck, Ben Lyon and a grand cast. (Aug.)

**NIGHT RAID (UN SOIR DE RAFLE)** — Osso Prod. — A lively French film about a prize-fighter, his real sweetheart and a siren. Amusing. (Dec.)

**OLD SONG, THE (Das Alte Lied)** — Austrian Cinderella. Lil Dagover brightens it considerably. German dialogue. (Nov.)

**ONCE A LADY** — Paramount. — Charming simplicity and Ruth Chatterton's acting redeem a not too original story. (Dec.)

**ONE WAY TRAIL, THE** — Columbia. — The Kids will love these exciting adventures of handsome Tim McCoy. (Dec.)

**OPERA BALL** — Greenbaum-Emelka Prod. — English lines flashed on the screen make it possible for you to enjoy this sprightly German production of Viennese night life. (Jan.)

★ **OVER THE HILL** — Fox. — Mae Marsh's screen return as the self-sacrificing mother unwanted by her children. Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers, too. (Jan.)

**PAGAN LADY** — Columbia. — The *Sadie Thompson* theme in a new dress, with Evelyn Brent wearing it becomingly. (Nov.)

★ **PALMY DAYS** — United Artists. — A typical Eddie Cantor-and-nonsense show that should bring film musicals back. (Oct.)

**PARDON US** — Hal Roach — M-G-M — Laurel and Hardy in a lot of hokum. Funny. (Oct.)

**PARISIAN, THE** — Capital Prod. — This attempt at a smart story made in England with Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi proves that these glamour kids get that way in Hollywood. (Nov.)

**PEACHO'RENO** — Radio Pictures. — Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey in an absurd plot concoction of Reno's divorce colony. Short on romance but long on laughs. (Jan.)

**PENROD AND SAM** — First National. — If you haven't forgotten how it feels to be a kid you'll love Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan in this. (Nov.)

**PERSONAL MAID** — Paramount. — Nancy Carroll gets all mixed up in a namby-pamby plot. (Nov.)

★ **PLATINUM BLONDE** — Columbia. — Youth and beauty, comedy and drama—and Jean Harlow. A well done newspaper yarn. See it. (Dec.)

★ **POLITICS** — M-G-M. — Polly Moran and Marie Dressler start you off with a giggle and you'll laugh all the way through the picture. Don't miss these two attempting to clean up the town. (Sept.)

★ **POSSESSED** — M-G-M. — What a pair Joan Crawford and Clark Gable make in a picture that has plenty of action, sophistication, and gorgeous clothes. (Jan.)

**PRIVATE SCANDAL, A** — Headline Prod. — Another underworld story in which the crook reforms. (Oct.)

**PUBLIC DEFENDER, THE** — Radio Pictures. — After "Cimarron" you expect too much of Richard Dix. That's why this story of a man who brings a gang of crooks to justice is disappointing. (Sept.)

**RACING YOUTH** — Universal. — If you aren't too critical, you'll enjoy this story of automobile road racing with Frank Albertson, June Clyde and Louie Fazenda. (Jan.)

**RANGE FEUD, THE** — Columbia. — Buck Jones may be your favorite Western star but you'll twiddle your thumbs at this banal old story. (Dec.)

**RANGE LAW** — Tiffany Prod. — This Western taxes the credulity but Ken Maynard does some slick riding. (Jan.)

**REBOUND** — RKO-Pathe. — Not in the big amusement class but worth seeing. Ina Claire and Robert Ames. (Aug.)

**RECKLESS HOUR, THE** — First National. — An old story with a few new twists. Dorothy Mackaill and a good cast. Just fair. (Aug.)

**RECKLESS LIVING** — Universal. — An entertaining little picture. (Nov.)

**RICH MAN'S FOLLY** — Paramount. — One of those stark dramas in which George Bancroft as an ambitious shipbuilder wrings sympathy out of an unsympathetic rôle. (Jan.)

**RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE** — Fox. — A grand Western with fast action, grand Arizona scenery and marvelous production. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill excellent. (Dec.)

**ROAD TO RENO, THE** — Paramount. — Divorce, murder, suicide and an important cast fail to make this anything but a picture that just doesn't jell. (Nov.)

**ROAD TO SINGAPORE, THE** — Warners. — Bill Powell and Doris Kenyon—splendid in a tropical drama of tangled loves and desires. (Oct.)

**SAFE IN HELL** — First National. — The only redeeming thing about this sordid story of a shady lady is the work of Dorothy Mackaill, who deserves better stuff. (Jan.)

**SALVATION NELL** — Tiffany-Cruze. — Religion and sentiment are pretty obvious in this out-of-date story, but Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves make you believe every word of it. (Sept.)

**SEA GHOST, THE** — Imperial Prod. — Laura La Plante wasted on this cheap, ridiculous story. (Nov.)

★ **SECRET CALL, THE** — Paramount. — Peggy Shannon, who pinch-hits for Clara Bow in this one, scores a solid hit. It's a political story with love interest. Dick Arlen excellent. (Sept.)

★ **SECRETS OF A SECRETARY** — Paramount. — The actors make this worth the price. Claudette Colbert is fine and that Herbert Marshall, from the stage, is one of those men you don't forget. (Sept.)

**SECRET SERVICE** — Radio Pictures. — Adventures of a Northern spy behind the Confederate lines. Richard Dix tries too hard. (Dec.)

**SHANGHAIED LOVE** — Columbia. — Mutiny and gory evil-doings at sea. Too much dialogue. Not enough action. (Nov.)

**SHERLOCK HOLMES' FATAL HOUR** — Warners-First Division. — British-made mystery film, rather long-drawn-out but not lacking in interest. *Sherlock Holmes* and *Watson* solve another murder mystery. (Sept.)

**SHIPS OF HATE** — Trem Carr. — Murder and gruesomeness on shipboard. Just fair. Don't pass up a game of bridge for it. (Aug.)

**SHOULD A DOCTOR TELL?** — Regal Prod. — Dreary talk about dreary ethics. Who cares? (Nov.)

**SIDE SHOW** — Warners. — Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth try hard, but the un-funny lines are distressing. A circus story. (Sept.)



**SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK**—M-G-M.—A laugh a moment and just the right number of moments with "dead pan" Buster Keaton, Cliff Edwards and Anita Page. (Oct.)

**SILENCE**—Paramount.—Sure-fire melodrama with a punch. Clive Brook, Marjorie Rambeau and Peggy Shannon. (Oct.)

★ **SIN OF MADELOON CLAUDET, THE**—M-G-M.—One of the greatest mother stories ever filmed, with Helen (stage) Hayes pulling at your heart-strings. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

**SKIN GAME, THE**—British International.—Pretty tedious. An excellent English cast, however. (Sept.)

**SKYLINE**—Fox.—Thomas Meighan builds skyscrapers and saves Hardie Albright from vamp Myrna Loy. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

**SMART WOMAN**—Radio Pictures.—What a performance Mary Astor gives and in what beautiful clothes! A charming, sophisticated yarn of the "Holiday" school. (Oct.)

**SOB SISTER**—Fox.—You'll like this fast newspaper yarn and Linda Watkins. Jimmie Dunn is grand, too. (Nov.)

**SON OF INDIA**—M-G-M.—A fairy-tale sort of thing with Ramon Novarro as Prince Charming. If you like Oriental romance, this is it! (Aug.)

**SPECKLED BAND, THE**—First Division.—*Sherlock Holmes* is at it again, finding sinister East Indian death methods used in an English country house. (Jan.)

**SPIDER, THE**—Fox.—Thrills and shivers over a murder in a theater. Eddie Lowe is grand and suspense is geared on high. (Oct.)

★ **SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME, THE**—Universal.—Knute Rockne lives again in this powerful football story with Lew Ayres and the real Notre Dame team. (Dec.)

**SPORTING BLOOD**—M-G-M.—The biography of a race horse. Not interested? All right, then, Clark Gable has a featured rôle. That should get you. It's a good movie. (Sept.)

**SPORTING CHANCE, THE**—Peerless Prod.—The famous young jockey throws the race, but is redeemed by the love of the stable owner's daughter. (Jan.)

★ **SQUAW MAN, THE**—M-G-M.—A new version of a grand old story. See it by all means. Warner Baxter and Lupe Velez. (Aug.)

★ **STAR WITNESS, THE**—First National.—At last! An entirely new plot with suspense, humor, heartache. Walter Huston, Chic Sale and Frances Starr are in it. Worth your time. (Sept.)

★ **STREET SCENE**—United Artists.—Thirty-four excellent actors and super-direction by King Vidor make this one of the great pictures of the year. A vivid cross-section of life you'll never forget. (Oct.)

★ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE**—Universal.—You'll love this story of the grand opera singer captured by the innocent little girl from Mississippi. Paul Lukas, Lewis Stone and Sidney Fox all great. (Dec.)

**STUDENT'S SONG OF HEIDELBERG, A** (*Ein Burschenlied Aus Heidelberg*)—UFA.—Rolling tunes, students and Heidelberg campus stuff. Even if you don't know German you'll enjoy it. (Nov.)

**SUICIDE FLEET**—RKO-Pathe.—The war on a wit and wisecracking basis with Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason and Bill Boyd as the familiar Three Musketeers—this time in the Navy. (Jan.)

**SUNDOWN TRAIL**—RKO-Pathe.—Good acting helps a poor Western. (Oct.)

**SURRENDER**—Fox.—Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams just work their fingers to the bone trying to make you believe this story about a French officer imprisoned in a baron's castle. (Jan.)

★ **SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE**—M-G-M.—Romance spread thick, passion strong. You Garbo-maniacs will eat it up. Clark Gable plays opposite. Don't miss it. (Sept.)

**SWEEPSTAKES**—RKO-Pathe.—Some romance, thrills and fast lines in a race-track yarn. Quillan and Gleason take honors. (Aug.)

**TAXI**—Warners.—The lowdown on the taxi-cab racket, with James Cagney and Loretta Young. Well-done. (Jan.)

**TERROR BY NIGHT**—Famous Attractions.—Bet you can't guess before the last reel who did the murder. A good mystery with comical Una Merkel and ZaSu Pitts. (Dec.)

**THIRTY DAYS**—Patrician.—A wealthy tenant owner plays the regeneration scene in j Betty Compson and Maureen O'Sullivan make it tertaining. (Jan.)

**THIRTEEN MEN AND A GIRL**—UFA.—dreary tragedy. Foreign made, English dialog (Oct.)

**THIS MODERN AGE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford lovely and dripping box-office appeal i ridiculous story. (Nov.)

**THREE LOVES**—Terra.—Marlene Dietrich the only reason for seeing this three-year-old C man silent. (Aug.)

**THREE WHO LOVED**—Radio Pictures.—cellent acting by Betty Compson and Conrad Na in a production that suffers from too much sto (Aug.)

**TIP OFF, THE**—RKO-Pathe.—Fresh guy Ed Quillan gets mixed up with gangsters and a sprigl comedy is the result. (Jan.)

★ **TONIGHT OR NEVER**—United Artists.—A Gloria Swanson vehicle that sizzles and b with snappy love scenes. And there's a new appeal lad named Melvyn Douglas. For the soph cated. (Jan.)

★ **TOUCHDOWN**—Paramount.—A foot picture that's different—with inside stuff crooked methods used. Dick Arlen and Jack Oa (Jan.)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC**—Fox.—Edmund L and Greta Nissen plus an exciting melodram plot, make this one of those hit pictures you mus, fail to see. (Sept.)

**TRANSGRESSION**—Radio Pictures.—The se old angle of the eternal triangle. Kay Francis we swell clothes. (Aug.)

**TWO-GUN MAN, THE**—Tiffany.—A Wester: old swashbuckling style, nothing new but good en tainment. Ken Maynard and horsel (Aug.)

★ **24 HOURS**—Paramount.—It's not only ge but different. Kay Francis and Clive Br are grand. (Nov.)

**UNHOLY GARDEN, THE**—United Artists.—Far-fetched melodrama and romance in a Sah, castle, with Ronald Colman working hard to s the impossible story. (Oct.)

**VIKING, THE**—Varick Frissell Production.— picture of the boat that met Arctic tragedy. G photography. (Aug.)

★ **WATERLOO BRIDGE**—Universal.— morbid, yes, but it's intelligent and hor screen fare. A war background, but don't let t stop you. You'll like Mae Clarke. (Sept.)

**WAY BACK HOME**—Radio Pictures.—If follow Seth Parker on the radio, you'll enjoy seer well as hearing him. He uses all his radio stuff. (I

**WEST OF BROADWAY**—M-G-M.—John bert's voice is low—so is the entertainment valy the picture. Jack is a war veteran with six mo to live. (Oct.)

**WHITE DEVIL, THE**—UFA.—Russians ir fur hats are doing serious things again. You nee bother. (Nov.)

**WICKED**—Fox.—Elissa Landi and V McLaglen are good in a too heavy drama ab bank robber and his wife who go to jail. (Oct.)

**WILD HORSE**—Allied.—Hoot Gibson cap, wild horse, a bank bandit, a murderer ar audience's approval, all in one handsome g (Sept.)

**WOMEN GO ON FOREVER**—Tiffany.—C Your old friend Clara Kimball Young makes comeback in this story of racketeers and illi A lively film with plenty of comedy relief. (

**WOMEN LOVE ONCE**—Paramount.—ers wasted their time and that of Eleanor B and Paul Lukas on this one. (Aug.)

**WOMEN MEN MARRY**—Headline.—Don't take this picture too seriously and not find it too dull. Sally Blane is nice and Moorhead wears startling clothes. (Sept.)

**WORKING GIRLS**—Paramount.—Tw ful country blondes learn about life in the not even Paul Lukas and Buddy Rogers can story and dialogue seem real. (Jan.)

**X MARKS THE SPOT**—Tiffany Prock gangster-newspaper story inspired by the I Pretty poor, except for a terrific climax.

**YELLOW TICKET, THE**—Fox.—Rt the revolution. The heroine fights for her stuff made worthwhile by Elissa Landi Barrymore. (Jan.)



erse I'll go —  
 ay cold is 100% *better*"



gle reduces duration 66%

*would ordinarily last  
 in 3 days*

those who did not gargle with it. In  
 part, a reduction of from 50% to 66%  
 the number of colds.

When Listerine users did contract  
 colds, they lasted only  $\frac{1}{3}$  as long as  
 those contracted by non-users, and  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  as severe. Similar tests now in  
 progress involving the examination of  
 several hundred persons, reveal sub-  
 stantially the same results.

In view of the facts, Listerine should  
 be regarded as a primary aid in  
 maintaining health. At no time  
 should it be offered as a substitute  
 for the family physician.

*Listerine is Safe*

Listerine accomplishes  
 these results is due to two

First: Its power to destroy germs in  
 the fastest time and reduce mouth  
 bacteria 98%.

Second: Its safe, healing action on  
 tissue. Listerine is non-poisonous and  
 non-irritating.

Because of these qualities, Listerine  
 has won the endorsement of the Lancet  
 of London, world's foremost medical  
 journal. It is the highest compliment  
 that can be paid a mouth wash.

*The Certain Remedy for Halitosis*

Keep Listerine handy in home and office  
 and carry it with you when you travel.  
 Use it full strength at least twice a day.  
 Thus you guard against infection, re-  
 duce the risk of illness, and auto-

matically assure yourself that  
 your breath is beyond re-  
 proach. Listerine, as you  
 know, is the swiftest deo-  
 dorant and surest remedy  
 for halitosis (unpleasant  
 breath). Lambert Phar-  
 macal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



*Listerine Kills Germs Yet Heals Tissue*





Eugene Robert Richee

**A**LTHOUGH this picture shows her as the sloe-eyed glamour girl, Marlene Dietrich was actually caught laughing recently. Von Sternberg wasn't around and Maurice Chevalier was telling her a joke. In this issue of PHOTOPLAY there's a splendid story about her director's influence over her





Hal Phylfe

**W**HEN Sally Eilers went blonde, Hoot Gibson was mad as a producer with a flop. But Sally is too busy to placate a mere husband. Anyhow, Hoot forgave her because of her success in "Bad Girl" and "Over the Hill." Her latest is "Dance Team," and everybody wonders why she wasn't rediscovered before





Tom Collins Studios

**G**ENE MARKEY, ex-boy friend of Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire, is the chap who has won the heart of Joan Bennett, and town gossips say those old wedding bells will be jangling soon. In the meantime the younger Bennett, having licked the hospital (fractured hip) jinx, is working on "She Wanted a Millionaire"





**B**ILLIE DOVE and Howard Hughes have kissed and made up, which is the reason for the big smile. But what we can't figure out is how any lad in his right mind can quarrel with a girl who looks like this. One of Hollywood's most scrumptious beauties, all she needs is a series of good pictures





# The GOSSARD *Line of Beauty*

*To have  
and to hold*

slender, feminine curves, is the first requisite . . . if you would be a glamorous fashionable. The one sure way to achieve the lines you desire is to wear Gossard's MisSimplicity. This ingenious design crosses waistline straps to pull flat the diaphragm and "tummy," raise the bust, and slim the waist! The photograph shows a MisSimplicity of peach-colored batiste, fine lace and hand-loomed elastic. Model 6661.

MisSimplicity\*

\*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

—Pat. Applied For





## *A Riot of Approval at Earl Carroll's Vanities!*

"Around midnight is when I like them best!" . . . "Soothing to my throat!" . . . "Makes my next cigarette taste so much better!" . . . "Amazingly refreshing!" . . . "I like them after eating!" . . . "Just crazy about them!" . . . "The handy roll package fits my smallest purse!" . . . "So delicious!"

Such were some of the answers we received in a minor riot at Earl Carroll's Vanities when we asked how they liked the delicious candy with the Hole . . . Life Savers. All flavors came in for their share of approval . . . Pep-O-mint, Vi-O-let, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice and Cinn-O-mon, as well as the Fruit Drops, Orange, Lime, Grape, Lemon, and the new Cryst-O-Mint Life Savers, too . . . a flavor for every taste! Five cents a pack.



BERYL WALLACE

IRENE AHLBERG

ALICE KERWIN

SHIRLEY PARSHALL

MARCELLE EDWARDS

ROSEMARY MURPHY

AGATHA HOFF

HELEN OAKES

DOLORES GRANT

MARTHA MACKAY

LORNA RADINOFF

JULIA MOONEY

BETTY SUNDMARK

JEAN FURZA

COLLETTE FRANCIS

SUNNY KEST

VILA MILLI

EILEEN WENZEL

VIVIAN KIEFER

HELEN ARNOLD



FEBRUARY, 1932

# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By

James R. Quirk

NOW then, have you heard the one about Greta Garbo and the trained German police dog that was used in one of her pictures?

The dog made a great hit with Greta and by the end of the picture the police dog was following her around as though she had been feeding him sirloin steak four times a day.

"That dog, he is magnificent," she said to the owner. "How much do you want for him?"

"He is a champion and insured for \$25,000," was the reply.

"Oh, very well," said Greta as she turned away. "Call me up when he has pups."

EVEN censors can sometimes be right. The boss film faultfinders of Ohio and New York are protesting the use of dialogue with double meaning which, they say, appears to have taken the place of risqué situations in the silent pictures.

WHICH reminds me of a conversation I once heard between a producer and a director. In justice to the men in the business today I must say the two of whom I speak are no longer in it.

They were discussing the dearth of story value in a popular and expensive novel that they had just purchased.

"Let's put in some big sets," said the director. "That will put it over."

"Even that won't do it," replied the producer. "The story is too weak. Can't you suggest something to put some life and action into it?"

"Well, for one thing," said his resourceful employee, "we might change the wife to a mistress. The public isn't interested in good women."



THE censors are right when they complain that some pretty fast ones have been put over lately. That they constitute a small proportion of the film product does not mitigate the offensiveness. Ninety-five per cent of the biggest box-office attractions ever made are utterly devoid of highly inflammable sex material. And I maintain and assert that the questionable dialogue

and situations in the sexy pictures of today are due to the utter inability of studio writers and directors to create clean dialogue or situations that would be equally entertaining.

If you and you resent dirt on the screen, note carefully that most of it is done under the glare of star names, and then remember the names of the stars.

Two of these stars have been quoted during the past month to the effect that they know the public won't stand for it long, and promise to refuse to continue it.

I am not preaching. I am just getting disgusted.

EDGAR WALLACE, the famous English author of scores of mystery thrillers, reported for work in a Hollywood studio on Friday and turned in a completed story the following Monday.

"If you don't like that one," he said casually as he passed it across the producer's desk, "I'll have another for you by tomorrow."

The producer is recovering in a private sanitarium, but his physicians say he will never be the same.

EUREKA! I have, after all these years, found out why I was such a dumbbell in history and Latin and why, when the boys at the club get a few aboard and start singing college songs, I must sit alone in the corner without a fraternity pin to cover my collegiate nakedness.



The Historical Association of England has discovered, after years of scientific research and solemn meditation, that whatever the movies have done to insinuate improper ideas into the youthful mind, is, in a measure, compensated for by the fact that in the study of history and Latin the screen stimulates mental effort, titillates the imagination, brightens the memory, and improves the expression of ideas in writing.

The one statement in the report that I am sure most of my dear old teachers would have disapproved of is, that pictures lead children to actually enjoy history and they make Latin more interesting.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN complained bitterly to the press recently against "thoughtless and facetious" criticism of Hollywood. Incidentally, and not thoughtlessly nor facetiously, but quite naïvely, he put over in his interview a mighty plug for his latest picture, "Arrowsmith," and tells what a nice boy is Author Sinclair Lewis compared to Author Theodore Dreiser, who gave the picture producers his "American Tragedy" and a kick in the pants for their hundred thousand dollars.

He bemoans the state of affairs in American journalism when it gives reams of space to Dreiser's song of hate and ignores completely Lewis' pean of praise.

Mr. Goldwyn, who is a master press-agent as well as a master producer, forgets that one of the most caustic and facetious critics who ever threw a poisoned javelin at the screen has been his very own Mr. Lewis.

HE might also recall that Mr. Lewis' sweet words hexalting Hollywood and Mr. Goldwyn's screen adaptation of his brainchild appeared in the form of a paid advertisement for the picture when it opened in New York.

These scalawags of city editors are quite prone to overlook authors' statements as news when they appear as advertisements.

Regardless of that, however, Mr. Goldwyn is entitled to credit, and lots of it. Famous authors have snarled and clawed at him for years. He has qualified for membership in the Lion Tamers' Club by his complete subjugation of one of the most powerful and ferocious denizens of the literary jungle.

NOW that that is out of my system I want to thank Mr. Goldwyn for making such a superb picture out of that superb novel, "Arrowsmith." He is one producer who has never been guilty of the high crime of bad taste in any of his pictures.

SAM, old friend, why become annoyed with us carping fellows who wax facetious about Hollywood. Go right on making fine pictures and be consoled with the words of that wise old chap who said, "Critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes."

AND Sam, while we are on the subject of the attitude of the press toward Hollywood, perhaps you neglected to read the erudite page of the *New York Times* of the day before your squawk about authors and newspapers appeared in the same paper.

Speaking of the alleged baneful effect of our motion pictures on American prestige abroad, the *Times* says:

"To the peoples of Europe who have been visiting us and writing books about us for a great many years Hollywood is only a restatement of what they have always believed. . . . Fifty years ago Englishmen believed that all American conversation consisted of 'I swan' and 'I guess' and 'I reckon.' Mr. Chesterton still devoutly believes that to be the case. Today Englishmen suppose all Americans say 'Awkay, chief,' as in the movies. The ultimate responsibility, we very much fear, would attach to Christopher Columbus for discovering a new world which, after 439 years, remains strikingly new."

THE *New York Daily News* queried a number of girls on this question: "Which would you rather have—a husband and babies or Greta Garbo's fame and fortune?"

Everyone of them said they want a husband and babies.

Write your own comment on that symposium of honest maidenly opinions.

THE heads of several of the Hollywood studios are reported to have exchanged relatives so that at the end of the year they can tell bankers and stockholders, "There isn't a relative on our payroll."

DON MARQUIS is a former New York newspaper columnist. He knows nothing about the Spanish language, and comparatively little about Spain. He was selected to write the dialogue for "Marcheta," a film story of Spain.

Robert Presnell is at the same studio. He speaks Spanish like a native; has been in Spain, and is familiar with the customs of the people. He has never been on a New York newspaper. He is writing the script of a movie about a New York newspaper columnist.

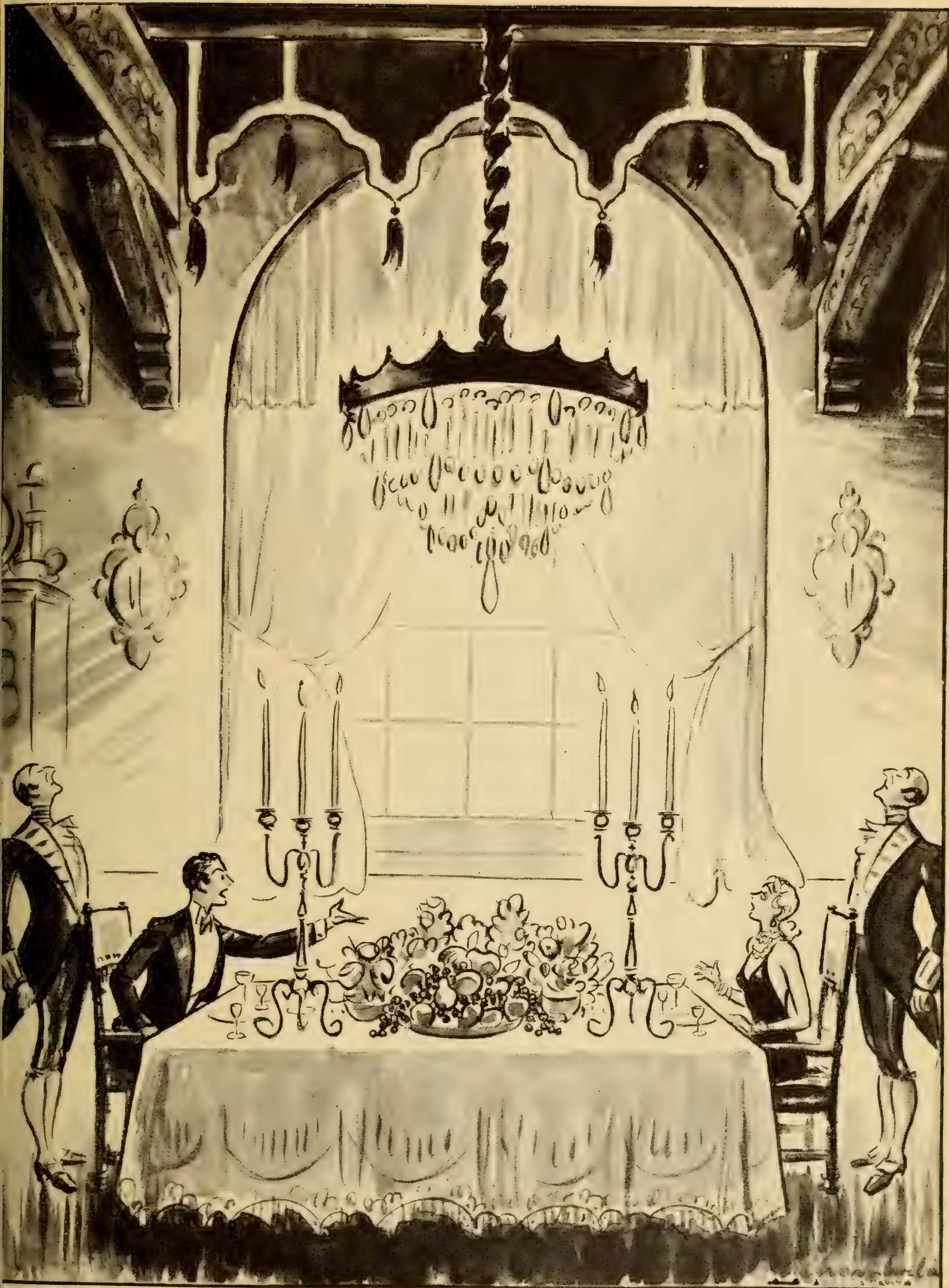
AT a recent gathering of Hollywood wits and nitwits, they fell to devising a symbol for Hollywood.

Out of it all came this:

Diana, wearing a Eugenie hat, being pursued by Harpo Marx, wearing a celluloid collar.

NOISE continues to be the boogy man of the sound stages. The director, cameramen and all their assistants are wearing rubber-soled shoes. One resourceful studio is now using carpet that is designed to photograph like a hardwood floor.





Drawing by Chamberlain

"We've got to economize. The studio  
is cutting me to \$20,000 a week"



# The Man That Gloria Married

By  
Eulalia  
Wilson

The author, a celebrated figure of international social sets, says Gloria will need all her intelligence, versatility and cleverness to keep her new husband interested and happy

THREE ex-husbands in Hollywood must have studied Gloria's fourth choice with interest. Francis Michael Farmer is his right name. Only since 1925 have we called him Michael. Always before that it was Francis.

Gloria's untiring efforts to build up her career, during which time she has discarded one husband after another, leads one to believe her screen career, her colossal success means much more to her than marriage and love can possibly mean and makes one wonder why she has so quickly married the fourth time.

Apparently she was in love with the Marquis and, having acquired him, she left him to his own pursuits—golfing, riding, amusing himself as best he might—while she threw herself into her work, and the result was another divorce.

Born in Chicago in 1898, so I have been told, Gloria is older than her new husband by several years. Unquestionably she has reached the very highest pinnacle of success as a star of magnitude in the movies. She is exceptionally gifted, she has the brain of the so called "big business man," extraordinary executive ability, and she has shown intelligence, force of character and masterful skill in overcoming a few failures.

When she was, to all appearances, on the wane as a popular favorite of the screen she used her well-balanced head to bring success out of chaos, to recapture her popularity in the talkies and was triumphant in her efforts as a singer of appealing songs, a hitherto untried effort on her part.

Through her tenacity, a will of iron, great physical strength, courage and indefatigable ambition she has won her way to the very topmost in fame and fortune.

A very great artist, but she belongs to the picture industry alone.

She is a dominating personality. The effect she has on the Hollywood film colony, producers, executives, stage hands, fellow players—everyone—is impossible to describe. She is a law unto herself and she knows well how to wield her power. Of course, surrounded by every luxury, every possible assistance is given her to carry on and successfully accomplish her ideas in producing pictures.

Every aid is used in projecting her personality, skill and beauty on the screen. Some there are who claim she is not a beauty, but there is a wide divergence between the beauty an actress actually possesses and that which the screen brings to light. But that Gloria Swanson has every requi-

site necessary for her to be a dynamic force in the world of pictures is without question.

She has made the most amazing strides in building up her career from slapstick, pie slinging, utterly ludicrous bathing-beauty Mack Sennett pictures to elegant sophistication, with intelligence, coquetry, passion. But this is all acting and acting is her life. Her heart is wrapped up in her work, her career is her success.

Perhaps her reason for failure in the great adventure of Matrimony—and unquestionably she is a failure in the light of three divorces—is a reason given by a great artist who painted her and who summed her up thus:

"Behind her glamorous personality there is a great sadness, a discontent, a hunger. There is no evidence of peace or serenity but an aching want of something, destined to be forever unsatisfied. She possesses an old soul, alone she fights, lives and exists within herself, always alone—she has willed it to be so.

"She hungers for love, for companionship, for the comfort of fellowship, for abandon, to get out of herself; but the die is cast apparently; she cannot do it or she has not done it up to now."

GLORIA SWANSON is proud, as she is ambitious, and she views the advancing years with apprehension. If she is wise she will embrace this new romance, throw herself into it whole-heartedly, make her life over and wring out of the years to come all the happiness, every joy she has denied herself or been denied, and cast her career aside.

She has been given a golden opportunity, indeed few women have had such, to triumph once more in a new and different way, in an arena peopled with a vastly different audience. And with her wealth, her gifts, her dynamic force—if she is in love really and at last awakened—she can weave into this new romance all the thrilling tales she has ever dreamed of complete happiness. Her new position as the wife of Michael Farmer, if she is accepted by his circle of friends, will demand great versatility.

It will embrace every waking moment and leave few hours for sleep and repose, for the life of the great continental set Mr. Farmer travels with seldom think of sleep.

Whether St. Moritz, Biarritz, Riviera, Venice, Como, Lido, Le Touquet, Cannes, Juan-les-Pins, Eden Rock or

Gloria, soon to be a mother, is facing a life crisis that means either happiness or disaster



Antibes—it is a foregone conclusion that Michael Farmer will be there with the smartest crowd wherever it happens to be the season.

Ascot in the royal enclosure to view the races, Dublin for the horse show, London for the polo and smart tennis gatherings, yachting at Cowes, fast motors and yachts on the Mediterranean, riding to hounds in the shires of England and in the forests of France, guest of the wealthy chateau owners of France for shooting parties, skiing, skating and Cresta at St. Moritz: all these come under the active sports this handsome young Irishman has been enjoying year after year, accompanying parties of the most sophisticated, highly placed nobility of England, of France and Italy and the social registries of America fortunate to be numbered as friends of the most exclusive set on the Continent.

IN Paris, as well as in London, Michael Farmer attends the most elegant "parties," held in the most magnificent homes in Paris or at nearby Neuilly. Homes with great garden loggias, lovely lakes. Under the trees, it is quite likely, we will find a Venetian fête being staged, with the guests in Longhi costumes, marques and dominoes; the audience part of the spectacle, costumed in masterpieces of the great *couturiers* of Paris, some of the dancers doing the most clever interpretations of Siamese and other difficult dances, all gowned exquisitely.

One finds the names of the guests listed in the *Almanac de Gotha*, the most beautiful women as well as the most clever in all Europe. In no other city in the world do the spoiled society beauties go to such lengths to display their talents and gifts and at such terrific expense for just one evening, one great party, as in Paris.

Michael Farmer has been in the set of the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes (sister of the Duc Decazes, niece of Princess Edmond de Polignas, widow of a Prince, wife of the brother of an English Earl), the Princess Faucigny-Lucinge, Marquis Strozzi, Lady Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Ratendone, son of the Viceroy of India, Lord Michelham, Duchesse de Gramont, Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Castelrosse, beauties all of them, famous for wit, culture and accomplishment. Such is the group Gloria Swanson's husband has been surrounded by for the past ten years.

DURING the six weeks of spring, the "Paris season" is the most amazingly interesting of any place in the world today. The smart world then display their talents in magnificent fêtes, balls which go down in history for their marvelous taste and success. The great beauties of society give their time to producing what is called an "entree." For example, an amusing "entree" arranged by the Comte Etienne de Beaumont at a ball held annually at their beautiful home was one called "*Faust*." All the male characters were played by women and the feminine characters by men.

There was a *Madame Butterfly* "entree," with the Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Noailles, Prince and Princess Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge and Charles de Beistegui. Also an *Orpheus* "entree," with the beautiful Marquise de [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109 ]



Gloria and Michael, sailing from San Francisco to New York, en route to France, tried to elude reporters and photographers, but unsuccessfully





Lazarnick

"**Y**OU can do it yourself! You can if you will! But you've got to stir up your lazy bones and your lazy mind. I haven't time to waste on lazy people," says Sylvia. On the opposite page she tells you, among other things, how to lose fifteen pounds in one month!



# Any Woman Can Be

## Beautiful

By Sylvia

Don't fail to read this amazing article by Hollywood's foremost authority. It's entirely different from any beauty story ever written

OF the hundreds of thousands of you young women who read PHOTOPLAY Magazine, I know perfectly well I am talking to only one out of ten. The other nine might just as well skip these pages of PHOTOPLAY. My articles won't do you any good and they may hurt your feelings. The other nine of you may want to be beautiful but you are too lazy. I haven't any time to waste on lazy people.

I say any woman can be beautiful and I mean it. You can't all have lovely features, but you can be beautiful. Whoever said beauty is only skin deep was a fool. Beauty begins behind your forehead and the beauty of some of the loveliest women I know can never be registered by a motion picture camera.

Now here's the amazing part of it. You can make yourself beautiful. You can—if you have the nerve and the courage—do it all yourself.

In Hollywood I am paid upwards of \$25 for a half hour's treatment. Recently I turned down \$1,000 for ten treatments. Now I am going to give you exactly what I give the stars. I can and will, if you listen to me and obey me, teach you to do for yourself what I get paid to do.

When the editor of PHOTOPLAY asked me to write a series of articles to the young women of this country and give them the benefit of all I had learned from my contact with the beautiful women of Hollywood, I said I would on one condition—that I could be absolutely honest and direct.

I told him I thought most of the stuff written about beauty today was absolute bunk. Polite reiterations, gentle hints, lovely phrases and nothing more.

AS I said at the beginning, only one woman in ten has enough stamina to improve herself physically. Only one woman in ten deserves the chance to be beautiful. But since helping women to be lovely amounts to almost a mania with me, I will speak to that one woman in ten. The rest—those who throw away their chances—I don't care about.

If, when you see yourself improve daily, as you most certainly can, you say "Sylvia told me how to do this," I will be fully repaid.

But I've no patience with a lazy girl.

I also told the editor of this magazine that I would not answer letters. I have received many thousands of letters in the last few years since magazines and newspapers began to talk of my achievements with the stars in the Hollywood Studios. Many did not deserve to be answered. "Dear Sylvia, won't you please take a chunk of fat off my hips and put it on my neck?" I am going to tell you how you can do just that, I really am. So give the time you'd spend writing to me in following my instructions.

In the advertising pages of this magazine you will find the answer to the majority of really worthwhile questions that are asked in letters to beauty editors.

I am going to talk to you fat women and you plump girls first. And I will guarantee that if you do what I say you will

lose fifteen pounds from the time you read this magazine until the next one is in your hands—just one month!

I can hear your alibis. "But, Sylvia, I have gland trouble—that's why I can't reduce," or "Sylvia, I am fat, I know, but I have anemia and I can't diet because I must keep up my strength."

You can get thin even if you have gland trouble, but you must stir up your lazy mind—you must *want* to be beautiful.

Ina Claire said she had anemia and couldn't diet. I gave her the proper diet (and next month I'm going to treat the anemia subject specifically) and now she is thin, beautiful and no longer weak. Her eyes sparkle and she is never tired.

The reason you're fat is because you eat your head off and don't take exercise. And that goes for men as well as women. First of all, I am going to give you a general reducing schedule. In subsequent articles I will tell you about reducing in spots. Now I am going to give you a general reducing diet. Later I shall treat diets for various ailments. Later on in this very article I will discuss thin girls and tell them how to build themselves up.

FIRST of all, then, the reducing diet.

Liquor is out! Absolutely!

Once a famous star gained instead of reduced under my care. "I can't understand it, Sylvia," she said to me. "I've done everything you say. What's the trouble?"

"You've laid off the liquor?" I asked.

"Certainly, I don't drink a thing except sherry with my meals!"

Good Lord! Sherry with her meals! Why, that was taking away all the beneficial effects of my treatments. Sherry puts on weight as does any other kind of alcohol.

So that's the first thing—*liquor is out*.

Before I forget it, your measurements will tell you more than your scales. But you need bathroom scales to put the fear of God in you. You need to weigh every day to make sure you're doing right.

Now here's your diet:

### Breakfast

Small glass (about four ounces) grapefruit or orange juice  
Cup of black coffee (no sugar)  
Slice of melba toast with a little honey and no butter

### Luncheon

(You must have one liquid meal a day. It can be at luncheon or dinner. I give it here for luncheon)

Glass of tomato juice  
Cup of tea or coffee (no cream or sugar)

or

Large bowl of clear soup (no crackers)  
In the middle of the afternoon you can have a cup of tea with lemon and no sugar.





A—Correct position for morning exercises for fat women. Swing the body round and round from the waist, feet straight in front, arms above head. You must feel all muscles, from ankle to finger-tips, move. Among other things, this reduces the waist



B—Another morning exercise for fat women. Stretch the arms to one side, bring body up and stretch to the other side, as illustrated here. If you do this every day you will never have a back-ache. Be sure to feel the muscles in the back pull

## Dinner

Fruit cup

Salad of lettuce and tomato or any other salad except avocado

Salad dressing of mineral oil and lemon juice

Small broiled rare steak

or

Double lamb chop

or

One slice of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick roast beef

or

Two slices of turkey or chicken and a wing

or

Two slices of broiled lamb

or

Ground round steak, without fat and use the cheaper meat where you get the fibres

(Cut off the fat from all the meat and don't use gravy)

Two green vegetables (peas, carrots, broccoli, greens, cauliflower, cabbage, etc.)

No bread, instead do this:

Bake a potato. When it is done, scoop out the inside leaving about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch to the peel. Throw away the inside and put the rest back in the oven until it is dry. Eat this instead of bread without salt and no butter. It's delicious.

Gelatin

or

Baked apple without sugar

or

Stewed fruits without sugar.

Use no salt on anything, as there are mineral salts in most foods.

There! There's your diet.

Now the first thing you'll say is, "She's crazy. I can't live

on that and do my work. I have to keep up my strength. I can't possibly have one liquid meal a day."

Let me tell you something. I lived on that diet while I was taking sixteen patients every day. And if you don't think that's work, try pounding sixteen big men and women and see. I kept up my strength and felt like a million dollars. So don't give me alibis.

Why, that diet is grand, and when you've been on it for awhile you'll refuse those invitations for a highly seasoned, highly spiced "marvelous dinner." You'll like your own diet best. I'm going to teach you how to eat sanely.

Never sleep more than eight hours. About six or seven hours is plenty. I sleep five hours.

**M**AKE somebody drag your lazy bones out of bed at six o'clock in the morning.

"But what will I do at six A.M.?" you ask.

Start your exercise. Lift your hands above your head and slide your whole body gently from side to side, swinging your hips and moving your spine.

Then move from the waist, describing a circle with your arms. Note the correct position of the body—feet straight in front and slightly apart—in pictures A and B that I've posed for you. Round and round from the waist and then from side to side, always with arms above the head. Do that and nothing else for twenty minutes.

Then get your breakfast, read your paper and do all those jobs you've been putting off for those extra hours of sleep.

You may now go about your usual work at home or at the office.

I think for the next thing it would be a great idea to form a reducing club. Get seven or eight of your plump friends together for one hour in the afternoon (if you're at home) or at night before dinner if you're in an office.





C—Evening exercise for fat women. This is the correct position for beginning the two step I've described. Step as far as you can and give a spring at the knees. If done every day this is a general reducer, particularly good for thighs

Turn the radio to a peppy band, with arms above your head, hips swaying from side to side, keeping your spine moving, do an old fashioned two step like this: One two and one two and one two, etc. Make the first step about as long as I have shown you in Picture C. This picture is the position and the beginning of that reducing two step. Bend slightly at the knees. Draw the back leg into position and take that little hop. You all know the old fashioned two step. It's step, hop step. And keep in time with the radio—that's a big help.

But, remember to sway the hips and be sure to feel your spine in motion. The first few days don't hop too much. You'll feel like hopping soon enough when the fat begins to roll away and you feel like a million dollars. Do this for one hour every day. No, you won't be stiff, not if you take it easy at first and work into it strenuously later. One hour every day!

**T**HERE you are, the morning exercise, the night exercise, the diet, the getting up early, and if you do exactly as I'm saying you'll lose fifteen pounds. I promise that, but you must do it.

You must be honest with yourself, you mustn't alibi if you want what every woman should have—beauty! Oh, you can be so lovely, why would you fail to be for want of just a little courage?

Now for the thin girls.

Most thin women are nervous. I've had them say to me, "The thing that relaxes me is a very hot bath. I lie in the



D—The scissors movement. I've given this exercise for thin girls but later it must be used by the fat ones, too. Note position of hands and body. The legs are moved back and forth as far apart as possible. This should be done by thin girls daily



Underwood & Underwood

E—Here's the other exercise for thin girls. The legs are brought to this position and then straightened out again and again. Also in this position pretend to be riding a bicycle. It's a wonderful general builder-up. Fat girls do it later

water for a half hour and run more and more hot water in the tub."

I say, "Well, that's fine, if you want to kill yourself!"

Those hot baths are out—absolutely out! They sap your precious vitality.

First of all, get ten hours sleep a night and put in as many hours as possible before midnight. Get to bed *three nights a week* at nine o'clock. You will tell me you can't give up your little pleasures, that you've worked hard all day and need them. You can't? Well, when [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]



# Why Constance Is Unpopular In Hollywood

By  
Ruth  
Biery

I DOUBT if any woman was ever as thoroughly disliked by Hollywood as Constance Bennett.

I doubt if anyone ever thoroughly disliked Hollywood as does Constance Bennett.

I do not mean pictures. Connie likes her work. I mean she hates that mythical, fourth-dimension social place made famous by picture people. She once asked me, "Did you ever know such a *dull town*?"

On the other hand, dozens speak of her as, "That conceited, ungracious, high-hat, snooty, independent, hateful Constance Bennett!" Not only magazine and newspaper people but actors, actresses, electricians, extras and all the other components of our heterogeneous city.

Now, there are two sides to every question. Matrimony; politics; prohibition—anything controversial has a *pro* and *con* angle.

So there is Hollywood's *and* Constance Bennett's!

I am going to attempt to give each impartially and let you judge. Only I must warn you, as a lawyer warning a jury, Constance Bennett has never lost an argument in her life. Producers have learned that! Now, they give her the price she asks *first* so they won't have to pay *more* later.

Even Connie's wedding could not proceed to a smooth, made-in-heaven conclusion. Everything went well until that crucial moment when the groom gently places the ring upon the bride's finger. At this point the Marquis fumbled. The ring wouldn't

Read Hollywood's side and  
Miss Bennett's side and  
judge for yourself

go on. He tried to push it on her finger. And at this point Connie's language was—well, it wasn't the sort of language you'd expect the suave, smooth Connie to use.

But the ring at last went on and the ceremony proceeded.

Came the wedding reception and Connie didn't like the attitude

of several of her guests. Without more ado she proceeded to tell them so, which is something I was always led to believe a blushing bride does not do on her nuptial day.

Hollywood made much of those incidents. Embellished them thoroughly. "That's Constance Bennett for you. Couldn't get through her own wedding without having a row!"

Incidentally, Connie is being criticized on another score. Newspaper photographers and reporters huddled out in the cold awaiting an opportunity to do their duty: get the news of an international wedding. She did not invite them inside. They froze and awaited her pleasure.

It just happens that Connie had notified her publicity department twenty-four hours in advance. Diana Fitzmaurice, in whose home the ceremony was performed, had said she could not have the photographers and newspaper folk. She didn't have room. Connie had said they couldn't be accommodated because her wedding was to be *private*. One syndicate had answered that argument: "What! A private wedding for a public woman like Constance Bennett!"

Now, Connie doesn't consider herself a public woman. She thinks of herself as a *person* rather than a personage and claims



Constance knew the news cameraman was taking this picture, but she was so interested in the polo game she didn't give a hoot that the camera caught a few wrinkles in her forehead



Henri is really a fine chap and there is one thing sure about his marriage to Miss Bennett. He'll never have a dull moment



she is entitled to certain personal rights exactly as any woman. She had arranged for the publicity department to send out a photographer and one writer who would impartially distribute pictures and information. If the newspapers wouldn't take those (incidentally the publicity department slipped and failed to notify the papers of Connie's orders) it was none of her business. *Her wedding was to be private!* It was. And those who dislike her have made public scandal of her treatment of cold men huddled on the front lawn.

She had difficulty with both the M-G-M and First National publicity departments. At Metro, she was accused of refusing to take the proper number of stills for "The Easiest Way." Stills are important; they are the photographs by which studios advertise pictures.

She didn't refuse to take the stills; she simply refused to take *certain* stills. One in particular. They wanted her in a teddy bear she wore in the production. "No! Five years from now when I am married and have a family, I don't want pictures of me in underwear staring at me from the 'Police Gazette.'"

Connie was right, but they tried to argue. They didn't realize you can never *argue* with a Bennett. She counter-offered with a negligée. There was a scene. Connie promised to appear for the other stills on a Saturday morning. She was ill. Undoubtedly, they didn't believe her. They insisted she never gave them enough stills; she insists she did.

**T**HEN she went to First National. The publicity department asked her to pose with her father, who was playing in "Bought," looking into a make-up box.

"Now, isn't that original?" Connie asked demurely. "When you get something *new* I'll be glad to pose for you!"

First National also wanted stills. They had heard the M-G-M story. They asked Connie to reserve a day for them. "I will be there from two until five on Saturday."

"We would prefer you at ten, Miss Bennett!"

"I will be there from two until five, I said. And when I say I'll do anything, I do it!" (Which is true, by the way. As we'll prove later.)

"But we can't get enough. We want an entire day. If you'll come at ten—"

"You can get a hundred stills between two and five. I'll be there at two!" She was right again, and by this time the well-known Bennett dander was up.

Darryl Zanuck and other officials walked onto the set. The publicity man turned to them, mentioned the Metro situation; said he needed Miss Bennett at ten—

Connie heard. "You keep still, young man. When you have any experience to talk from, you can talk. What happened at another studio is none of your business. I said I'd be here at two—" There was more; much more. The officials backed Miss Bennett. They had learned, by being forced to pay her income tax on top of her salary when they first demurred at the figure, not to argue with a Bennett.

Evelyn Mulhall (Mrs. Jack) and Kathryn Carver Menjou (Mrs. Adolphe) were among those who disliked *la* Bennett. One evening, at a party, they told her so.

"Why?" Constance demanded instantly.

"Oh, the way you hold your head; look down your nose at people; speak—"

"CAN I help the way I look?" Connie asked quietly. "If I learned to hold my head high as a child, to carry myself in a certain way, is it my fault? If I speak a broad A, as I was taught, am I supposed to change it because others in Hollywood don't use it? Now, be fair, girls. You don't *know* me; *how* can you dislike me?"

Certainly, they're friends—good friends, today. They couldn't win an argument with a Bennett.

A writer had an appointment to interview Miss Bennett on the set of her present picture, "Lady With a Past." A publicity man took her down—the two waited. For several hours! Miss Bennett made no move toward them. Finally, in desperation, the publicity man went to her and said, "Miss So and So has been waiting for several hours—"

"And how should I know that? I've never met her. Am I supposed to know everyone whom you bring down? Why didn't you bring her over?"

"But you had an appointment, Miss Bennett."

"How did I know she was the appointment?" Rah; rah; rah. A whole line of them.

Constance Bennett does not take things for granted. She must be told. Her publicity department knows this, of course. Undoubtedly, this man should have announced the writer; equally surely, he was afraid to approach Miss Bennett until she had given him some recognition.

The writer was furious. I chanced to meet her when she left. "I was raised to be a lady! Constance Bennett is not a lady!"

Connie was passing through Albuquerque recently. Twenty-five hundred people were on the platform to greet her. She wanted to send a telegram and do several other things in the ten minutes the train would be in the station. She stepped from a train; a little child [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]





Stax



Wide World

Here is one young man who doesn't want to be the President of the United States when he grows up. No sir, he would rather be a second Clark Gable. And the girls are already just crazy about that dimple in his chin. Ladies and gentlemen, meet *Spanky*, the newest addition to Hal Roach's "Our Gang." He's decided to be as mysterious as Garbo and keep his real name from his public. But he's going gunning for big parts with that weapon on his lap

In London they call J. C. Lawrence a barrister, but in Hollywood he's Elissa Landi's husband. He remains in England, where this picture was snapped, while Elissa gathers more and more screen fame here

**H**OLLYWOOD has gone in for a new hair comb with a bang. I mean that literally. The very newest sensation is the bang, over the forehead.

At Edmund Goulding's wedding tea the guests were amazed to see Lily Damita arrive with her hair cut in a bang.

And five minutes later Carmel Myers arrived with her bangs, followed by Eleanor Boardman with the most becoming set of bangs seen in ages.

Over on the Chevalier set there was Genevieve Tobin with a nifty bang hair cut. So the idea seems to be catching on.

Hollywood claims the idea was simultaneous with all the lovely ladies but if you remember it was Garbo (she always does it) who introduced the bang in "Susan Lenox." This was the first time it was worn on the screen. Garbo must chuckle when she hears the others taking the credit.

**N**ORMA SHEARER isn't going to say those smart lines nor wear those revealing gowns (and if you saw "A Free Soul" and "Private Lives" you know how revealing Norma's gowns can be) any more. No siree Bob, it's a right about face to the sweet and simple for Mrs. Irving Thalberg. "Private

Lives," a swell picture, is the last of smartness. Her next is "Smilin' Through" and after that more smiles and things.

You can always trust Norma to keep up with the newest trends. When talkies first

came in she was being sweet and lovely on the screen, but she was shrewd enough to see that the new entertainment wave was toward the shady lady. So she went shady until she was a black shadow of her former pure self. Now,

# Cal York

## Announcing-





Acme

"No more gangster pictures," said the censors. So Jimmy Cagney and wife hopped an Eastbound freighter to see what could be done. When they arrived in New York they had such a swell time they forgot all about their Serious Purpose. Here they are going back to Hollywood. Meet the missus. It's the first time you've seen her



Underwood

If you were playing your first rôle on the New York stage, how would you like to have Irene Rich drop by the theater and give you a make-up lesson? That is the amazing experience of the young lady, above. Maybe the fact that Irene is her mother had something to do with the interest taken in Frances. The girl appears in "Brief Moment"

# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!

with the success of "Daddy Long Legs" and plays of like ilk she knows it's wise to go and sin no more cinema sins.

As a matter of fact, hubby Irving has always preferred Norma sweet but he couldn't say

anything while the dollars from her pictures were rolling in.

Norma loves the sophisticated stuff and no hours were too long for studio fittings if the dress was as shocking as possible.

But now she'll be wearing hoop skirts and will, as always, come smiling through.

WHEN they couldn't get Clara Bow to play in "The Impatient Maiden," Universal rapidly re-wrote it and cast Lew Ayres in it. And is Lew's face red? To substitute for Clara in a picture which was based on a book called "The Impatient Virgin!" Well, Lew gets speechless when he talks about it.

IT'S hard for the truth to catch up with the sensational, untrue story. The New York newspapers came out recently with a story that Lilyan Tashman had bought a \$10,000 hat. The truth of the matter is that it was a \$10 hat, in which Lilyan wore a beautiful diamond brooch. Lilyan was quite upset about it.

JOHN P. MEDBURY (columnist) says it's rumored that one of Connie Bennett's ex-fiances heard she spent \$5,000 a month at her dressmakers, so he quit phoning Connie and started going with the dressmaker.

WHEN Ina Claire arrived in New York wearing a short skirted dress the newspaper reporters asked her the reason. Ina, a





International

Sob your biggest tears, girls, over this gay picture of a happy young man. It means Buddy Rogers has given up the screen for quits. He's brought his guitar and a couple of saxophones to New York where he'll thrill the maids of Manhattan by leading orchestras and appearing in musical shows



Acme

Here's big news! Clark Gable watches polo match! Here's news of secondary importance. Wife also looks on. And you'll notice that Mrs. Clark is more interested in our camera than What-A-Man Gable is. There's nothing Clark loves so much as a good chucker. Yes, yes, little Gwendolyn, on the polo field, of course. We don't mean a chucker under the chin. Clark is really being himself in this quite informal snapshot

flip wise-cracker, shot back, "The depression has hit me."

Now come, come, Ina. The real reason, please. Here's the answer.

Ina has grand legs and she's smart enough to play up the best part of her figure in spite of prevailing styles.

AS we told you a few months ago, Kathryn Crawford got her big break in "Flying High" by reducing ten pounds in a week by going on an orange juice diet.

Now here's the inevitable result. Kathryn's sick. They say it's flu—but it was brought on as a result of the strenuous diet.

One of Hollywood's newest diet fads is prunes and spinach. But don't you try it—or Sylvia will get you. In this issue of PHOTOPLAY, Sylvia, the most famous reducing specialist in Hollywood, begins a series of articles. And boy, oh boy, they're right from the shoulder. With those drastic diets Sylvia has no patience. And, as Chic Sale says, she'll tell you why.

AND here's another one to make you girls mind your Aunt Sylvia. Hidden away in a newspaper is an obscure item about Katherine Grant who was found, after a disappearance four years ago, a patient in the California State Hospital at Patton. She was admitted to the asylum about two years ago after being

cared for in various private sanitariums.

A complete mental and physical breakdown—it was called—yet four years ago she had as bright a future as any of the present-day stars. What happened? Katherine was beautiful—but overweight. She dieted the wrong way. This is the answer—and the result.

FLORABEL MUIR tells a grand story about Dolores Mae Barrymore, nineteen-months-old daughter of Jack (profile) Barrymore and wife Dolores Costello. The other day a servant gave the family dog a bone. While he was busy chewing Dolores walked in, took it away from him and began to chew on it herself. Mama Dolores was horrified but Daddy Jack was just that thrilled.

"That's the old fighting spirit," he beamed. "If she's stealing bones from dogs at nineteen months—how many big scenes will she be stealing from actors when she's grown?"

THE story called "The Man That Gloria Married," on another page of this magazine, is what you mean when you say "real inside stuff." And there's a reason why it's the real thing. You'll notice that the author is Eulalia Wilson. She is the former wife of Huntington Wilson. If you remember your politics you'll recall that he was Assistant Secretary of State in the Roosevelt and Taft administrations and resigned under Woodrow Wilson when he and the then-president disagreed about the Chinese policy.

M-G-M studio workers have heard Garbo say, "I t'ank I go home," they've witnessed the discreet verbal battles between Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, and have watched Jack Gilbert storm off his set in

various furies, but never has there been such unadulterated temperament as is displayed on the set where Tod Browning is directing "Freaks."

The bearded lady doesn't like the Siamese twins and she'll tell anyone they're snooty and high hat. The reason is that the Siamese twins, pretty girls, by the way, are allowed to eat in the M-G-M commissary, while the rest of the huge and weird company have a special dining room with a special corps of hardboiled waiters.

The giant tries to steal scenes from the human skeleton.

It's easy—all he has to do is stand in front of the thin fellow. And the sword swallower won't speak to the ape man.

Poor Tod Browning's hair is getting whiter by the day. He treats each and every freak like a prima donna. They all live together in one Culver City apartment house and are transported back and forth from the studio.

THERE used to be a feeling among newcomers in Hollywood that by making social contacts with studio executives or their wives, they could further their screen ambitions.

This fallacy has been exploded along with a number of other Hollywood myths. Witness the case of Hedda Hopper, Aileen Pringle, Lois Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty; fine actresses all and great social favorites, yet none of them are getting a break.

Even in Hollywood, where nearly everybody calls everybody else by their first name, the players are learning that "distance lends enchantment" and the better known you are socially the less often will your screen ability be recognized

MARIE DRESSLER was invited to a luncheon given by a group of social celebrities at the Ambassador Hotel.





Ray Jones

Dear friends: That old bronk Peritonitis was a tough one to ride. The first three or four jumps I underestimated him, thinkin' there was nothin' new to expect or be surprised at, when Doc Smith hollered, "Hey! Tom, that's Peritonitis you're atop of." I jest took a short holt and says, "I ride him in my own way, not by contest rules." So I sat down on that old rascal, bogged 'em deep and used every trick I knew—TOM MIX



Underwood

She arrived early, gowned in a plain, simple sports outfit.

The first guest arrived, in furs, jewels, and orchids.

Another came in, garbed in velvets, sables and gardenias.

Still another. And another. All just that dressed up.

Finally, Marie turned to her hostess. "Why didn't you tell me this was a masquerade? I'd have worn a costume, too."

**A** NEWSPAPER woman asked a certain player for some gossip about his friends.

"I've gossiped so much I haven't any friends!" he answered.

**O**NE reason why the studios insist that a star keep her physical proportions to a certain measurement is the fact that every star has a "double," meaning a stuffed dummy kept in the wardrobe department and used for fitting the star's dresses. Hours and hours of the player's valuable time is thus saved by having all but the final fittings made on the "double," and if the star puts on a couple of inches here and takes off a pound there, it requires constant changing of the "double's" measurements at considerable expense.

**P**LAYING hunches or other psychic suggestions, is not Clark Gable's way of doing things. "I don't believe in hunches at all," he argued. "In fact my experience has been that hunches work out exactly the opposite way.

"A lot of people kid themselves into believing a hunch made them do this, that or the other thing that panned out well. As a matter of fact, it was either their own good judgment or advice from outside sources that guided them and not a hunch at all. They just don't stop to analyze the reasons behind their own deci-

sions and give all the credit to an imaginary hunch."

**W**HEN he was working in a rubber factory at Akron, Gable related by way of example, he had a hunch that he should join his father in the oil fields down in Oklahoma; that he belonged there; would find the contentment and happiness he was seeking.

"I was never so miserable in my life," Gable said. "It was worse than anything I ever went through. Lonesomeness became a gnawing hunger. I felt like a living ghost. I finally quit my job at good wages to go back to Akron and, eventually, the stage.

"I have had a thousand hunches while driving that I would turn over into a ditch at the next curve. I have actually *felt* I faced certain disaster. That hunch, or mental suggestion, is always wrong; I have never had any kind of accident.

**"A**NOTHER hunch that certainly went wrong was the one I had when I signed for the gangster rôle in 'Dance Fools Dance,' with Joan Crawford. I was glad to get the chance to play so prominent a part but my hunch told me that was as far as I could ever go in pictures. Thenceforth, my hunch told me, I would be a 'heavy.' Look at me to-day, a hero — a minister — if you please!

**I**HAD another hunch not so long ago that turned out with reverse English like all the others," he continued. "I was walking down Hollywood Boulevard when I came to a building with a painter's scaffolding against it. My hunch, call it superstition if you will, told me not to walk under the ladder, although it was out of my way to walk around it. I walked

"Will London be foggy?" Janet Gaynor asked before she and Mama and Hubby Lydell Peck took the boat for England. It was the first time she had been abroad and she wanted to know things. Well, here they are in foggy London and Lydell is holding Janet's hand so she won't get lost in the big city

under the ladder, anyway. As I did a pile of mortar and paint cans fell from the scaffolding above and landed all over the people walking on the other side of the ladder. I was the only person in the vicinity who escaped a paint and plaster shower.

"Another hunch warned me one night while I was playing on the stage that I had neglected an important part of dressing. I guess every man at some time or other has had the dream of standing in the midst of a crowd of people and suddenly discovering he is without trousers. That was the startling sensation I experienced on the stage before an audience of a thousand or more people. I fumbled my lines. My face crimsoned through the greasepaint. I dared not look to confirm the suspicions of my hunch. I went through twenty minutes of torture until the act was finished. The hunch was all wrong."

**I**T is Garbo's habit to be through with her leading man as soon as the picture is finished. But with Ramon Novarro it's different. No, no, don't get ahead of me. It's not a love affair, even though Ramon admits that Garbo is his favorite actress and he's mad about her.

Arm in arm they stroll across the lot. And every day Garbo snatches a few minutes to visit Ramon's dressing-room to hear him play the piano and sing.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]



# What Happened To Harry

**H**ARRY LANGDON'S tragic story has been told in headlines.

"Cash Paid to Hush Love Suit"

"Langdon and Missus Split"

"Actor Denies Paying Balm to Wife's Ex-Mate"

"Langdon Longs for Single Life"

"Funny Man Goes Bankrupt"

And there are dozens more.

But the most amazing story of little Harry Langdon's rise and fall has never been printed. It is as fantastic as Hollywood itself.

Not so many years ago, at least you and I can remember it, Harry Langdon, "the man with the little hat," was one of the big three of comedians. There was Chaplin. There was Lloyd and there was Langdon.

Harry had been knocked around—in films as well as in real life. For every comedy kick received, there were three honest-to-goodness knock-out blows. A troupier in a medical show at the age of twelve, an itinerant vaudevillian after that and a Mack Sennett two-reel comic—he learned how to take 'em.

People who couldn't remember him in vaudeville praised him on the screen—and rightly. For here was a real comedian, a man who knew enough about the seamy-side of life to get on the screen that essential comedy quality—a combination of pity and pathos.

**R**EMEMBER his eating the chewing tobacco sandwich in an early Sennett? Remember his being cuffed around by policemen, husky guys and oversized wives? Remember that tragic, futile face?

"Why, the guy's a second Chaplin," everybody said, which was unfair, since Langdon had a style all his own and upon that style he winged his way to the highest comedy heights.

He left Sennett to form his own company and make feature lengths. He produced on the First National lot and released through them. "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" was a great picture (incidentally a plump almost unknown girl who didn't quite know what to do with her hands played the lead for the great comedian. Her name was Joan Crawford).

The film was fine but Langdon's director had taken too much time on it and run him into the red, so Harry looked about for another director for the next one. And he handed the megaphone to a man who had been a poorly paid gag constructor at Sennett's.

The man, whose name cannot be mentioned here, took over the reins of production and turned out a jim dandy of a piece in "The Strong

## Langdon

The amazing story of  
how a two-page letter  
ruined the career of a  
grand funny man

*By Katherine  
Albert*



Harry Langdon can still give the world the horse laugh. "I know I can act, if I'm not licked," he says



When he married Helen Walton the world looked rosy. But now they're getting a divorce and Harry's bankrupt

Man." It was made in record time, under cost and was a sure fire box-office attraction. It put Langdon right on the top of the heap.

Langdon was delighted with his success. He believed that the troubles he had had—both domestic and professional—were over and that he could take it easy now and things would just sail along on their own momentum. But the poor fellow didn't know that the fates had a little plan up their sleeves that would completely destroy him.

He'd never been able to indulge in rich men's pastimes. He'd never been rich before. So now he took up golf, believing that his picture company was in good hands. The third story of his feature lengths had been doped out. He knew that both his director and writer were able, so he stayed away from the studio for four weeks and followed a little white ball over a green lawn. He could shoot an eighty on a golf course. But he found himself unable to sink the put when he got back to the studio.

**T**HE writer and director had worked for four weeks on the new picture. They had quarreled. The writer thought there was too much footage that retarded the action before Langdon's entrance. The director said he knew his stuff and wouldn't be interfered with. Quite without Langdon who was star as well as producer, they had gone ahead. When he returned, they put their separate cases before him. He strung along with the writer, agreeing with him on almost every point.

The director was furious and the picture was completed in all the maddening discord of a school girl squabble.

And then the fantastic event occurred that was to be the biggest contributing factor in Harry Langdon's downfall.

**T**HE angry director wrote a letter to all the movie columnists. He said that Harry was impossible to work with, that he wanted to have a finger in every pie, that he was conceited, egotistical and considered himself the biggest shot in pictures. That he gave himself airs and wore the high hat instead of the little battered felt of his films. It was a vitriolic letter from a disgruntled man.

But the substance of it got printed. The news was flung all over the world that Langdon was impossible on the set and dabbled in everything. Other writers picked up the story. Almost every newspaper carried it and it gathered power as it went spinning into the world. Movie fans saw it, but more important, it was read by producers.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]





Gaston Longet

**A** PRESS-AGENT would describe this as a "charmingly intimate camera study." Until we looked at the face we thought it was Marlene Dietrich. Then we recognized Arlene Judge, the naughty child of "Are These Our Children?" She is the recent bride of Wesley (Director) Ruggles





Ernest A. Bachrach

**I**RENE DUNNE is the sort of girl who drives interviewers wild. She's a grand actress (you saw her in "Cimarron" and "Consolation Marriage") but there's little to write about her except that her physician husband lives in New York and they talk long distance every evening; that she likes astronomy and was born in Kentucky; that she can sing, is a swell golf player and a nice person





Ernest A. Bachrach

THIS is the way Joel McCrea looked the day Connie Bennett married Hank, the Marquis, and if you think that's a picture of a young man with a broken heart you've been taking your *Pagliacci* too seriously. Nope, Joel is the sort of lad men trust with their wives and he'll take Connie out when Hank is busy. In the meantime he'll be Dolores Del Rio's leading man in "Bird of Paradise"





"WELL, well," says Clark (What-A-Man) Gable, as he figures out the raise he got from his producers, "that will more than make up for the increased income tax." They may be cutting down in the studios but they are not slicing his salary. They raised him to \$1,000 a week and he steals pictures from \$5,000 a week ladies



# When Nordic Met Latin



This was the first still picture taken of Garbo and Novarro in "Mata Hari." And each star showed nervousness. Garbo thought Ramon might try to steal the scene. He thought she might "upstage" him

When the camera shutter clicked after this picture was made Garbo looked up and laughed at Ramon. They were friends at once and have been ever since. Both were happy together

**W**HAT happened on that memorable afternoon when Greek met Greek is history.

But the fusing of the Nordic and Latin temperaments of Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro is still spot news in Hollywood where anything is expected to happen and often does.

Announcement of the co-starring assignments for "Mata Hari" sounded a signal gun for rumors, conjecture and prognostication of all description. It freely was vouchsafed production

wouldn't last two weeks. Friends of Director George Fitzmaurice wrung his hand sorrowfully as though he were about to board a rocket headed for the moon.

Seven-to-three money was quoted on the curb that Producer Irving Thalberg would leap overboard from the "S.S. Catalina" before he was through with the picture. A few optimistic souls ventured vagrant hope that somehow everything might turn out all right, after all. . . .

How would Garbo and Novarro get along in double-yoke? In a business of give-and-take who will give the giving and who will take the taking? The back of whose neck will be in the closeups? Would Garbo and Novarro flame with another Gilbert-Garbo bonfire or would they choose weapons at twenty paces?

And who ever heard of a Swede and a Mexican eating at the same bowl, anyway?

Well, the picture is finished. It speaks for itself. Those few privileged to peek into projection rooms acclaim it the best either star has contributed to the talkies—if not the best in their separate careers. The artistic quality is unquestioned. Its box-office appeal is obvious. There have been no bodies discovered strewn about the sound stages. Mister Fitzmaurice is still a sane man. Irving Thalberg's obituary hasn't appeared in the public prints.

And Garbo and Novarro are the best of friends!

In fact, it has been whispered around the Hollywood grapevine route that Garbo was happier making "Mata Hari" than she has been in many months. If not years. It is said she enjoyed Novarro's companionship tremendously, welcomed

## Ramon Novarro's story of working with Garbo in "Mata Hari"

*By Ralph Wheelright*

the sharing of the vast burden of carrying an entire production.

Garbo never appeared more radiant, throbbingly human, than in the glamorous vehicle in which Novarro fills the romantic rôle of the Russian aviator, enamored of the beautiful spy.

Those who have seen Miss Garbo about the lot during the making of the picture, commented upon the gorgeousness of her costume, her unruffled contentment. Not once on the production, gossip says, was there the slightest friction of any kind. Both

stars, accustomed to ruling their own roosts, were more than willing to meet each other half-way in making concessions. They understood each other.

By the very reason of opposite temperaments Garbo and Novarro had an intuitive insight into each other's likes and dislikes. Bringing them together might be described by a psychologist as the joining of negative and positive electro poles.

**G**ARBO, the Nordic, inclined toward being phlegmatic. Novarro, the Latin, more fiery of personality, high-strung, a bit restless. Both as sensitive as Stradivarius violins. But somehow they are strangely attuned in a common effort. To them, their careers are all-important. They live it.

Ten years a star, twice as long in motion pictures as Garbo, Novarro was almost naïve in his delight in being cast in "Mata Hari." True, he had met Garbo socially one time or another, but his natural pride never would have permitted him to reveal his great ambition to play opposite her.

This enthusiasm was manifest in gallant fashion on the morning filming began on the picture.

On her dressing-room table that morning, Garbo found a huge mound of pink roses. Tucked in the silky petals was a note, penned in a sweeping, boyish hand.

It read:

"I hope the world will be as thrilled to see *Mata Hari* as I am to work with her—Ramon Novarro"

First on the production schedule was the scene in *Mata Hari*'s exotic apartment. It was [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101 ]



# PHOTOPLAYS



She has a sense of humor, but is superstitious; wouldn't put a hat on a bed for Connie Bennett's salary



He is tailored to perfection, won't wear brown suits and goes in for polo coats with woolly scarfs

**M**INNA GOMBELL, the good scout of Hollywood, has a dimple in her chin and a tiny mole on her right cheek. Talks incessantly and has laughed herself out of dozens of tight places.

She arrived in Hollywood at exactly twelve minutes past nine. At nine fifteen she had Hollywood's number and knew half the answers. She knew the other half before lunch.

Whenever a producer along Broadway found a weak spot in a play, he sent for Minna to help. She helped. Weak spots are Minna's specialty. During the run of a certain play, Minna had to stand in the wings and scream and scream. The play and Minna's voice failed at the same time, which drove her to studying tonal placement. She emerged with perfect diction. And no sooner did they hear her speak in Hollywood than they made her a studio voice teacher.

Standing off on the sidelines she read the part of *Edna* in "Bad Girl" for the other players to rehearse. And yearned for the part, which still remained vacant. Finally the director grew desperate. "Where am I going to find *Edna*?" he shrieked. "Here," answered Minna meekly. She got the part. She was great. And has been ever since.

Loves swimming and can aquaplane. Stays slender by foregoing sweets and potatoes. Calls her car "Queenie," because it behaves like a burlesque queen, kicking up in the wrong places.

She's quite alone in the world and lives in a hillside apartment overlooking Hollywood. But Hollywood isn't overlooking Minna.

Her last name rhymes with dumb-bell. But Minna isn't one. Wears plain clothes and loves to walk in the rain, but has never met Garbo.

**R**ALPH BELLAMY always wanted to be an actor, so at fifteen he ran away from home (Chicago, Ill.) to be one. He toured with small shows until he landed in New York, but no one cared.

Cold, hungry, tired, he walked, one day, from the World Building to his room on Seventy-ninth Street. And suddenly found himself perched on the edge of the fire escape, five stories above the ground. His knuckles glistened white as they clung to the rail. Cold sweat bathed his body. Suddenly he laughed, instead of leaping as he'd planned to do. To this day he loathes fire escapes. They give him the creeps. The next week he landed a part on Broadway. And was soon snatched away by the movies.

They tossed him a small part in "The Secret Six," and bits in "The Magnificent Lie" and "West of Broadway." He made them hum. Then Fox gave him "Surrender" and he was a hit.

He's six foot, one and a half and has a disarming smile revealing small, white teeth spaced in the front, like a kid's. Eyes are light blue and his hair light brown. He twiddles his thumbs when he talks. Has a weakness for neckties with blue in them and is devoted to an old pair of trousers he's had for years that are worn in vital spots, but he puts them on the minute he reaches home.

He collects music boxes that play when the lids are removed and keeps the lids off most of the time. It's awful. He loathes sweetbreads and demands lemon cream pie three times a day. But doesn't always get it.

Catherine Willard is his wife.

For no reason, he's scared of the number thirteen, and wouldn't carry \$13 in his pocket if he had it. He seldom has it.



# TWENTY PAGES



She thinks no one suspects she's living; that she's not temperamental enough to be noticed

**I**F you've been wondering about the girl with the Garbo voice, it's Karen Morley, a calm, practical young woman who suddenly blossoms into an alluring, intriguing, glamorous person before a camera. Even Karen doesn't know how it happens.

She's always imitating people at home, and to her utter horror found herself addressing Garbo, herself, in thick Swedish accents. Garbo gazed at her for some moments in silence. "Ach, so iss, eh?" she finally remarked, which may mean one of several things. Karen fears the worst.

Meat and pickles she loves and will ritz milk and vegetables every chance she gets. She weighs one hundred and four pounds, never diets and is five feet, four inches tall in stocking feet. She thinks she's a giant. It worries her. Her constant habit of speaking the truth has her always in jams. She still speaks it.

She has a habit in pictures of sticking out her lower lip. She received dozens of fan letters about it, so she tries to keep it in. The smell of lilacs always leaves her homesick for a back yard in Ottumwa, Iowa, where Karen was born.

Her yellow hair is naturally curly. So she doesn't bother combing it. Merely shakes her head and lets it fall where it will. Modern poets and German and Russian novels are her favorites. She reads constantly.

Claims she chose theatrical work because she's lazy and it offered the quickest way to success and money.

Practically no one awes her. Even the two Barrymores in her latest picture, "Arsene Lupin," fail to ruffle her calm. Karen Morley is absolutely sure of herself, never fumbles for a word, is reserved and thinks clearly. She lives at home where strict hours are kept, and has one steady beau, a business man.



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



☆ PRIVATE LIVES—M-G-M

WELL, they've kept them all in—those swell lines of the Noel Coward play. And they're both there—those two grand, impossible, delightful characters who kept the show running on Broadway for years. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery are excellent as the ex-husband and ex-wife who, having married others, run away with each other. A wild farce idea made snappy by sparkling and at times, questionable dialogue. Una Merkel and Reginald Denny play the dull folk who are run away from.

How Norma and Bob quarrel and make up, only to quarrel again! Bob's comedy is broad but it's good, and Shearer does her most efficient and, sad to say, nudest work. The kids won't understand this, we hope, but if you like 100 per cent sophistication, you'll like this.

# The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

*A Review of the New Pictures*



☆ MATA HARI—M-G-M

THE Garbo-maniacs have a thrill in store for them when they view her as the famous spy, *Mata Hari*. Garbo has never in her entire career appeared more ravishing, more glamorous, nor done finer work than in this picture. Seeing it, you can well believe that many men gladly laid down their lives for her, as they do in this thrilling story.

The life story of the real *Mata Hari*, who faced a French firing squad during the World War, is familiar to thousands. Garbo moves alluringly through adventures full of intrigue and daring, but pays the death penalty for her crime.

Ramon Novarro gives a genuinely moving performance as the young officer for whom *Mata Hari* risks all. Probably no one else could have played the part as convincingly. Ramon makes you believe he would be just such a slave to the woman he loved.

Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone shine in the splendid supporting cast. Garbo wears fantastic gowns that suit her and the rôle but Seymour advises against wearing copies of them in your parlor. Her entire work, from beginning to end, is magnificent. Don't miss this glittering picture, and don't miss the new team of Garbo and Novarro.



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

MATA HARI                      LADIES OF THE JURY  
PRIVATE LIVES                LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE  
THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM  
EMMA                            DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE  
JUVENILE COURT

## The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari"  
Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari"  
Edna May Oliver in "Ladies of the Jury"  
Norma Shearer in "Private Lives"  
Robert Montgomery in "Private Lives"  
Sylvia Sidney in "Ladies of the Big House"  
Ina Claire in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them"  
Marie Dressler in "Emma"  
Fredric March in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"  
Miriam Hopkins in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"  
Jackie Cooper in "Sooky"  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Union Depot"  
Pat O'Brien in "Juvenile Court"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 116*



★ **LADIES OF THE JURY**—Radio Pictures

IT'S a good thing stays have gone out! Ladies would wreck their health if they had stiff restraints against their sides while seeing this. It's one of the big laughs of movie history.

Although it's called "*Ladies of the Jury*," don't let that mislead you. Masculine weaknesses are as subtly and amusingly revealed as feminine ones. What twelve men and women will do when closeted in a room to judge another human being—we could never do justice in the telling.

Edna May Oliver starts as one against eleven. But you can trust her to read the nature of her opponents and play upon them so adroitly that—well, see the picture.

There's either a chuckle or a roar in every line. The only possible criticism lies in the fact that the picture moves so rapidly you feel you have missed one laugh while recovering from another.

There's not a hint of the risqué. Clean, healthy entertainment. We took an eleven-year-old to see it and he, as well as the adults, wants to see it again. The cast (including Roscoe Ates and Robert McWade), is perfect. Every actor is a veteran and each is picked as a definite character.



★ **THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM**—United Artists

SOPHISTICATED, smart and amusingly different. Scrammed with subtle innuendoes and cute little tricks belonging to the feminine gender of gold-diggers.

Ina Claire surprises. She has never been photographed as well and is startlingly beautiful. Her acting is delightful.

Madge Evans looks a youthful version of Greta Garbo in many shots. Joan Blondell is her clever, natural self. Chanel, of Paris, dressed the girls, but the girls re-designed.

It doesn't depend upon story but situations. Three gold-diggers out to collect from well-sugared daddies. Lowell Sherman is one. He gets a hand as both bachelor and director. David Manners had a heart as well as a purse. Hence complications! By no means for children and not good for girls in their formative years.



★ **EMMA**—M-G-M

WITHOUT Marie Dressler this would not be so meritorious, but it has Marie so we recommend it. We saw it at an early preview and the story is undergoing changes. It will probably be much improved when you see it.

Marie is a servant. The lady-of-the-house dies while giving birth to a fourth child. Marie raises the family with a devotion that real mother love seldom excels. The family rises in position; moves from bungalow to mansion. The children grow "modern." They forget Marie is mother; remember her as servant. She cures them of that.

She is tried for murder. But—we will not tell out-of-school secrets; only advise it will bring tears and put another notch on the victorious gun of Dressler.



# Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



**DR. JEKYLL  
AND  
MR. HYDE—  
Paramount**



**H**ERE is a picture that partakes of the dual nature of its principal rôle. The first part is a "Dr. Jekyll" of beauty and drama. But when *Dr. Jekyll* becomes *Mr. Hyde*, the picture follows suit. Fredric March's work is splendid and Miriam Hopkins shares the honors. Too bad this filming of the Stevenson classic is not good fare for children nor even for adults who are easily unnerved.



**JUVENILE  
COURT—  
ZiedmanProd.**



**T**HE pathetic story of a boy who imitates the wrong kind of hero and goes overboard because of it. It's not a preachment, but it reveals conditions surrounding adolescent youth. It makes you think. Pat O'Brien, as the "boot-legging" hero, gives a fine performance, while Junior Durkin, as the worshipful lad who follows blindly, just about breaks your heart. Have yourself a good cry.

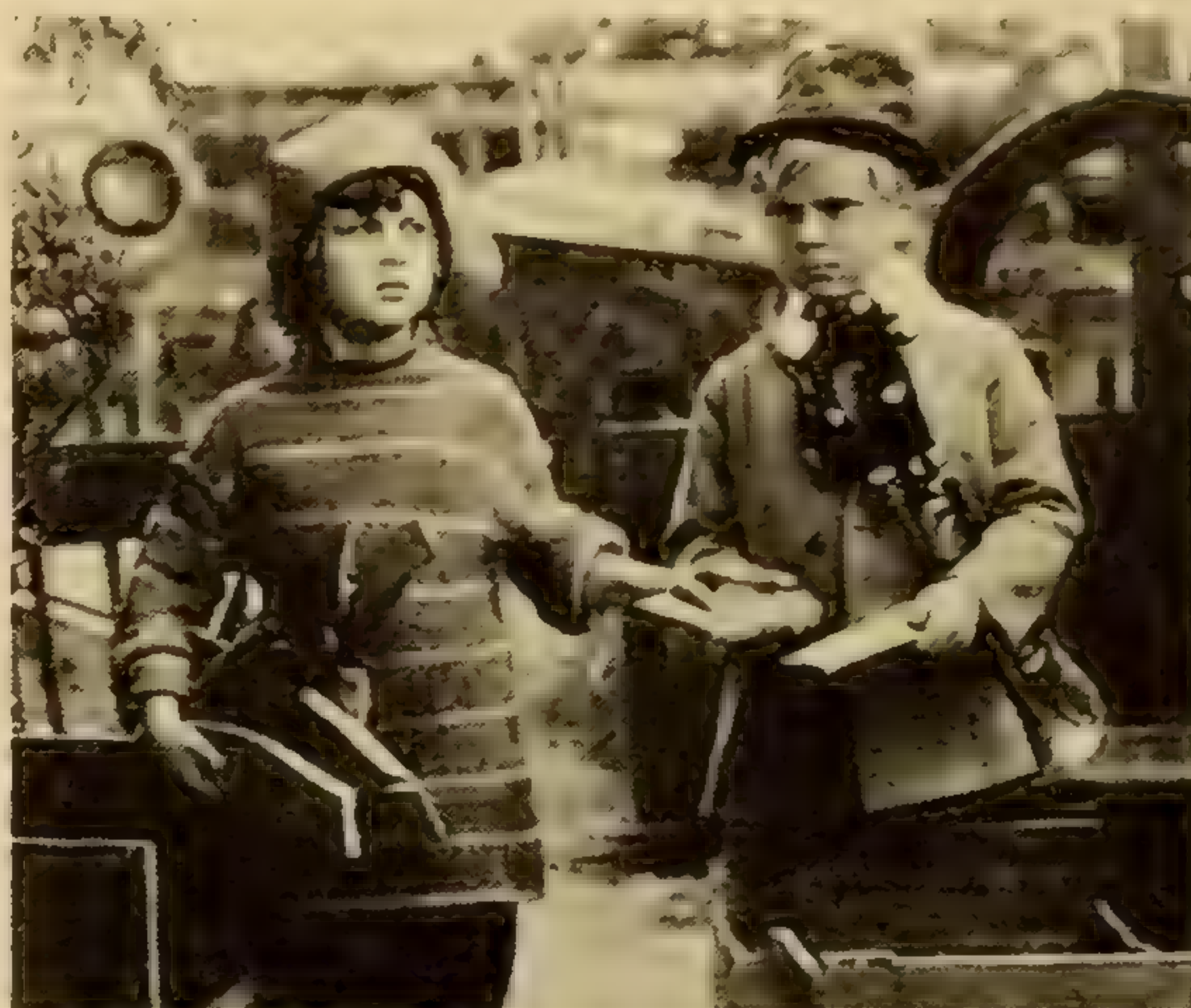
**COCK OF  
THE AIR—  
United Artists**



**B**ILLIE DOVE emerges as a war-time Parisian beauty, so distractingly charming that she has to be sent into oblivion in order that the Allies can carry on.

The story goes haywire somewhere. It obviously was meant to be whimsical, and ends by becoming almost slap-stick at times, and rather risqué. Some daring bedroom scenes, fair amount of suspense, and gowns that will make you gasp.

**SOOKY—  
Paramount**



**T**HIS lives up to the word "sequel" by its resemblance to "Skippy." Yet, the kids, young and old, will like it. Of course, Jackie Cooper is sensational. He pulls your heart right out with his tears and then puts it right back again with his smile. Robert Coogan is the same *Sooky*. Jackie Searl, as the sissy villain, is perfect. Splendid entertainment, this, for all the family.

**DELICIOUS—  
Fox**



**A**NY picture with Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell is of interest, and this is specially recommended because it is clean. Without Gaynor and Farrell you wouldn't walk two blocks to see it. But you will like the musical score by George Gershwin. Janet is a Scotch waif who tries to elude immigration officials. Charlie is the wealthy American. Encourage this clean picture by attending it.

**GIRL OF  
THE RIO—  
Radio Pictures**



**T**HIS talkie version of "The Dove" is a singular come-back triumph for Dolores Del Rio. It conclusively proves her an excellent actress and one of the most beautiful women of the screen. The picture is good entertainment. Leo Carrillo as the villainous *Caballero* and Norman Foster as the *Johnny* of Dolores' heart are perfect, but Dolores takes the honors in her first picture made since her illness.



# The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**THE BEAST  
OF THE CITY**  
—M-G-M



**T**HIS is not only intriguing entertainment, but it merits intelligent attention because it presents potently the obstacles facing the police of a big city. The inside workings of a police department are shown in interesting detail. Walter Huston, Wallace Ford and Jean Harlow snap out excellent performances. The platinum blonde proves herself an actress as well as a "looker," while Huston is really great.

**A WOMAN  
COMMANDS**  
—RKO-Pathe



**W**HAT a pity that Pola Negri should return in such a trite, impossible and worn-out theme. If she had anything to do, she would have done it well. Her bright spot is singing in a cabaret. The gal has a luring voice which records gorgeously. Basil Rathbone plays opposite and Roland Young makes much of nothing. Pola is beautiful and intriguing. See this for yourself.

**THE WOMAN  
FROM  
MONTE  
CARLO—**  
*First National*



**R**EGARDLESS of Lil Dagover's fine work and evident potentialities, her first American starring picture is not sensational. She would grace frothy sophistication better than this heavy, wearily-talkative melodrama. She plays the wife of Walter Huston, commander of the ship on which all the scenes are laid. The ships under fire will bring thrills, but the story bores. Warren William turns in a nice performance.

**UNION  
DEPOT—**  
*First National*



**V**ARYING from the average screen fare, this is well worth anyone's time. It portrays humanity in a Union Depot—life as you see it in snatches, with the snatches played by some of the best actors in Hollywood. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., leaps along moving trains as agilely as once did his father. Joan Blondell is cuter in her usual wisecracking rôles, but good as a straight lead, too.

**MANHATTAN  
PARADE—**  
*Warners*



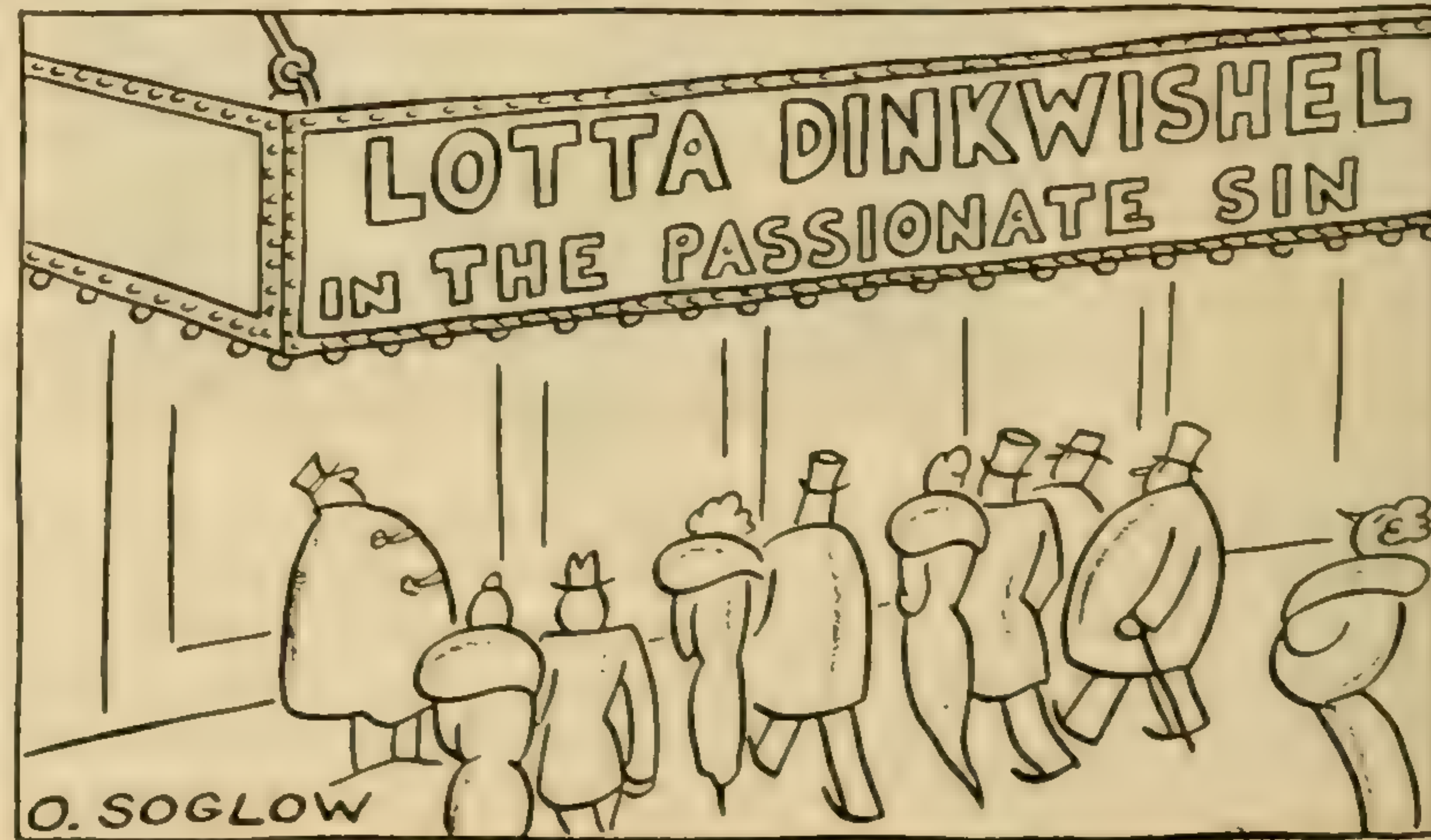
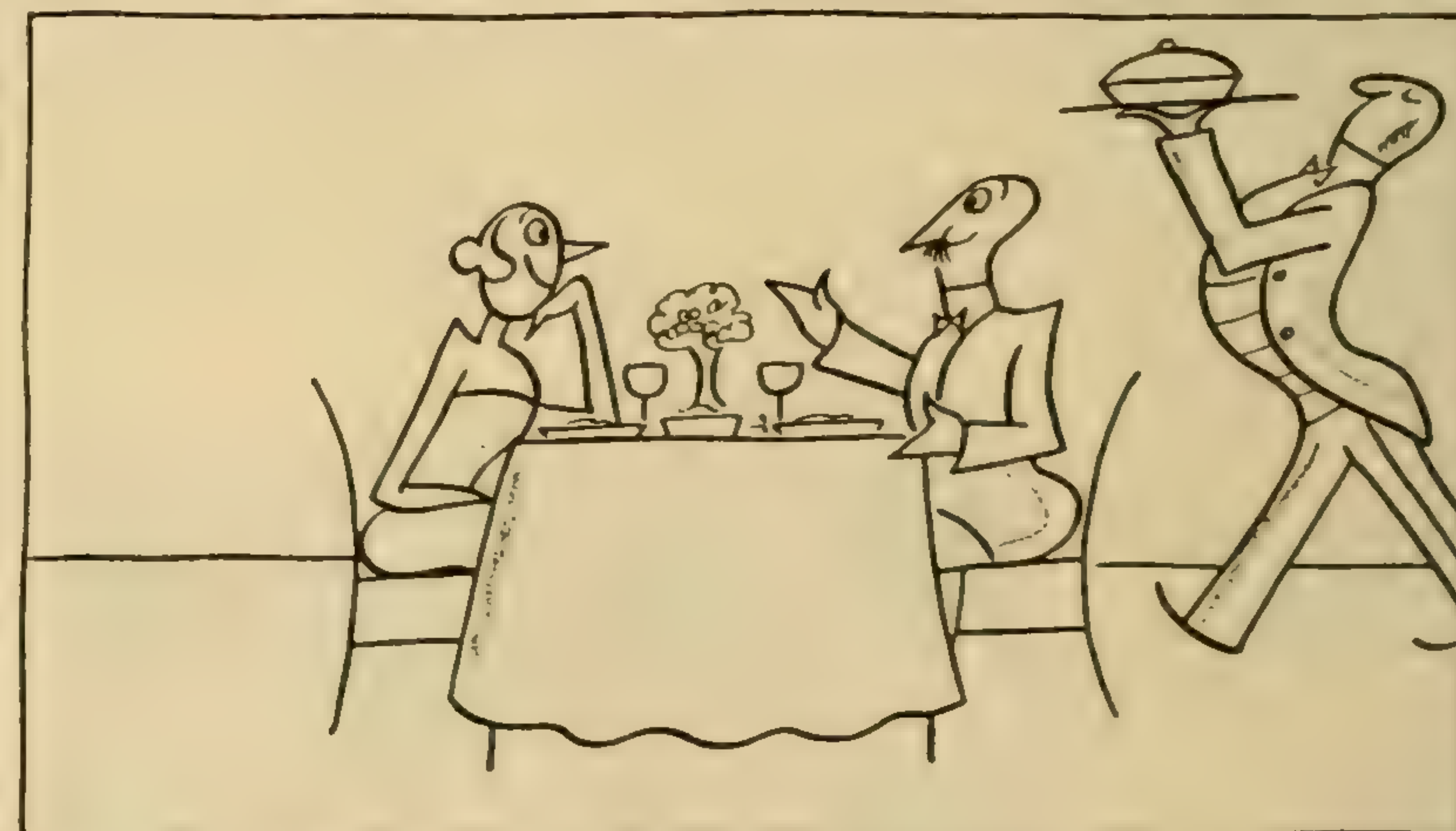
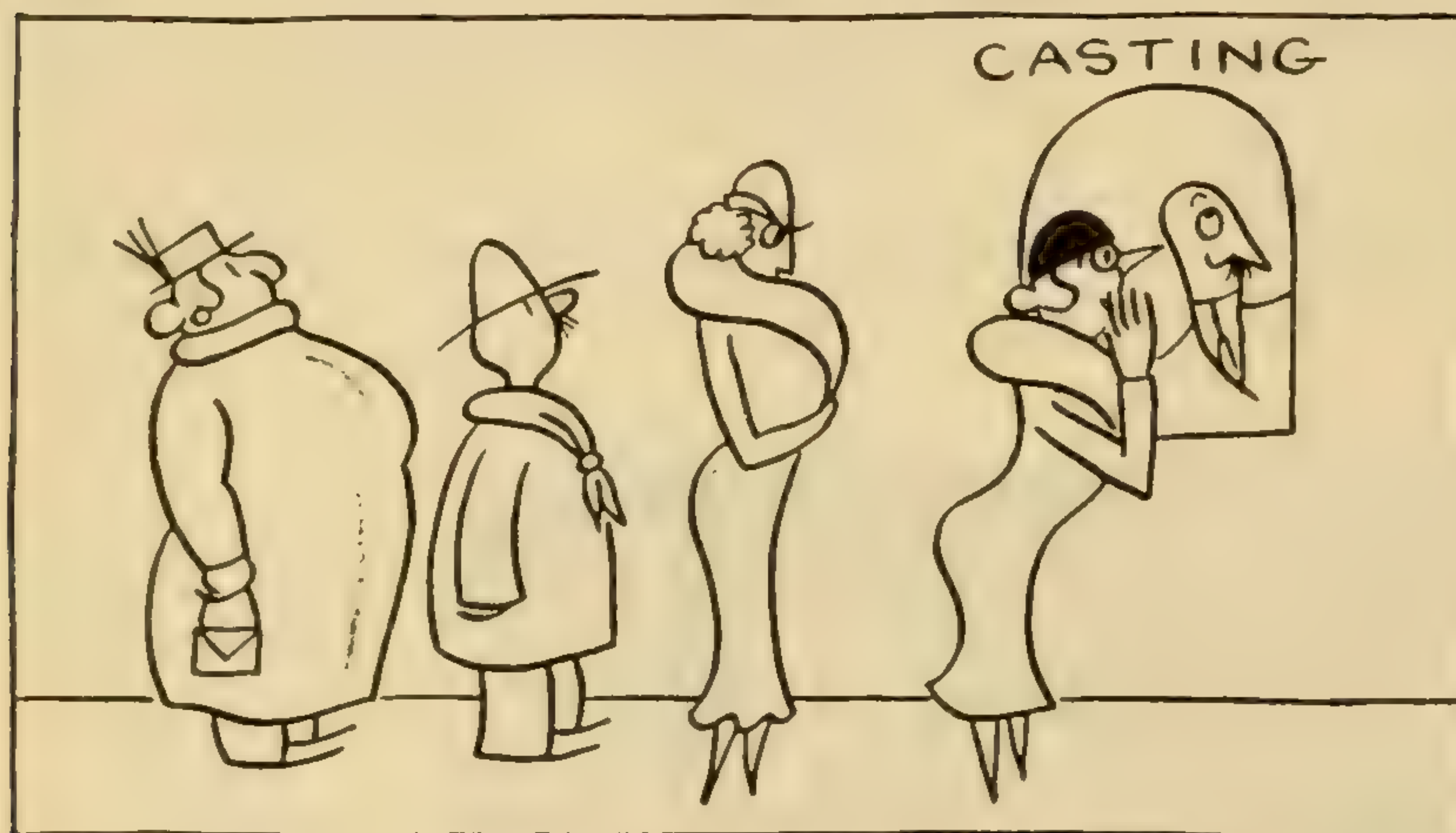
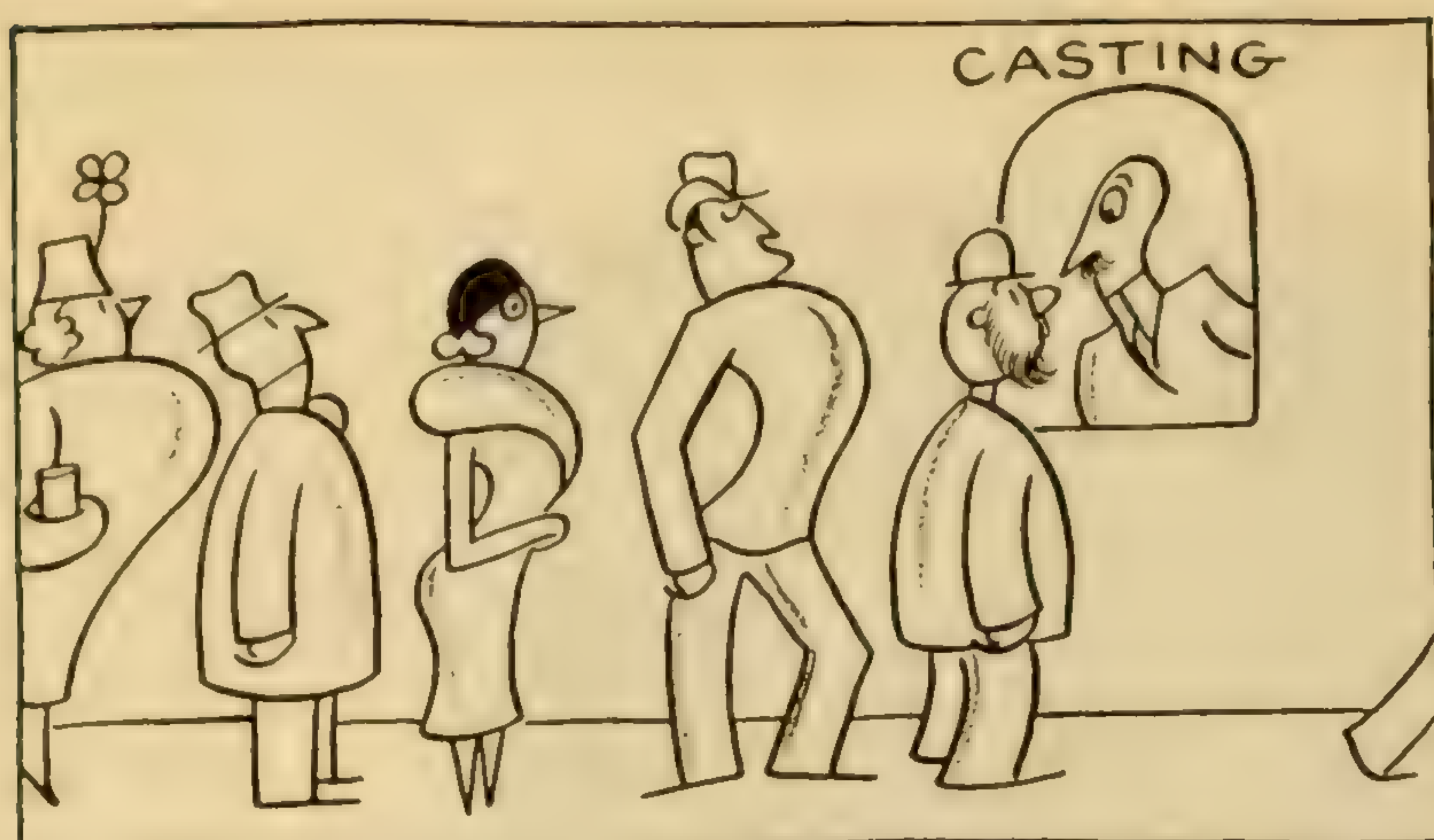
**W**INNIE LIGHTNER and Charles Butterworth should be enough for any comedy. But they've thrown the big parts in this one to the headline vaudeville team of Dale and Smith. They're a riot. It's a satire on Broadway and theatrical producers. Laughs come as rapidly and as frequently as traffic cops you're not expecting. Luis Alberni is fine as the mad impresario. See this Technicolor comedy.

**UNDER  
EIGHTEEN—**  
*Warners*



**M**ARIAN MARSH is to be congratulated on her first starring vehicle. She does well. The old story of the innocent cloak model and rich client has a new plot twist, lovely sets and smart clothes. Anita Page, the financially-harassed sister, makes the most of her part, while Norman Foster, the pool-room expert, gets many laughs. Regis Toomey and Warren William are fine. [ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 97]









Both the Barrymore boys act in "Arsene Lupin." They've been in the same productions before, but John has always had the biggest rôles. Now it is Lionel who dominates the scenes and John lets him take the royal family honors

# To the Head of the Class

**A**BOUT the year 1910, a dizzy adolescent in shiny pants, I wandered into the Dreamland Theater, where I could absorb four one-reel pictures for five cents.

There was method in my visit. I knew that on Saturday the latest Biograph picture would be squirted upon the Dreamland screen, and thither I took myself, weekly, as on a pilgrimage. For I was hopelessly in love with Mary Pickford, Marion Leonard and Florence Lawrence, and I never missed a Biograph (one D. W. Griffith made them all).

This particular Saturday, though I did not suspect it then, loomed large in the history of the baby photoplay. The name of the picture I saw that day was "The New York Hat." It was written by a sixteen-year-old girl named Anita Loos, a tiny, big-eyed creature who was to amass a fortune from the stage and screen. Its star was my beloved Mary Pickford, then merely "The Biograph Girl." And its leading man, all dressed up in clerical clothes, was Mr. Lionel Barrymore!

I doubt that many remember Mr. Lionel's début in the leap-tintypes. After all, I suppose there were not many Biograph fans, in those days.

But I remember it, and for twenty years I have nourished the memory of that trivial, inconspicuous première. For, of the great Barrymore line, Mr. Lionel seemed to prosper least. Of the three star-spangled children of the beautiful, ill-starred Maurice Barrymore, Mr. Lionel, the eldest, got nowhere quite the fastest.

Miss Ethel, tall and statuesque and commanding with a magnificent voice that did things to the soul of the listener, got on. In her twenties she was a star, beloved of the matinee girl.

Mr. John, the youngest of the trio, was beautiful. After a weird period in minor farce, he scored a terrific success in Galsworthy's mighty play, "Justice," and was

Overshadowed for twenty years  
by John and Ethel, Lionel  
Barrymore shines through

off on a mad, magnificent career that ended, inevitably, in Hollywood, at \$20,000 a week.

But Mr. Lionel, the first-born—he never seemed to get on. While Mr. John's beautiful nose poked its way into a dozen starring photoplays—while Miss Ethel easily achieved the position of First

Lady of the American Theater—Mr. Lionel was serving out a modest term as director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures.

And then, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, Mr. Lionel laid down the megaphone and picked up the grease-paint once more.

Then came what to me is the most thrilling event of the modern photoplay. Suddenly the name of Lionel Barrymore was heard on the tongues of all picture fans everywhere! Cast as a dissolute, brilliant attorney in the picture called "A Free Soul," he turned in a performance of the very first water. His notices were magnificent. He was in demand.

**J**UST brother Lionel—turning out a good, workmanlike job of Jacting. And at the age of fifty-three, with his brother and sister inevitably on the long, swift chute that leads to theatrical oblivion, he had arrived.

I know of no more dramatic, romantic story in the history of pictures than the new arrival of Lionel Barrymore. It has every element of theatrical beauty. Consider the record.

What has happened to the great Barrymore tribe in the past brief decade—the one real royal family of the American theater?

Consider Mr. John. Little by little, as the years took their toll, his beauty faded. That magnificent nose became a bit peaked. He was no longer fitted for the *Don Juan* sort of thing—all that remained for him was the crepe-hair putty-snouted character work that he loves in his heart of hearts. He subsided, [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

By Leonard Hall



Llewellyn Carroll is a new PHOTOPLAY find among Hollywood writers. She knows the studios inside out and every phase of the personalities of the players. You will detect a new note in her writings. Watch for her every month.

# WHAT HOLLYWOOD

## *Did To A*

# NEW ENGLAND

# Schoolmarm

SIX years ago, in a small, quiet New England town, a young, attractive blonde yawned to bed on the screened sleeping porch of her parents' old-fashioned house. Her eyes, blue and clear, gazed into the star-sprinkled sky and dreamed beyond the blue-black rim of horizon to the metropolis of New York. New York! Life . . .

Fortunately, reality plays no part in dreams. If it had, Thelma Todd, school teacher, could never have dreamed, for the salary she received for teaching small children their a-b-c's paid for only the necessities of existence, not the luxury of dreams. Yet she believed, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that some day she would be an animated figure in the fascinating pattern of New York.

The dream faded in the daylight, chased away by prim routine. Thelma, however, was to a school teacher's desk what a duck is to land. She was vibrant and gay with youth. She was beautiful, with a fresh, creamy complexion, a laughing mouth, a curved, graceful body. She had brains, but her wit was a flashing rapier and her bucolic admirers were never frightened away by "blue stocking" humors.

Thelma believed in trying anything once. The local theater

announced a movie contest, the winners of which would be signed by Paramount and brought to the company's Long Island studio, there to be taught the technique of acting before the camera and to be featured in a film. Thelma was urged to enter the contest.

A school teacher enter such a contest? She shrieked with merriment at the idea—and entered it. Anything—once. Having entered, she wanted to win. The Todd girl sympathizes with failures, provided she isn't among them. So suppose she did smile coquettishly upon the theater manager whose power decided what local applicants would be submitted to the judges?

She won the contest and amidst a flurry of family and friends she was packed and waved off on a train bound for New York and adventure. Ecstasy flooded her heart and the wheels clicked a pæan of hope along a steel rainbow.

New York lived up to her dreams. The Paramount studio, despite long days of work, thrilled her. It moulded and polished the unsophisticated blonde school teacher. She changed subtly and was changed subtly in the motion picture environment where sex, heretofore a moonlight lark, was merely a

Who is this woman? We'll give you up to eighteen guesses. Cross our heart and hope to die, it's Thelma Todd when she was teaching school



"Teacher, I know the answer," said her pupils. But the kids didn't know that someday little Miss Todd would be a lovely Hollywood actress



The dreams of a demure little school teacher who was metamorphosed by Hollywood into a beautiful and glamorous actress have sometimes turned into nightmares of disillusion

By  
*Llewellyn  
Carroll*

provocative commodity and recognition its golden by-product.

After months of study, the Paramount students completed their technical training. They made and finished their picture, "Fascinating Youth." The showing of this picture and the reaction of critics and public determined whether the young players would receive *bona fide* Paramount contracts or be returned to their respective homes.

Thelma Todd was in a fever of anxiety. Suppose she failed and was not signed? Should she remain in New York and struggle along as a movie extra, return to school teaching, or fit herself for an office position? She put the worry aside. There was no need to cross any bridge yet. Thelma is a bit of a fatalist at heart. What is, is. What isn't—well, it isn't. Why fret?

The need of a decision never arose. Thelma, together with Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Josephine Dunn and Jack Luden, was signed to a contract and sent to Paramount's West Coast studio. Life, rich and alluring, stretched before her on the long train trip to California.

She arrived in Hollywood, starry-eyed, bubbling with anticipation. Hollywood, however, is bored by young emotions. It accepts only fame, success and riches. The Todd girl, with a surprised lift of arched brows, shrugged off the disappointment of her negative welcome. She knew no one in the community, yet she had no qualms of loneliness. Her very love and exuberance of life had always surrounded her with amusement and activity.

SHE suffered from no inferiority complex. Neither was she awed by the expensive homes in Beverly Hills with their sweep of green lawn, of flowers, of trees. Nor was she awed by the expensive cars, the swank and the poise or pose of the picture rich.

But she was awed—indeed shocked—by the more personal, the balder aspects of Hollywood. Unattached beauty, she discovered, was considered fair prey for men, from extras to stars to executives who liked to play. It made no difference if they were married. They played and were known to call it attending "studio conferences." They played together, usually, and were familiar with each other's indiscretions. In the argot of the studio, this was cynically accepted as "knowing where the body was buried." Many incapable minor executives held their jobs by being accomplices to the indiscretions of their superiors.

Thelma found, too, that Hollywood gossiped viciously. No person was safe from the "pack." It was smart for women or [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116 ]



This is Thelma Todd today—a far cry from the girl on the opposite page. Hollywood has changed her physically, as you can see, and mentally, too. Some folks say she's hard and cynical. She isn't, really. She just minds her own business, goes around with whomever she likes and scoffs at rumors and gossip concerning herself





## Quiet! The cameras are turning!

A WHISTLE sounds. A button, lighting the red light at the door of the stage, is pressed. "They're turning, they're turning," echoes over the set. Then all is quiet as a tomb. Director Robert Florey is ready to begin "Murders in the Rue Morgue," another thriller





Photo by Stagg

## Hushed horror comes to the set!

THE fearful guttural grunts of the ape, the shuffle of his padded feet and the Shakespearean voice of Bela Lugosi are noises that drop into the silence. And Sidney Fox knows they mean her doom. This is the scene the cameras on the other page are taking





Left — Donald B. Wisener. He sells them a license if he doesn't catch them in any fibbing

Center — Katherine Long, demon reporter of Yuma, who out-ritzed bride Gloria Swanson

Right — Judge Earl Freeman. He welds them quickly and sends them back to the airport

**D**OROTHY MACKAILL — “hardboiled Dot,” they call her in Hollywood because she’s so worldly—cried like a baby while she was being married to Neil Miller!—and then she took him across the line into Mexico and got so—uh—happy that she didn’t want to go home with him!

And Richard Dix, whom you just *can’t* keep away from in front of camera lenses in Hollywood, scowled as only Dix can scowl at cameramen who wanted to get a snap of him and his brand new bride!—and he got square with them by letting them wait outside a closed hotel door listening to cork-poppings inside.

And Gloria Swanson—but wait! We’re getting ’way ahead of our story, even before it’s fairly begun. For this is the Yuma’s-eye-view of that startling succession of movie-star-weddings that happened not so many weeks ago in that little Arizona hamlet, which forthwith leaped into national fame with the new soubriquet: “Hollywood’s Gretna Green.”

This is the story of the little things filmland’s newlyweds said and did in Yuma during those few hours they spent there being married. And maybe some of it’s the answer to the Hollywood wisecrack that grew and grew and grew, after the Yuma weddings—something to the effect that it was merely the proof of Hollywood’s sense of Yuma! And, of course, seven-score song-writers at once went to work writing music for songs like “*Yumarry Me In Yuma*.”

It really all began when some California legislator, who couldn’t think of anything else to write a law about, worked himself into a fever when he contemplated the horrible consequences of getting married too easily. He had heard, specifically, of a case or two where a couple of young folk had celebrated too much at some party—and awakened the next morning and found they’d gotten married.

So he introduced and had passed what’s called California’s “gin-marriage” law. It prescribes that you can’t get married in the Golden State (adv.) until three days after you’ve filed a notice of intention.

Well, a lot of people when they want to get married are

## The inside story of how the stars behave at their “secret weddings” in Yuma

terribly impatient. Hollywood stars, particularly, are noted for their impulsiveness. Good heavens, it’d be a reasonable bet that if some Hollywood stars had to wait three days between filing an intention and the ceremony, they would have changed their minds and wanted to marry somebody else by that time!

And so they started looking around for places where they could step up, get a license, get married, and get back home. First they hit upon Nevada, where anything goes. Nevada became the state where they capitalized on both ends—rapid-fire divorce in Reno; rapid-fire marriage in Las Vegas.

Notable among the Las Vegas marriages was that of Lola Lane and Lew Ayres. They halted a murder trial so the superior judge could step into his chamber and marry them, while the defendant waited. James Kirkwood committed his third (or was it fourth?) marriage, too, in Las Vegas. But Las Vegas harbors some wide-awake newspapermen, Hollywood discovered, so the element of secrecy was lacking.

**A**ND that leads to the first of the notable Yuma-Hollywood weddings: that of June Collyer and Stu Erwin. They’re really the ones that started the Yuma wedding vogue. It wasn’t Aimee Semple MacPherson’s press-agent-and-reporter-and-photographer-accompanied “secret” elopement to Yuma that did it at all, as some would have you believe. It was June and Stu who blazed the trail.

Now, you’ve already read in *PHOTOPLAY* about the Collyer-Erwin romance and Yuma wedding—how they stood in a superior court room with the thermometer bubbling at 108 while a six-foot-tall judge named Kelly made them man and wife, while a minister in overalls, a bit disgruntled at not getting the fee himself, stood in the background. You’ve read that—but you haven’t read one detail that’s being told now, for the first time. It’s about how Stu lost his pants and almost couldn’t get married! (He’ll kill me for telling this.)

Stu and June had motored all night across the southwest desert to reach Yuma for a morning ceremony. With them



# The New Gretna Green



*By Harry Lang*

This is the way Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller looked just after they said "I do," and started home in the plane. Dot was smiling then, but she cried during her wedding ceremony

were June's two brothers. They arrived tired, dusty, dishevelled. Instead of going, like that, to the courthouse, they went first to the San Carlos hotel—one of Yuma's two more pretentious places.

They took a row of rooms, and while June prettied up in one, Stu took a bath and shave in another. And sent out his pants to be pressed.

Then he waited.

June phoned that she was ready. Stu said he'd be down as soon as he got his pants on. He rang for a boy.

"Where in h— in Yuma are my pants?" he bellowed.

"Your pants?" asked the boy.

"Yes, my pants," thundered Stu, trying hard to look impressive and dignified. But no man can look dignified, all dressed up without his pants! The boy said he'd look for 'em. He went. Stu waited.

June called again. Stu explained his predicament. June, instead of being properly sympathetic, merely howled with laughter. Stu decided to throttle a tailor. He kept on waiting. Can you imagine an impatient bridegroom-to-be waiting for a pair of pants to get married in?

Well, the pants finally arrived—but not until June, her two brothers, the license clerk and the judge had waited for more than an hour. And so they were married.

And went back to the hotel and Stu proudly re-registered as

"Mr. and Mrs. S. Philip Erwin." They thought they'd gotten away with a secret wedding. But in Yuma, there are a corps of news-hounds of fast calibre.

June and Stu didn't know it, but the wedding story was on the wires before they were man and wife. And so the phone rang in their room.

"Say," demanded the hotel's manager, or somebody in command, "what's a-goin' on here? I gotta call for a MISS Collyer here, and they say we can find her in YOUR room. We'll have no Hollywood goings-on in THIS hotel . . .!"

But Stu showed the license and the certificate. And so

everything was smoothed over, and they stopped over in Mexico, which is just three miles from Yuma, and had a wedding breakfast. And the customs officers at the border didn't know it, but the newlyweds brought back the cutest wedding souvenir you ever saw—it's a tiny, tiny bottle with some brown liquid in it, and a label that dates back to pre-war days. They've still got it. They say they'll never open it.

Well, that wedding focussed Hollywood attention on Yuma as a place to marry. About Yuma, they learned this:

That it's less than four hours from Hollywood by air. That there's a justice of the peace ready to marry all comers at any hour. That to celebrate, they can motor for ten minutes and be across a border in Mexico, where the only thing Prohibition [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 111 ]



"No pictures!" thundered Richard Dix after the wedding. So this fuzzy shot of Richard's back as he helped his bride into the plane for the return trip was all cameramen got





Drawing by Farr

Movie Producer: "Nope, not the type, sister. We want an ingénue with everything you haven't got—pep, charm, looks, magnetism and plenty of 'it'—" "Well—I wish you luck—I'm the scrubwoman!"



# Thanks for the Tips, Madge



## MISS EVANS GIVES FASHION TIPS IN NEW PICTURE, "COURAGE"

HAVE you started thinking about it—what you will wear this Spring, I mean? If you haven't and need an inspiration—go see Madge Evans' new picture. You will come home with enough ideas for several wardrobes. There's this white crepe sports dress, for instance. It's summery looking, of course, but it points out some new trends. Wide shoulders achieved by a cleverly crossed cape collar, high neckline, return of two-piece effects, red as a trimming—and a straighter silhouette. Remember these when you go shopping. Madge's bob is the smart length, too.

BLUES are in again and that soft powder blue is Madge Evans' choice for the formal afternoon dress. A horizontally tucked yoke finished with bow at one side gives the desired wide shoulder look. Sleeves draped gracefully at the elbow end in tight cuffs. And tucking finishes the flared hemline. Mousseline de soie is the fabric. And as I said, you will see it in "Courage."

— Seymour



# Watch For These Fashion



**MANNISH VEST**—just one of the smart details of this trim, tailored suit worn by Bette Davis in "The Feathered Serpent." The short black wool jacket and skirt stress straight lines.



**FUR CAPES** are a popular style of the day. They top such good looking costumes as this one Loretta Young wears. Loretta's is black galyak worn over a black broadcloth dress whose deep cuffs and belt of the fur stress the ensemble idea. The cape is cut with a flare, shorter in front than in back. Note the narrow, standing collar.



**NECKLINES** are higher for daytime and evening clothes. Even the jabot on Carole Lombard's silk blouse is caught high at the throat by a jeweled pin. Nice tailored felt hat.



# Notes In Coming Pictures



**CLOTH CAPES** follow fur ones to fashion triumphs. A separate one edged in fur to match a dress like this one which Myrna Loy wears in "Emma" is especially good. This is elbow length and the fur is black Persian lamb. White piqué edges the square neckline of the black wool dress. Note the back trimming on her brimmed hat—a Spring millinery detail.



**PLAIDS** are a good old Scotch touch that are livening up many smart outfits this season. Judith Wood wears this plaid suit in "Working Girls." The skirt, jacket binding, tam and tie are plaid—the jacket of blue suede.



**TAM** effects continue to be popular. You'll recognize this as a close-up of the one that matches Judith Wood's plaid suit. A bow of the material is placed high at the back.







THIS, my friends, is what is known as "back interest" in the fashion lingo. Do I hear you say, "And how?" It's a toss-up whether bathing suits or evening gowns show the most back. Certainly Carole Lombard strikes a new low in this evening gown. This is called the bathing suit décolletage. Note the straps and the wrapped hipline with fulness drawn to the back. Double bows give the smart, old-fashioned bustle effect. The fabric is one of the small flower patterned silks that will be seen this coming season. You can see the front of this in "No One Man!"

*Seymour*

# High and Low!

## EVENING GOWNS SEE-SAW ON NECKLINES



LOOKING at this high neckline you wouldn't think Adrienne Ames could truthfully say she hasn't "a stitch to her back" would you? But like Carole Lombard's dress, it's high in front and low in back. Again the bustle detail, this time emphasized by a ruffle in front, too. The pin high on one shoulder and the earrings are a nice touch. Seen in "One Hour With You."





An old and never-published snapshot of Gilbert and Garbo in the flush of romance. Greta liked to picnic alone. Jack liked to go to parties. So they picnicked alone

# The Unknown Hollywood I Know

When Garbo would not love Jack Gilbert . . . When Aileen Pringle entertained Aimee McPherson . . . The real Lon Chaney



"Ah, such tender love scenes," sighed Mr. and Mrs. Audience. "Ah, such a smell of onions," sighed Lew Cody as he kissed Aileen Pringle

I remember once his describing Clifton Webb and Libby Holman doing "Moanin' Low" in the "First Little Show." With such dynamic charm did he play both parts, so effectively did he get into the spirit of the thing that when, a few months later, I saw the number upon the New York stage I was disappointed. Jack Gilbert—who can neither sing nor dance—had done "Moanin' Low" better than Webb and Holman who sing and dance exceptionally well.

Some thunderous god-like madness was imprisoned within Gilbert and he was never able to release all of himself successfully on the screen—except, perhaps, in "The Big Parade." Yet, temperamental and

emotional as he was, he had an abundance of boyish sweetness, a great love for his friends and a deep capacity for being hurt.

That is why I felt miserable when I, unwittingly, hurt him. While I was still in the publicity department of M-G-M, Jim Tully wrote an article that appeared in a national magazine. I felt it unfair to Gilbert and, for the most part, untrue. I said as much to Jack and added that it would give me a great deal of satisfaction to see him punch Jim squarely on the nose.

Jack did not answer. I left the set feeling I'd spoken out of turn. But when I got home that night I realized it was fear of showing too much of himself that had made him turn away, for a boy had delivered to my house an enormous box of roses with a sweet note from Jack thanking me for fighting his cause.

We were good professional friends. He didn't care much for interviewers, yet when I left M-G-M and went on PHOTOPLAY's Hollywood staff, he always saw me whenever I wanted a quote for a story.

And then he made his first talking picture which you all remember, the picture that revealed that his voice did not live up to his personality. I wrote the

JACK GILBERT used to stride into his outer dressing-room in the morning and say to his secretary, "If Miss Garbo calls tell her I'm out!"

Forty-five minutes later, in make-up, ready for the set, he would come through the outer room and ask, "Has Miss Garbo called?"

The secretary would say she had not. "When she does tell her I'm out!"

At lunch time he would ask the same question. And the secretary would answer in the same way, "No, Miss Garbo has not called."

"Get her on the 'phone," Gilbert would say.

This happened time and time again five and a half years ago when the Gilbert-Garbo romance was at its height. It was typical of that affair, which you may have called madness but which Jack called love.

Jack worshipped Garbo—there's no doubt about that. And she? Well, she gave him a cool, dispassioned regard. Thousands of words have been written about that whirlwind courtship, but because I knew the leading characters I feel I understand the situation somewhat. It is necessary to know the lovers. Let's begin with Gilbert.

There are a lot of people who don't like Jack. I am one who does. He was, at that time, one of the most tempestuous young men who ever smeared face with grease paint. I've talked to him by the hour—or rather I've listened to him talk. I've watched him pace up and down his dressing-room begging the cinema gods to give him a chance to do upon the screen what he knew himself capable of doing. And, hearing him and watching him, I, who am far from being placid, have felt like a lummoX of a char woman. So vigorous was Gilbert's personality, so terrific were his moods, so intense his passion for life and art, that everyone who came within eye or earshot of him paled before the force of him.

By Katherine Albert



story which was called "Is Jack Gilbert Through?" It was the first thing that had been printed about his failure. I thought I was being kind to him. I said in the last paragraph that I believed he had the spirit to come back and that a little thing like a microphone wasn't going to down him.

Jack got the magazine late one night. He read the article. Later I was to learn that he walked the Beverly Hills half the night in anguish and that he contemplated sending me a wire to read, "And thou, Brutus."

I wanted to see him and tell him that I had written my story in good faith and thought I'd done him a kindness in treating a fact that was before the eyes of everyone, as gently as I could. But he wouldn't see me. Nor has he since. That he was hurt, I am truly sorry, because I know how deeply a person of his temperament can be hurt.

Well, there you have Jack Gilbert. Is it any wonder that his imagination was whetted and his excitement fanned by the slow moving, slow thinking, sloe-eyed Greta Garbo? Is it any wonder that on that memorable day when they both appeared for the first day's work of "Flesh and the Devil" and director Clarence Brown introduced them (they had been on the same lot for months but did not know each other) that the impetuous Gilbert was instantly entranced by the lady iceberg's strange charm?

HE adored her. He wanted the world to know it—and Jack hasn't had many secrets from the world. He bought a yacht (at great expense) simply because he thought she loved the sea. He named the boat "The Temptress" for her and her second picture. And then when some weeks later they were anchored off the coast of Catalina and Jack invited some friends from a neighboring yacht aboard only to have Greta refuse to see them, he sold the thing (and took a big financial loss).

He called her "flicka" which means "girl" in Swedish. It's a lovely word, isn't it? And when Jack said it, it became a sudden sharp caress. He lavished upon her his great love and affection, took her everywhere (and then took her away almost at once when the party bored her, as it usually did). He bought beautiful things for her and then took them back

and exchanged them when she didn't like them (as she usually didn't). And when, as was natural, they would quarrel and part—he wildly, she with indifference—he would storm into his dressing-room and, thinking to chastise her, would tell his secretary to say he was out when she called.

But Garbo never called. And Jack, tortured by her nonchalance, would get her on the 'phone and try to make it up with her.

But if Garbo cared for Jack, not a sign of it could be seen by the casual observer. Garbo, you see, was used to the heavy, sullen dominance of Mauritz Stiller. She could not appreciate a bright will o' the wisp spirit like Jack Gilbert's.

At last, Jack was worn down by her indifference to him, his friends and his love for her and the two separated. Jack married Ina Claire. They said that Garbo was heartbroken. But steel doesn't break easily.

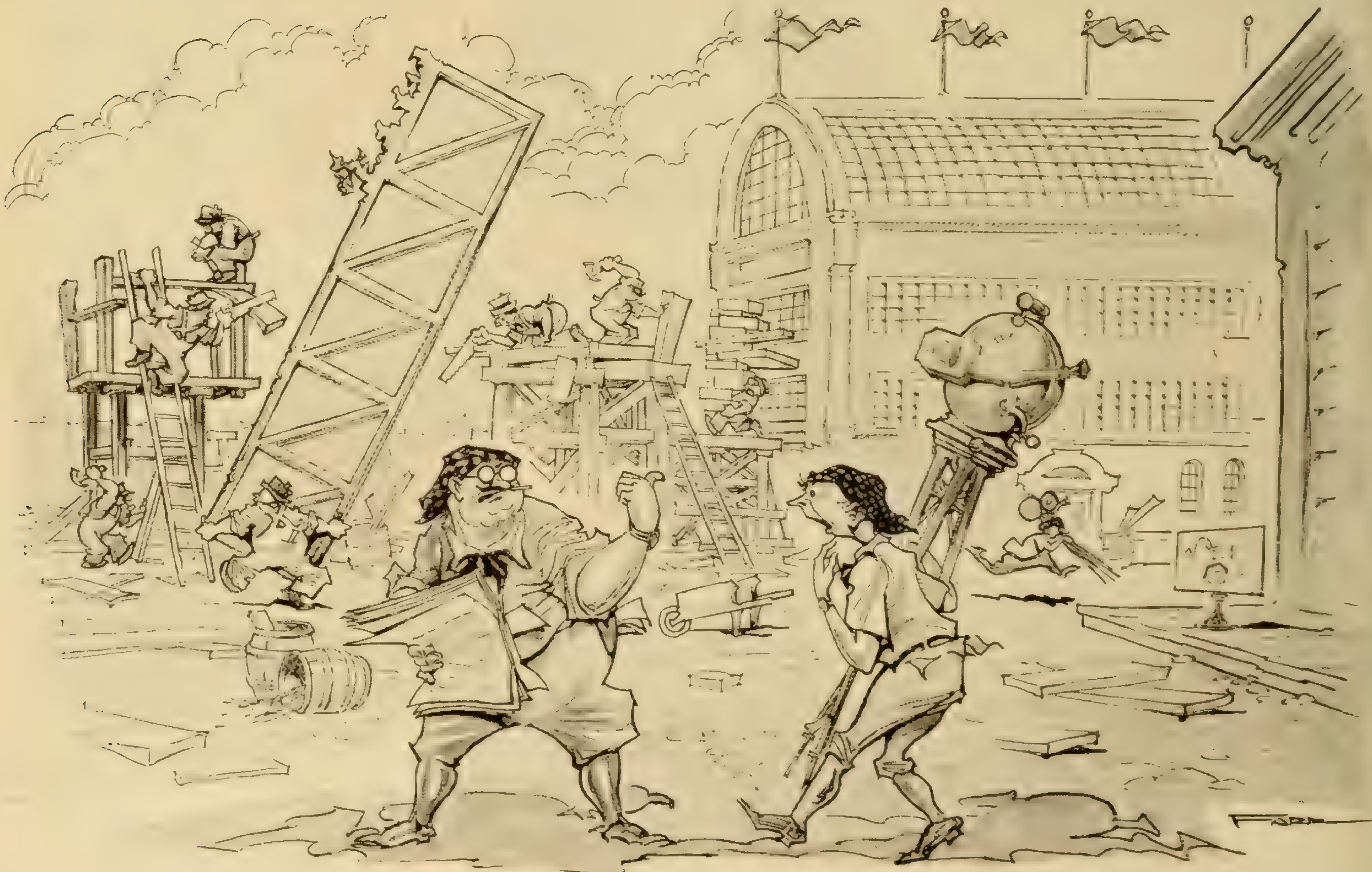
THERE was another so-called great lover on the M-G-M lot in those days. His name was Lew Cody. Some years before Lew had been handed the title "butterfly man" and it stuck, to his horror and chagrin, for if ever there was a nice, kindly man, a man liked by all men, it was Lew.

But his manufactured fame had gone before him and what he suffered thereby nobody knows. Once a girl from some college paper wanted to interview him. Lew asked her to come to his dressing-room. She entered and looked furtively about her. "Do you mean to say that I'm to be alone with you, Mr. Cody?" she asked, casting a glance at the door.

Lew, startled, did not answer.

She rushed to the door. "Oh, no, I can't stay here alone with you and your reputation." But she stayed and, I trust, in spite of her nervousness, soon discovered that she was safer than she would have been at the college corner drug store. For certainly, Lew, being the man of the world that he was, had no time for silly cub interviewers. But from then on he was afraid of ladies with pencils and notebooks and fought shy of them whenever he could.

It was with his roistering men friends that he had his best times. And when he and Norman [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



Director: "Keep shooting Hell—Heaven won't be ready till 10:30!"





Richee

Maurice Chevalier: "Did you see Jackie Cooper in 'The Champ'?"  
Robert (Sooky) Coogan: "Yep, Wallie Beery was great!"



# Marion's Philosophy

IT'S a strange thing—another penalty of fame, I suppose—but we are prone to believe what we wish to believe about a girl like Marion Davies. I had catalogued her as definitely as a grocer does his vegetables before I entered this business.

I knew, as everyone in Hollywood knows, she is charitable *as I know that spinach is green and good for growing children*. She was a renowned and gracious hostess. *Tomatoes come in loose and solid-pack cans*. She had an infectious sense of humor. *Canned peas contain Vitamin A*. She was the most popular woman in Hollywood.

*String beans are a best seller*. She had the biggest house in the city. *Young's had the biggest grocery*.

In fact, Marion Davies belonged to an inventory of fame exactly as Mr. Young's merchandise belonged to his store-inventory.

I even resented the woman a little. Why shouldn't she be charitable and popular and humorous? She had everything. If I had the same advantages; the same opportunities—

I don't know just when my cold, impersonal summary of Marion began to change to an analytical interest. But one day I found myself wondering:

*Why* is Marion Davies charitable? *Why* is she popular? Did she inherit a sense of humor from nature or did she develop it to defeat nature? Why can't I locate just one person who really knows her who will say one unkind word about her, when unkind words are common, even between friends, in this jealousy-bound business!

Perhaps it was the little anecdotes I heard about her or the happenings I, myself, witnessed. Possibly it was because I was now spending all of my time with fame; because I began to understand that as a name multiplies in importance so must human nature multiply in ability to live up to the responsibilities forced upon it.

WHEN a house-wife has a hundred dollars a month to run her home, she need develop little generosity, shrewdness or intelligence to dispense it wisely. But when a woman earns a big income she must be banker, judge, salesman and politician. To handle the hangers-on to such a fortune necessitates a diplomacy as great as American diplomats should develop.

I remember the time that the train on which Marion was returning from a northern California football game

Many folks have philosophies of life, but Marion Davies is not too lazy to work hers out from day to day, says

*Ruth Biery*

But that wasn't what impressed me. It was the *old mules*. Why did Marion Davies wear slippers which couldn't have cost more than \$2.95 and which should have been discarded a year before, when she could afford a thousand pair of the most ostrich-befeathered?

I discovered she always wears old mules. She hates new ones; she hates expensive ones. She likes to wriggle her toes in something which gives her a comfortable, homey consciousness.

Why? Because, in them, she is Marion Davies. One does not expect to be courted, or introduced to others-of-fame in bedroom slippers. One feels safe from all but oneself and intimate *with self*. Those mules told me much about Marion!

A short time before this is written, Constance Bennett was married. Eileen Percy, ex-star and now newspaper writer, was matron of honor. I don't believe Eileen would object to my saying that money is not as plentiful to writers as to actresses. She was to wear black velvet. She got out her dress. It was not exactly the thing for a Constance Bennett and Marquis de la Falaise ceremony.

Eileen dashed to Marion's. The two have been friends for years; decorated the Follies together. Marion was to be at the wedding. She had a new black velvet dress which she had brought back from Paris for it. She slipped it on Eileen. All okay except for the tiny half-sleeves. They didn't look as well on Eileen as they did on the woman for whom they were designed. Marion grabbed scissors, snipped out the sleeves, pinned back the raw edges. Eileen dashed ahead to the wedding.

Marion arrived in a black dress (all the women were in black velvet except the bride) more than two years old. It looked bad. Eileen gasped and explained the situation.



Here is Marion Davies' mother with Marion and the eight-year-old sister, Rose. When Marion was earning \$18 a week she determined to buy her mother a car and finally did—for \$150 she saved. In this great story you'll find out what happened to that auto





"The days are so short. Yet life is just as short. You might as well get all the fun you can from life just as you get all the sunshine from the day, before life cuts it away from you," says Marion. Here is the Davies girl with her three favorite dogs, Gandhi, Patrick and Buddie

"I have some new black pajamas," Constance said. So Marion attended the ceremony in part of the bride's trousseau!

Incidentally, after the ceremony, Marion saw men shivering in the raw evening air beneath one of the windows. She dashed out and discovered newspaper reporters. "Come in," she invited from the door of Director Fitzmaurice's home. One of the boys hesitated and said something about not being invited.

"Well, you're standing out here in the cold, aren't you?" Marion retorted. "Come in!"

Five years ago, I wouldn't have believed these stories. But, ancient platitude that it is, seeing *is* believing. I was determined to ask her how she got that way.

Although I was her guest for luncheon, it took several hours to really get to her. It was the second day of shooting on "Polly of the Circus." There were so many others to see her! Paul Block's son (Paul Block, the newspaper owner); an army officer; secretaries with letters; her old friend, Harry Crocker; Al Santell, her director; producers; publicity people.

Incidentally, I didn't know it then but I learned later that leading-man, Clark Gable, had just taken a page from Greta Garbo's book and gone home to await a raise in his \$850 a week salary. To face the possible loss of a leading man on the

second day—I wonder why she didn't throw up her hands and screech at us.

When she finally waved them away and invited me into her dressing-room on the set, she dropped with an involuntary sigh into a chair behind that closed door, and said: "Don't you think it would be nice if I talked to you of other actors? You know I used to imitate Mary Pickford. Wore long curls; tried to be exactly like her. She's the only one I have imitated, but I know them all so well. Don't you think it would make a different story?"

I could have shaken her; really, I could. Trying to throw her interview to others; trying to blockade my attempt to make her talk of herself!

I held my ground. I asked her my questions. I don't remember the order in which I put them. They just came out in one big jumble.

She sat perfectly still when I had finished. I looked at her—thought she was going to cry. She didn't. But when she finally answered, she spoke very slowly.

"I have a little theory about life. I call it, 'Another Day.' I hate nights. They are dark and long and so awfully dreary. There have been times when I did not think I could live through certain nights. I have wanted to die. Then, when it was *morning*—when the sun rose or the light seeped through clouds and I could see trees and grass and sometimes flowers or perhaps only other buildings, I've jumped out of bed and said, 'Oh, another day!' The terrible part had gone; night was over; day had come again!" [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105 ]





# Whom Would You Leave

**I** HAVE, with the help of seven other courageous persons, picked out of the twelve players, four to die in the desert of Public Opinion. Three men and five women voted and here are the results:

Player	Save	Leave to Die
Greta Garbo	8	0
Clark Gable	7	1
Lupe Velez	4	4
Clara Bow	7	1
William Haines	7	1
Joan Crawford	4	4
Marlene Dietrich	5	3
Gary Cooper	7	1
Constance Bennett	5	3
Nancy Carroll	5	3
Robert Montgomery	8	0
Jean Harlow	3	5

I suspect that there are several surprises in the above listing. Nancy Carroll lost three votes by her very rapid marriage after the divorce. Joan Crawford was trying to imitate Constance Bennett and other stars and not be herself in the past two pictures, so she had to lose four votes. Constance Bennett is too hard and not attractive enough to hold with both men and women. Jean Harlow has too much sex with a capital S. Lupe Velez is not well enough known and when one sees her she leaves no great impression. You will notice that Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery pass with flying colors. Garbo is a truly great actress and Bob Montgomery leaves with a smile. Garbo is the sorrow and sympathy of life, while Robert Montgomery is the joy and vigor.

I wonder what would have happened if Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor were included in the list. I know of three persons who do not like either one of them. But then we cannot judge by merely three.

JAMES GARTLAN, Toronto, Ont., Canada

**T**HAT dilemma stunt is good stuff, but why not let the stars cast lots for who should go and who should stay?

I would rather have the chance to save one Ann Harding than all the rest of the crowd put together. She is a real woman both on and off the screen—one a man would risk his life to save.

How many others can claim as consistently good acting as Ann? Not one of them. Granted that they are all good box-office attractions—but who cares?

TOM MITCHELL, Michigan City, Ind.

**W**ELL, Nora Myers sure started something when she listed twelve stars and asked us to save eight and leave four to perish.

But here's my choice anyhow:

I'd leave: Greta Garbo—she's too thin and I don't like her accent.

Jean Harlow—she doesn't wear enough clothes.

Constance Bennett—she's too snippy.

**O**UCH! PHOTOPLAY recently, with innocent intent, published a letter from a Detroit reader who had just been looking over Simon and Schuster's "Book of Dilemmas," and she put this dilemma up to PHOTOPLAY'S audience.

"Lost in the desert were the following twelve stars:

Greta Garbo	Marlene Dietrich
Clark Gable	Gary Cooper
Lupe Velez	Constance Bennett
Clara Bow	Nancy Carroll
William Haines	Robert Montgomery
Joan Crawford	Jean Harlow

"You can save eight, and leave four behind to perish in the desert. Which ones would you save?"

A few days after the magazine appeared on the newsstands, the mail carriers started to come into PHOTOPLAY'S offices laden with heavy sacks of letters. It seemed that everybody wanted to get in on the game.

One thing it proved was that every star named has a heavy fan following. But the game is ended, so don't send in any more letters.

Nancy Carroll—she hasn't made a good picture in ages.

I'd save all the men—they're swell, and Lupe Velez and Clara Bow are full of pep. Joan Crawford's such a good actress I'd save her and Marlene Dietrich's better than Garbo any day.

LUCILE MAE ANDREWS, Chicago, Ill.

**M**AY a picture fan of years' standing voice his opinion about the various stars to be either saved or left to perish in the desert? After careful consideration this is my decision:

Certainly Greta Garbo should be saved because she appeals to the imagination of the masses and brings delight to many hearts. Clark Gable also should be saved. This is not my personal opinion because I do not consider Mr. Gable a versatile actor but I feel I should include him since so many young women throughout the country find him interesting. Robert Montgomery is another who comes in this category and should be saved. Also Lupe Velez, William Haines, Joan Crawford, Gary Cooper and Nancy Carroll, for each of these has contributed something really worthwhile to the screen and has proven that he is not a fad of the moment.

Most assuredly Jean Harlow, who gives shocking portrayals of the modern girl, should be left to perish. Clara Bow has served her time as a silent film star and has nothing to

give the audible screen, whereas Constance Bennett with her extravagant clothes, instills false ideas into the minds of young women. Both of these should be left behind. As for Marlene Dietrich, we have Miss Garbo and there is no room for imitators.

WILLIAM R. LANDERSON, St. Paul, Minn.

**I** CONCLUDE, after reading Nora Myers' letter in the December PHOTOPLAY, I would rescue—

Greta Garbo: She inspires.  
Clark Gable: What-A-Man!  
Clara Bow: She has been lost too long.

Joan Crawford: I don't like her pictures. She does try hard, though.

Gary Cooper: Every youngster's "Big Brother."

Robert Montgomery: What would Norma do without him?

Room for two more—well I might meet Richard Arlen and Helen Chandler on the way back, and I couldn't leave them.

And these six perished—

Lupe Velez: Too many others that are like her.

William Haines: Ho-hum.

Marlene Dietrich: Why save her? She makes so few pictures.

Constance Bennett: I'm afraid she might be too "bored" on the return trip.

Nancy Carroll: I was her most ardent fan. I read a story in another magazine of how much her marriage, husband and daughter really meant to her. Before the last installment of the story appeared she took another man. "Night Angel" and "Personal Maid" were flops, why?—well, why not?

Jean Harlow: They say either you like her or you don't. I don't.

ONE OF THE "AUDIENCE"

**W**E surely had fun trying to figure out which stars we'd save and which ones we'd leave behind in the desert. And it also caused a family argument. There are five in our family and each one of us had a different bunch to save and different reasons. But one thing on which we all agreed was that we could leave Jean Harlow behind. She could get along very well in the desert because she wears so little clothes, anyhow. Seriously, my younger brother and sister both wanted to save her, but mother and father and I didn't.





# Behind In The Desert?

We never did come to any real conclusion but we surely had a lot of fun talking about it.  
ANNA SIEBER, Salt Lake City, Utah

IN trying to solve the dilemma puzzle that was published in your December issue I came to this conclusion. It's just my personal opinion, but maybe some people will agree with me.

I'd leave behind Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable because in these days of depression we don't want people who take themselves too seriously, and all these stars seem to do that. What we want is people who will amuse us and not try this heavy acting stuff.

Of course, Garbo does heavy acting but she is in a class by herself and if left behind I guess 15,000 fans would come looking for me with shotguns. Anyhow, I like her myself because she is a truly great actress. Lupe Velez, William Haines, Clara Bow and Robert Montgomery are all good comedians. Jean Harlow is so full of pep she makes you feel better just to look at her and Nancy Carroll is my idea of a pretty girl, so I couldn't leave her all alone in that big desert. Gary Cooper I'd save if he'd promise to make a lot more of those fine Westerns.

JAMES DELANEY, San Francisco, Calif.

IN the December issue of PHOTOPLAY, Nora Myers of Detroit sent in a list of twelve stars, and said to pick out eight. Which would you save? I shall list them with my opinion:

1. Greta Garbo—too perfect. She would make a good show-window model.
2. Clark Gable—dislike dimples on a man. He sure has them.
3. Lupe Velez—is fair. Give her a modern American part and she will be one hundred per cent.
4. Clara Bow—leave her in the desert.
5. William Haines—is okay with me.
6. Joan Crawford—one hundred per cent good.
7. Marlene Dietrich—leave her in the desert or Germany.
8. Gary Cooper—the desert for him.
9. Constance Bennett—I hear the Sahara calling her.
10. Nancy Carroll—face too round and pictures too dull.
11. Robert Montgomery—applesauce.
12. Jean Harlow—just plain platinum.

My personal choice over all stars would be the team of Barbara Stanwyck and Jack Holt. Wouldn't they make a real picture? Why don't they star this she-woman and this he-man in the same picture?

WALTER SIEMS, St. Louis, Mo.

I'M only a "star gazer" and you're a "star-raiser," but last month I was disappointed in you. When one of your readers wanted to know if twelve of Hollywood's most brilliant stars were lost in the desert, and it were possible to save only eight, which ones we would

rescue, you told us you have troubles of your own, and for us to settle this over the bridge tables.

For an old student of astronomy, who knows his stars, this was a decidedly poor answer. Do you, who help hang out the stars, realize what our reaction would be if we knew that these stars would never again shine?

My solution would be to leave Clark Gable and Joan Crawford—not that they're less vital than the others—but you know that "what-a-man" would find a way out for "such-a-woman." Then too, it would be romantic to leave Gary Cooper on the sands with Lupe Velez. They might see each other as they did before Hollywood came between them.

GUY WADSWORTH, Dayton, Ohio

HERE'S the way I'd solve the desert dilemma. These are the ones I'd save and the reason for doing so:

Greta Garbo—because of her performance in "Anna Christie."

Clark Gable—because of his performance in "A Free Soul."

Lupe Velez—because of her sweet singing voice in "The Cuban Love Song."

William Haines—because of his performance in "Brown of Harvard." (It's an old picture I know, but the best thing Bill ever did.)

Joan Crawford—because of her work in "Paid" and not because of "Possessed."

Marlene Dietrich—because of her performance in "The Blue Angel."

Gary Cooper—because of his beautiful walk in "The Virginian."

Nancy Carroll—because of her performance in "The Devil's Holiday."

These are the ones I'd leave behind and the reasons:

Clara Bow—because of her voice in "Kick-In."

Constance Bennett—because of her performance in everything!

Robert Montgomery—because of his vapid smile.

Jean Harlow—because of her clothes (or lack of them) in "Hell's Angels."

BETTY MOUNT, Denver, Colorado

ABOUT choosing which stars I would save from the desert and which I would leave to perish—! My idea of an act for the sake of the movie humanity would be to leave Marlene Dietrich first, Constance Bennett second, Lupe Velez third and Jean Harlow fourth.

After all, one's opinion is one's opinion. And, by the way, save Clark Gable by all means. His is a rare personality. He's just the type for the incomparable Garbo. Let's see more of the two together.

BERTHA ROBINSON, Los Angeles, Calif.

GEE, Nora Myers sure gave me a tough job, but I'd rather do this choosing than play three-handed bridge.

The four to be left probably would buy the island and make their own pictures. The

camera—ever see a bunch of stars without a camera? Anyhow, they couldn't get so many brickbats unless the monkey in the tree, the cannibals, the elephant and the giraffe could write. So why worry?

My eight to be released from the desert island are:

Greta Garbo—who'd leave the great Garbo? Clark Gable—ah no, sigh the ladies.

Joan Crawford—what would we do without our dramatic Joan?

Marlene Dietrich—what, no legs?

Gary Cooper—I like these Western horse operas.

Constance Bennett—who'd collect her thirty grand for her?

Robert Montgomery—who'd take John Gilbert's place then?

Clara Bow—aw, give the little girl a break! Then I'd let "suffer and die":

Lupe Velez—aw, just because.

William Haines—I could do without his wisecracks.

Nancy Carroll—not so hot of late!

Jean Harlow—she's pretty but as an actress—well, let's go see "Schnozzle" Durante.

Well, there you are, and who cares?

RICHARD O'CONNELL, Long Beach, Calif.

BELIEVE me, there just wouldn't be any dilemma for me if I had to rescue eight of those beauteous babes from the sands. I'd leave the boys to build castles in the sands by themselves and go off with a harem that would make any desert chief sick with envy.

Imagine sand, stars, and sun with Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford. You imagine it—I'm weak!

JAMES MCCANN, Montreal, Canada

THE other night I was reading your December issue and got mighty interested in this dilemma thing. I don't get to the movies very often because I'm a forest ranger—but when I do I want to be entertained.

Now, I couldn't save any of them from the desert, but if I had to save them from a forest fire—here's what I'd do.

Lupe Velez would go out first—she's a wild-cat that I wouldn't mind taming.

Clara Bow, Nancy Carroll and Jean Harlow are neat little tricks. Sure I'd save them.

Gary Cooper is the type of fellow you find in the timber country—save him.

Clark Gable gets all mixed up in these sex stories but that isn't his fault—he looks like a he-guy to me.

Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo are both eye-fuls even when they go dramatic on a fellow.

I'd give them a break.

Constance Bennett is one of those society high-hats that may interest a man for a while but he'd soon get sick of her.

As for the other three, they're all right but I wouldn't ride a mile to see them.

JAKE JONES, Portland, Oregon

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# Come *With Us And Peek Into*



"I've not gone platinum blonde," says Lilyan Tashman. "That's a white feathered turban I'm wearing. The dress, a formal one for dinner, is a white satin tunic over a black skirt. And I simply adore the back detail. The opening is outlined with black satin piping and gold embroidery. Don't you love it?"

"A perfect idea if you haven't much money. Have several different vestees, all detachable, for the same dress. The snapper method makes this as easy as starting a Hollywood rumor"

*Photographs  
by  
Shalitt*



"Here's the front view of that white dress. See how the piping and embroidery continues? That open V is an absolutely new idea"



"When you take off this beret don't take off the veil. It's worn underneath"



"The other side of this beret *must* be worn this high on your head. Yes, I mean it"



# Lilyan's *Brand New Wardrobe*



"If you don't like this outfit you'll break my heart. Dark green tweed dress, light green coat and the bag of the same material. Beige angora hat. Tricky? I think so!"



"A gray felt and silver beret that can be 'whooshed' over to suit any head. Just grand!"



"You can pay 25c or \$50 for berets like this. An instant solution of your hat problem"



"This is one of my favorite favorites. It's a knitted material. Red, white and blue, a combination I adore, with stripes running as madly as a producer with a story idea. Collar and belt are leather in red and blue. The shoes are dark suede; the gloves, white suede. Isn't it a peach?"



Screen stars know that the hair line can make or mar facial beauty. Learn their secrets

# Hair Tricks That



Would you believe a hairdress could do so much? Here's Tallulah Bankhead looking like two entirely different people in the pictures above and to the right



Is yours a long, thin face? Or is it a round, wide one? Look in your mirror. Study these pictures. Then see what a comb and brush can do for you

curve to it. As you will see, it actually shortens her face.

The other photograph shows Greta in the straight, almost unwaved hairdress she affected another time. Note how the open brow and long, uncurled pieces of hair tend to lengthen her face. Irregular features would stand out harshly in the severe coiffure, but would soften and become lovelier because of the curled arrangement.

If your face is long, here are some do's and don'ts. Don't wear a straight

**H**ARDLY a day passes that my mail does not bring in a dozen or so letters asking me what can be done to change facial contours. Sometimes there will be letters from girls with long, thin faces and high foreheads. Often it is the problem of what to do for the girl with a round and too wide face.

Most of these girls realize that their personalities could be enhanced if they knew the right thing to do about their make-up and hairdressing. And that's true. Since nothing short of facial surgery can be done to change the bony construction of the face, it is necessary to do tricks with hair and make-up which will counteract the disturbing length or width.

Perhaps there is no place where these little tricks of grooming are done more skilfully than on the screen and stage. By a few deft touches, a perfect siren type can transform herself into a demure school girl to fit a rôle. And *vice versa*. Costuming, of course, plays a big part, but you will find that the real trick is turned by hairdress and make-up.

Just to show you how easily face values can change, I have selected photographs of several stars. Two of each—I want you to study them to see just what the changes of hairline can do for the entire contour of the face. Not to mention what an eyebrow line or lipstick can accomplish!

Take Greta Garbo, for instance. Greta has the high brow and long face of the Nordic. There is width to the high cheek bones but not enough to counteract the general length of the whole face.

In "Susan Lenox," Greta chose a new hairdress which suited her portrayal later on in the picture—that of the gay, sophisticated woman. Soft bangs cut down the height of her forehead, a longer bob fluffily curled about the face gave an oval



Greta Garbo as in "Anna Christie." Lovely, but so plain—every feature is brought out by the severe haircut



# Change Your Face

By Carolyn  
Van Wyck

## Friendly Advice on GIRLS' PROBLEMS

Don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when writing me for booklets or personal advice.

I will answer questions on personal problems about hair, correct colors for your type and shades in make-up. Ask also for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. My complexion leaflet gives general advice on the care of the skin with specific treatment for blackheads and acne.

Address Carolyn Van Wyck at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

long bob. Don't part your hair in the middle, rather give it a deep side part. Let soft, deep waves and curled ends shorten the face and give it width.

In making up, apply your rouge upward and outward toward the ear tops. Bring it under the eyes and slightly over the lids. This will give you width through the eyes and temples, thus shortening the whole face.

Look at the two pictures of Tallulah Bankhead. Did you ever see two such distinctly different personalities achieved



Who would think that Loretta Young, above and to the left, has a facial problem? Yet she has to guard against an elongated jaw line registering in pictures, as above

by one person? In one she looks like a bored, disillusioned woman. The heavily rouged mouth; the unevenly cut, long wisps of hair and the heavy eye make-up.

In the other picture she looks like a young debutante. The neatly dressed hair tucked back of the ears and the lack of heavy make-up has refined her features. And note how much rounder and shorter the face looks.

Tallulah's mouth seems full and drooping with the lower lip so heavily stressed—yet it is rather large, generous and sweet with the make-up more evenly applied.

If your mouth is thin-lipped you can make it look fuller by carrying the lip rouge to the upper and lower edges but not to the corners of the mouth. But if it is full-lipped, center the color and let it fade out toward the edges.

Sylvia Sidney's face would seem quite broad if she were not so careful about arranging her hair and make-up. She parts her hair in the middle, drawing it back in smooth waves. When she uses rouge, she works it toward the center and shades it in toward the nose, to make her face seem narrower. A touch of rouge on the end of the chin will tend to lengthen a round face.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Club of Advertising Women, the president remarked that, "Cosmetics are as much a necessity as tooth paste." And one of her colleagues at the same time said, "Rouge, powder and lipstick are psychological necessities."

So you can see how important good grooming is to both your mental and physical poise. If you can present a charming face to the world, you will be fortified within to meet any situation, no matter how trying it may be.

Loretta Young has to be careful not to look a little long-jawed. She achieves a piquant [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126 ]



Garbo, the glamorous, as she was in "Susan Lenox." Soft bangs, fluffy hair, and an almost piquant personality!





The leading characters in a Hollywood real life mystery story. Marlene Dietrich, whose chief interest in life is her child Maria, Rudolf Sieber, Marlene's husband, and Josef Von Sternberg, the figure in beret, who has moulded Marlene's character as a sculptor moulds clay

# Will Marlene Break *The Spell?*

By Kay Evans

The story of one of the most curious off-screen dramas ever enacted in Hollywood. How a ten-day quarrel may change the entire life of one woman

IT was a small, intimate Hollywood party. Everybody was having a good time, like kids on a holiday. It was all innocuously innocent and if you've never seen a Hollywood party, you don't know just how much nonsensical, silly, funny clowning goes on.

The person who was having the most fun was Marlene Dietrich. That strange, exotic face you've seen on the screen was wreathed in childish smiles. She could think up more silly stunts to do than any of the others. And she greeted every new game proposed with wild enthusiasm.

Suddenly she looked up at the door. The smile froze on her face. She sat down instantly and a curtain was pulled across her eyes. The mask she wore so immediately was the mask she wears in her films.

The others saw the sudden difference in her. They turned to the door seeking the reason for her brisk change.

Josef Von Sternberg had entered the room!

And that is an incident that illustrates one of the strangest real life stories ever enacted in Hollywood—a drama fraught with the weird sensationalism of a mystery play.

The relationship that existed between Greta Garbo and Mauritz Stiller has been compared to that of *Trilby* and *Svengali*. The analogy is not quite accurate. Garbo loved Stiller.

The real *Trilby-Svengali* story, almost word for word as Du Maurier wrote it so many years ago, is being played by Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg.

And now there's a new chapter to add. This chapter concerns the struggle of Marlene to get out from under the Von Sternberg influence. And the struggle of Dietrich's friends to help her shake off the hypnotic spell.

Marlene is like *Trilby* in that she does not love Von Sternberg. Yet when her friends say, "If he keeps on directing you, making you play the same rôle over and over again, giving you

the same mannerisms, your career will soon be all washed up," Marlene answers, "No, he is the greatest genius of the screen."

Professionally he has sold her the bill. Personally not at all.

But not long ago a strange thing happened. Marlene walked into the Paramount lunch-room alone. She and her grim shadow, Josef, had lunched together every day that she was at the studio since her arrival in Hollywood. Her sudden aloneness, therefore, made Hollywood shake a puzzled head. They had quarreled—*Trilby* was chafing at the *Svengali* dominance.

For ten days they were not seen together. Those ten days may preface the complete change in a woman's character.

THERE was a young German actor who comforted Marlene during this time. There was also Maurice Chevalier, whose constant society Marlene sought. They lunched together and they danced together at the Ambassador Coconut Grove. What is more, they laughed together—a thing she never did with Von Sternberg.

At first it seemed a friendship merely, and those who had Marlene's best interests at heart were delighted that she was being a human being and not the automaton that Von Sternberg had made her.

She and Chevalier had their pictures taken together by a Paramount photographer. Suddenly all these pictures were recalled and destroyed. However, PHOTOPLAY printed one of them.

But for ten whole days Marlene was free—free from her *Svengali*.

In order to understand the strangest of all strange Hollywood relationships, it is necessary to understand the two protagonists in the drama—Marlene and Von Sternberg.

Von Sternberg is the more important since Marlene, the Marlene you have known, is a figment of his imagination.

Clive Brook recalls that years ago [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



# ARE Frenchwomen MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN American Women?



Read this interesting interview with  
**Mrs. James J. Cabot**  
*of Boston and Paris*

**WHAT IS THE TRUTH?** Are Frenchwomen more attractive than American women?

"Most certainly not," says Mrs. Cabot. "But . . . Frenchwomen are clever! They are expert in the art of make-up and are always fresh and charming because they think nothing of renewing their make-up half a dozen times a day.

"Each time they cleanse their skin completely . . . They rarely allow water to touch their skin, but prefer cold cream for cleansing.

"This lavish use of cold cream is a new reason for appreciating an old friend—Pond's.

"Not only is Pond's Cold Cream the purest and best for cleansing—but it is so economical it reconciles French chic with a New England conscience.

"Another little nicety of the French toilette," Mrs. Cabot tells us, "is the use of vanishing cream as a foundation for make-up. How subtly rouge and powder may then be blended!

"I have a dry skin, so I find Pond's Vanishing Cream ideal!"

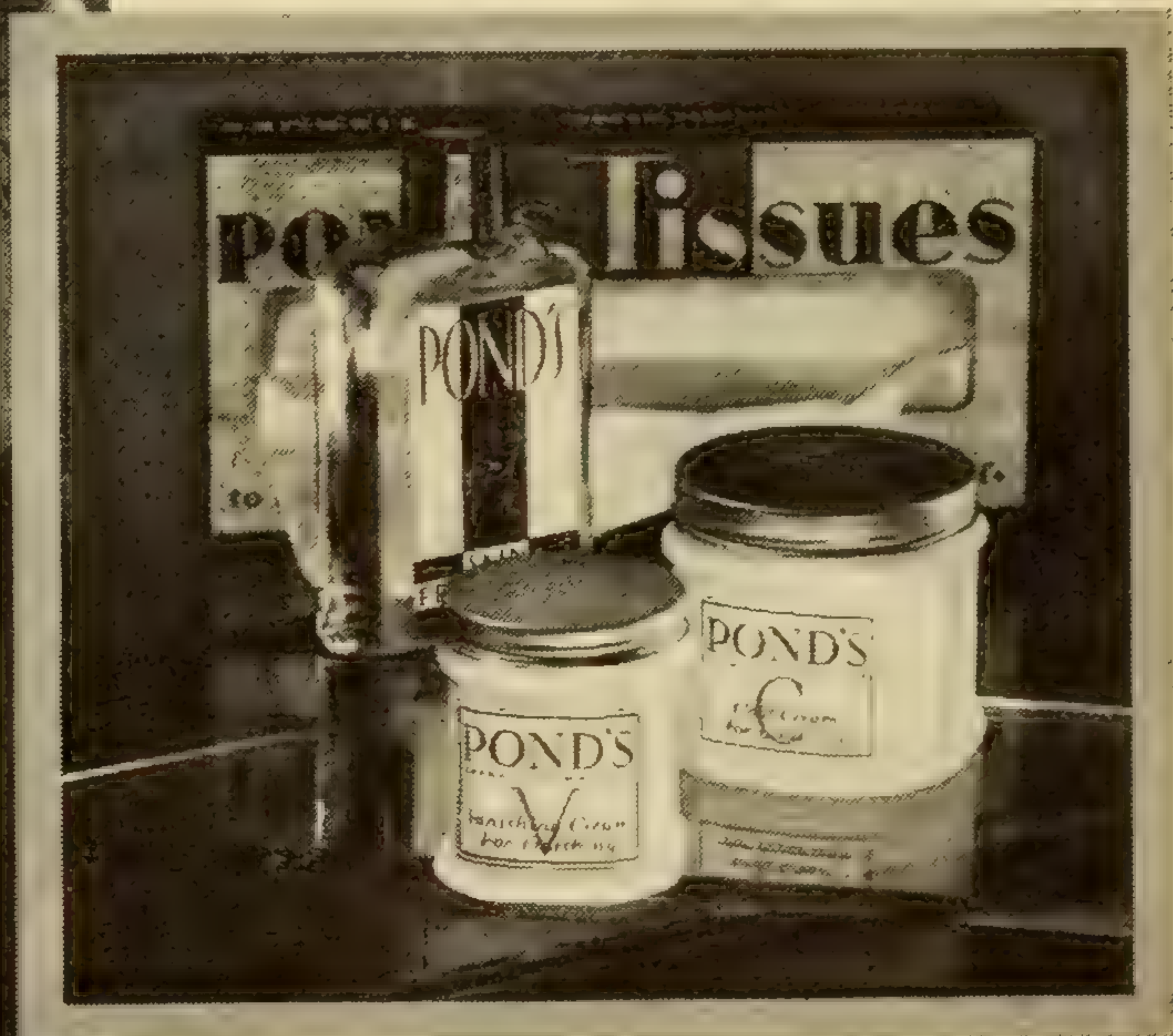
Follow these four steps for the exquisite care of your skin:

1. Amply apply Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all dirt to the surface. At bedtime, repeat this cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.
2. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues,

softer, more absorbent . . . white or peach.

3. Pat briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, close and refine the pores, firm contours, promote fresh natural color.

4. Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder. This disguises little blemishes and forms a lovely velvety finish. Use not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms . . . And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white.



"The longer I use Pond's four preparations, the better I like them," Mrs. Cabot says.

Tune in on Pond's program, Friday evening 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra and guest artist. WEAf and N. B. C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S FOUR PREPARATIONS  
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. B  
114 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# *STAY YOUNG WITH*

"Of course I am 39.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with LUX Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin.

"I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

*Frances Starr*

Screen stars never look their age! Why not? . . . Because, like Frances Starr, they keep their skin youthfully lovely with Lux Toilet Soap.

*9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it . . .*

Of the 613 important actresses of Hollywood, including all stars, 605 care for their priceless complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. Long ago this fragrant white soap was made official in all studios for their convenience. Start today to give *your* skin this safe, gentle care.

## LUX Toilet Soap—10¢



# FRANCES STARR



FRANCES STARR, famous Belasco star, is now winning new laurels on the screen. Years of hard work have left her youthful charm as vivid and appealing as when she was a newcomer.



# It's All Done With Scissors

IN this democratic land every American girl has the opportunity to go into the movies and marry the Marquis de la Coudray.—Howard Brubaker in *The New Yorker*.

"AT 40 a man should be able to do everything he could do at 20—and do it easier and better."—Douglas Fairbanks.

SALARIES of Hollywood picture stars are to be cut 10 to 20 per cent. In many cases the incomes of screen actresses will be reduced so much they won't know where their next divorce is coming from.—H. I. Phillips in *the New York Sun*.

"POSSESSED" is calculated to have a more disastrous effect than most upon morally malleable persons who witness it.—*Time*.

THERE are two distinct people: the Jean Harlow that's Me, and the Jean Harlow I see on the screen. I'm tired of being that girl. Fans, particularly feminine picture-goers, hate her. I'm beginning to hate her myself.

"I wore a low-cut gown, and overnight I became a hussy. And I don't blame them.

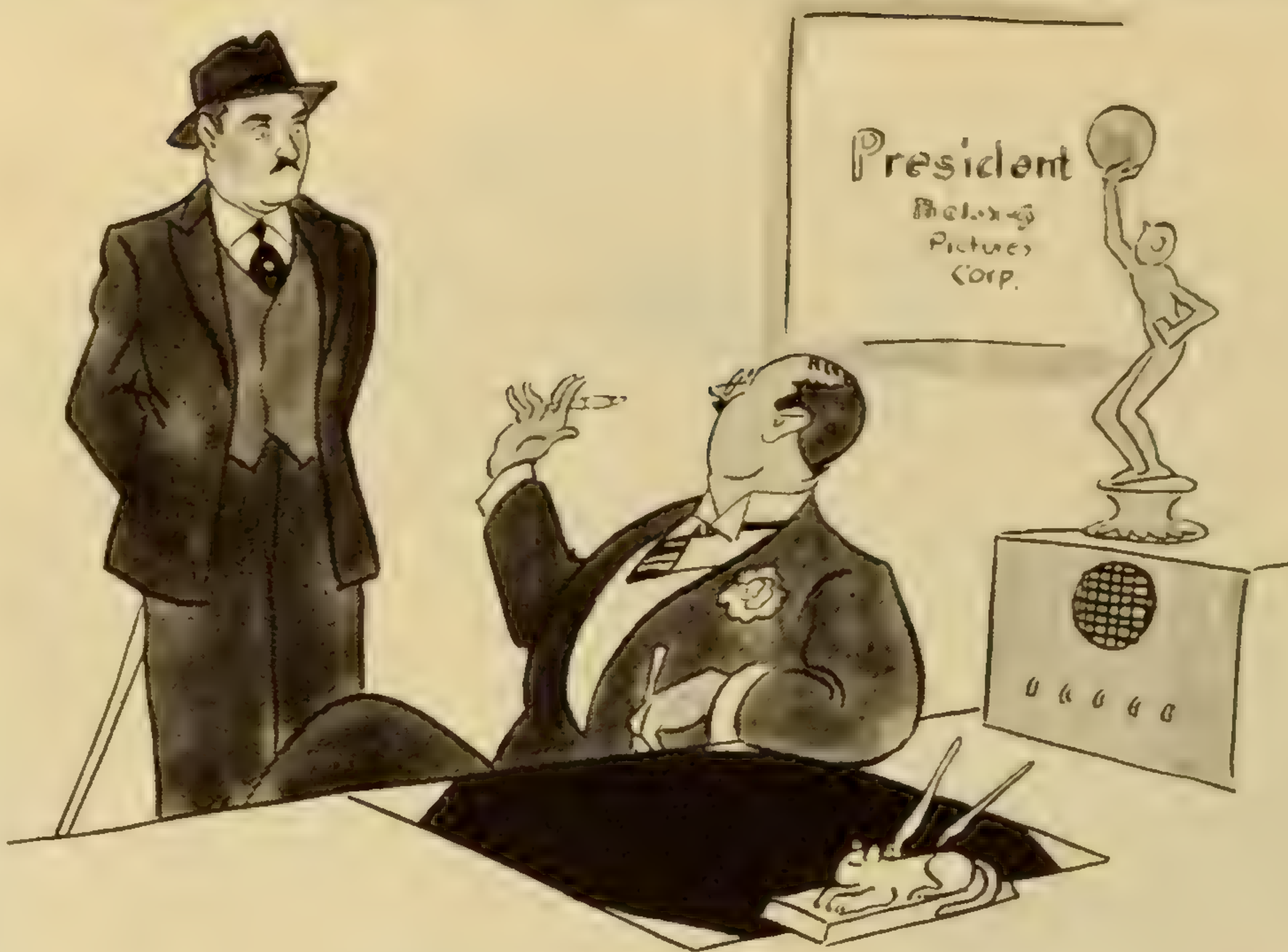
"I don't know a soul in New York. In fact, I think I'll advertise for some eligible young man to take me dinner-dancing. I'll convince the public that I'm a nice girl if I have to go out and buy some long underwear, spectacles and a black wig."—Jean Harlow in an interview in *Variety*.

EVERY year, the screen is becoming more important as a fashion medium. But in imitating screen styles, women should realize that screen stories are still scaled to pretty high tempo. They must be able to differentiate between artificiality and reality, analyze the stars and their situations before they attempt to apply their clothes to their own lives."—Mayme Ober Peak in *the Ladies' Home Journal*.

THERE'S a flock of real people in Hollywood, but there is also a mob who just don't fit. Just because they draw down heavy money, they assume they are regular. I learned to be regular when I was broke. Those who are regular are okay with me. It's the people who are always putting it on that get my goat. If they only knew how to put it on properly they'd be a lot better, but their swank is too phony for this gal."—Marie Dressler in *Variety*.

THINGS I Never Knew Till Now—That there are more people living under assumed names in and near Hollywood than there are in Sing Sing and Joliet combined.—Walter Winchell.

THE actor never contributes more than ten or fifteen per cent to the success of any play or picture."—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



PRODUCER—Go out and get me somebody with Garbo's glamour, Dietrich's legs, Dressler's humor and Chatterton's voice  
YES-MAN—Yeh, you must mean somebody like Jackie Cooper

PERHAPS Hollywood is dull, as many insist, but it is difficult to understand how anyone can view without interest and excitement what is the "other world" for millions of men and women. This, you keep telling yourself, is actually more influential than Washington, has empire over more minds than have churches or schools or newspapers, is the imagination of the multitude.—Anne O'Hare McCormick in *the New York Times Magazine*.

"IF I feel inclined to be a bit careless or hurried while dressing, I stop to think that perhaps this one time I may meet some one who knows me only slightly . . . I think of the let down, the disappointment that person must feel. So I never risk it. The opinion of even one person is important."—Norma Shearer.

A CURRENT cause for philippics against the star system is the fact that one rather emaciated, colorless blonde of no particular talent or distinction is earning \$30,000 weekly. This, you hear outraged outcries on every side, is ridiculous: no one is worth it. "Why, she makes more in a month than the President does in a year!"

Perhaps—but Connie Bennett has given more pleasure to more people in one day than President Hoover has during his entire term.—Clare Boothe Brokaw in *Vanity Fair*.

LOCAL Boy Makes Good" (First National Picture) is the familiar anecdote about a bespectacled and dazed collegian who, to his own surprise and the chagrin of his cronies, succeeds in an amorous enterprise.—*Time*.

HE is something of a monstrosity, this Jackie Cooper, because he doesn't show off or ape his elders.—Pare Lorentz in *Judge*.

HOLLYWOOD puts everyone on the spot! No matter how famous the actor or actress, writer or director, once he or she joins the colony certain rules have to be followed.

The three cardinal principles laid down are: "Play the game our way, or get out."

"Talk our language and if you can't, then learn it."

"Laugh with us, not at us."—Elsa Shallert in *the Los Angeles Times*.

"FRANKENSTEIN" is proving to be the marvel of 1931, shattering records everywhere. They say Carl Laemmle, Jr., is trying to end the depression by scaring everybody to death.—Florabel Muir in *the N. Y. Daily News*.

IN examining prospective jurors (for the Jack "Legs" Diamond trial) chief defense counsel Daniel H. Prior asked whether they had seen motion pictures involving gang wars. When they answered in the affirmative, Prior excused them.—*United Press Dispatch*.

JUDGING her (Greta Garbo) coldly the conclusion would be that she would flop dismally trying to be a second Bernhardt.—Florabel Muir in *the N. Y. Daily News*.

VIVIENNE OSBORNE, Paramount contract player, dates her enthusiasm for the movies to her school days in Spokane, Wash. She wrote fan letters to her favorite players, collected autographed photographs of the reigning favorites and ardently read fan magazines and picture columns.—*The Film Daily*.

"I WILL love Gary always, forever. Never will I be able to love any one so much again. I was happy with him. But I'm a little crazy. Marriage is not for me. I want my freedom. That is more important than anything. I stopped loving Gary, that's all."—Lupe Velez.

BROADWAY in general and the first string critics in particular were shocked after viewing the new D. W. Griffith production, "The Struggle," at the Rivoli Thursday night.

The picture is rated the poorest and most amateurish effort in a season that has witnessed many bad productions. Many of the critics have rung the curtain down on "the old master" as a director and claim this moral lesson of the evils of drink as shown in "The Struggle" is the worst direction seen hereabouts in years.—*Hollywood Reporter*.

"IT would have been more logical if silent pictures had grown out of the talkie instead of the other way round."—Mary Pickford in *New York Times Magazine*.

CONSIDER the most humdrum person of your acquaintance and you probably will be able to tag him as an inveterate patron of the movies, loud or silent. Lacking romance in real life, he gets it by watching Greta Garbo in the moonlight and seeing Douglas Fairbanks jump over gates.—Heywood Brown, in *the World-Telegram*.



# "LOOK HERE, EM!"

## Our family could save \$18 a year on Tooth Paste

"With six of us in the family, each using a tube of 50¢ tooth paste a month—we're spending \$3 a month, \$36 a year. If we changed to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube—we'd save \$18 a year, just on that one item.

"Economy isn't the only reason for changing, either. The Vandergriefs use it, and they could afford to pay any price.

"Lillian Vandergrief's teeth are as perfect as any you ever saw. And she told me her family uses Listerine Tooth Paste because it does a better cleaning job than any other brand they've tried.

"In fact, I'm sure our teeth would be helped as much as our budget—and you can see that means *plenty!*"



*Look  
at what your  
\$3  
will do*

### Teeth So Clean They Surprise You

If you want to know how clean and bright your teeth can be, begin using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its results will be a revelation to you.

This is especially due to a remarkable *special polishing agent*. It works wonders on your teeth, in half the usual brushing time.

Tartar, tobacco stains, and every other discoloration, vanish entirely. Dirt and decay are gone. Your teeth gleam with all their natural brilliance.

Yet your tooth enamel cannot be scratched or damaged in any way. Powerful as this polishing agent is, it is scientifically gentle in action, and protects your teeth.

And you will be delighted, too, with the fresh, invigorated after-taste it leaves in your mouth.

### You Gain By Our Economies

We can give you such an unusual dentifrice, at such an unusual price—for two reasons. First, we use the most modern and efficient methods of manufacture and distribution. Second, the demand is so great that production is on a huge, cost-cutting scale.

Over four million people, in just nine years, have become steady users of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try it, and its economy and cleansing power will surely make a regular customer out of you. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

### FOODS

7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon, 10 lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops, 2 chickens, a large roast, 12 jelly rolls, coffee rings, cheese cakes or angel cakes, 6 qts. olive oil, 20 quarts milk, 180 oranges, 20 lbs. lard, 150 lbs. potatoes, 147 lbs.

flour, 40 lbs. prunes, 60 lbs. sugar, 36 packages rice, 15 lbs. coffee, 3 lbs. tea, 30 loaves bread, 6 doz. eggs, 7 lbs. butter, 6 lbs. cheese, 60 packages biscuits, 30 cans soups or beans, 30 large cans evaporated milk, 30 cans tomato juice, 15 large cans peaches, 12 large cans (pears or pineapple or fruit for salad), 20 large cans spinach, 20 cans Golden Bantam Corn, 30 cans spaghetti, 20 cans cocoa, 10 jars marmalade, 20 packages pancake flour, several lbs. of candy, 15 qts. ginger ale or other beverages.

### CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hose, hat, sweater, gloves, knickers, pyjamas, underwear, bathrobe, kimono, collars, muffler, raincoat, sneakers, moccasins, slippers, shoes, rubbers, galoshes, girdle, negligee, summer or house frock, dress material, bloomers, neckties, shirts, cuff links, belt, suspenders and garters (all 3), overalls, lumber jacket, one or two dress shirts, infant coat and bunting (both), 1 infant sweater, 2 infant shirts, 1 infant blanket.





# ASK THE ANSWER MAN

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. If you want a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Two men spent two hours daily making up Boris Karloff as the *Monster* in Universal's "Frankenstein"

**C**HILLS and shivers! The latest horror sensation, "Frankenstein," has everyone thrilled and the most outstanding question this month has been, "Was the Monster real or was it mechanical?" Movie-goers say it seems unbelievable that anything so terrifying and ghastly could be human. But it's true. Boris Karloff was the chap who made you and you and you stiffen with fright each time he appeared on the screen.

Boris is a native of London, England, where he was born Nov. 23, 1887. He was educated at the Uppingham School, the Merchant Taylor School and King's College, London University. He came to America after a long list of stage successes in European theaters. On the screen he has played *Isapod*, the religious editor in "Five Star Final," and also appeared in "The Criminal Code," "Young Donovan's Kid," "The Mad Genius," and "Tonight or Never." He is considered one of the finest character actors on the screen. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 175 and has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes.

Another actor the fans are asking about is Dwight Frye, who played the rôle of the dwarf in "Frankenstein." Dwight is a native of Salina, Kan. He is 33 years old and is about 5 feet, 8 inches tall. Off the screen he stands very erect and is quite handsome.

**NAOMI MILES, CHICAGO, ILL.**—Naomi, I'm surprised at you. Of course Lola Lane and Linda Watkins aren't the same person. Lola was born in Indianola, Iowa, and was christened Dorothy Mulligan. She is 5 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and violet blue eyes. Was married to Lew Ayres Sept. 14, 1931. Linda Watkins is a Bostonian, born May 23, 1909. She is three inches taller than Lola and weighs 108 pounds. Has blonde hair and blue eyes.

**HOWARD RUNDLE, TORONTO, ONT., CAN.**—Yes, Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler did play in a picture together. It was "Let Us Be Gay."

**MYRNA WEEMS, BROWNWOOD, TEXAS.**—Did you read that story about Hardie Albright in the January issue? That told you all about his stage career. Hardie was born in Charleroi,

Penna., Dec. 16, 1905. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Is still single.

**BOOTS KENT, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.**—Boots, as a citizen of Beverly Hills you should be able to keep tab on your favorite, Lloyd Hughes. Here are Lloyd's latest pictures: "Ships of Hate," "The Sky Raiders" and "The Deceiver."

**VERNON MURPHY, FORT WORTH, TEX.**—You have gotten your big fellows mixed a little. George Bancroft did not play in "Broadway Babies" with Alice White. Fred Kohler was the big husky in that picture and you mistook him for Bancroft.

**VIRGINIA COUSINS, DETROIT, MICH.**—Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper did not appear together in "The Legion of the Condemned." It was Gary and Fay Wray. Colleen and Gary did appear together in "Lilac Time." The theme song of "Lilac Time" was "Jeanine, I Dream of Lilac Time."

**ANXIOUS ANN OF BALTIMORE, MD.**—Ann, if you had read my page in the December issue you would have gotten the low-down on Leslie Howard. Here it is again in part. Leslie was born in London, England, in April 1893, and christened Leslie Stainer. He is 5 feet, 7; weighs 145 pounds and has blond hair and blue eyes. He is married and has two children. At this writing he is appearing on the New York stage.

**L. E., NEW YORK CITY.**—Linda Watkins is 5 feet, 5 inches tall and weighs 108 pounds. Conchita Montenegro weighs the same as Linda, but is two inches shorter. Lew Ayres is 5 feet, 11 and weighs 155 pounds.

**S. G., HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.**—The cute kid who played the rôle of Mary Jane in "Huckleberry Finn," was Charlotte Henry. Charlotte is a very gifted young lady, and had considerable stage experience before she entered pictures in 1929. She is a native of Brooklyn, N. Y., born there March 3, 1914. Is 5 feet, 1; weighs 100 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Victor Varconi was born in Kisvardo, Hungary, March 31, 1896.

**GERTRUDE AND BETH, FORT SNELLING, MINN.**—Believe it or not, you girls had me baffled for a minute or two. Here's the solution: The picture "Maybe It's Love," was written by Mark Canfield. Joan Bennett did the vamping in that for "dear ol' Upton." The silent picture you have confused with it, is "The College Widow" authored by George



The *Monster* as he really is. A character actor of distinction, product of conservative English schools

Ade and very similar in theme. Dolores Costello did the vamping in that for "Atwater U."

**NATALIE GIBBS, ABERDEEN, S. C.**—Carmelita Geraghty played the rôle of Mary Pickford's wild sister in "My Best Girl."

**BARBARA, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.**—Barbara, here are the ages, with the exception of Ann Harding's. Ann was born Aug. 7, but she forgot to tell me how long ago. Clive Brook is 40; Greta Garbo and Greta Nissen are both 26; Elissa Landi is 25 and Lois Moran is 22.

**MAVIS DUFRESNE, MONTREAL, QUE., CAN.**—Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Her latest picture is "Over the Hill." Chester Morris is 29 years old and a native of New York City. He is married and has one son and one daughter.

**MARIE JONAS, PEORIA, ILL.**—You're not being a bit of trouble, Marie. I am always glad to answer your questions. John Holland is 6 feet, 2½ inches tall and weighs 185 pounds. Charles Starrett is 6 feet tall, weighs 185; John Wayne is 6 feet, 2; weighs 200, and Joseph Schildkraut is 5 feet, 11, and weighs 159. Now for their ages: Wayne is 24; Starrett is 27; Holland is 32 and Schildkraut is 35.

**ELIZABETH PECK, WRENTHAM, MASS.**—Gene Raymond was born in New York City in 1908. His real name is Raymond Guion, which he used on the stage before Paramount signed him for the talkies. He made a great hit with the movie public when he played opposite Nancy Carroll in "Personal Maid." His next will be "Ladies of the Big House," opposite Sylvia Sydney.

**ALICE KARNEY, BALTIMORE, MD.**—You're right, Frances Starr is a newcomer to the screen. She was born in Oneonta, New York, June 6, 1886. Made her stage début in 1901 at Albany. Some of her plays were "The Easiest Way," "Shore Leave," "Immortal Isabella," "Diplomacy" and "Fallen Leaves." She made her movie début in "Five Star Final" with Eddie Robinson, H. B. Warner, Marian Marsh and Anthony Bushell. Her latest picture is "The Star Witness."



"My dear—  
you have no idea  
how shocked I was...!"



"MY DEAR, there's Helen... I've just spent the week-end with her. And you've no idea how shocked I was. She's such a nice girl and perfectly fastidious about everything else. I don't see *how* she can be so careless about her underthings... wear them so long without a change.

"Everybody perspires a little. How can she take the risk—it's so easy to offend."

*Personal daintiness!* The subject of whispered comment, veiled hints. For no one will tell you if you offend, yet nothing more surely spoils friendship, success in business, romance, even marriage itself.

**Your Hands—**  
they deserve gentle care,  
too. Use LUX in the  
dishpan... costs little  
... keeps hands lovely.

## Underthings absorb Perspiration. Avoid offending ... Protect daintiness this easy 4-Minute Way:

Fresh lingerie each day is absolutely essential to daintiness. All day long underthings absorb perspiration acids and odors.

The penetrating hint soon becomes noticeable—to others, even though you yourself are not aware of it.

And it's so easy to wear fresh lingerie every day. For Lux is made to remove every trace of perspiration, yet protects colors and fabrics. It only takes four minutes or less. Play safe—make a habit of washing out underthings and stockings with Lux diamonds, after *each* wearing.

- 1 *Wash after each wearing*, for perspiration acids left in silk fade colors and rot threads. With Lux it takes less time than to wash your face and hands.
- 2 *Never rub dainty lingerie with cake soap*. Rubbing tends to streak colors and weaken fabrics. Tests show Lux removes perspiration acids and odors *completely*—yet leaves colors sparkling, like new. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.
- 3 *Wash this 4-minute way:*  
1 tablespoon of Lux does 1 day's undies—stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice, knead in bath towel, shake out.

**LUX for underthings** *keeps them like new in spite of constant washing*





*A smart fur and cloth costume for street, a glamorous ivory chiffon evening gown, and a simple, well-cut bathing suit reveal the excellent taste of Marian Marsh, charming young star of Warner Bros. Pictures.*

## MODERN FASHIONS MAKE NO SECRET OF THE FIGURE

EVERY style worn today needs a good figure to set it off—dashing sports togs that are so trim and youthful—clinging evening gowns and the very feminine afternoon frocks.

A good figure is possible to nearly every girl by wise exercise and diet. But we must be careful in dieting to balance the menus so as to retain beauty and not harm it.

Every reducing diet should contain a

reasonable amount of "bulk" so as to promote proper elimination. Without this, beauty soon fades—eyes lose their sparkle—and the skin may become sallow and colorless.

Laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN provides the needed "bulk"—and also furnishes a generous amount of Vitamin B to help tone the system. In addition, it is rich in available iron, which helps build red blood and bring attractive color to the complexion.

You will enjoy eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN either as a cereal with milk—or in many delightful cooked dishes, salads and soups. Two tablespoonfuls daily are sufficient for the average diet. It is not fattening and is prescribed by eminent dietitians.

Your grocer has Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



### WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET

#### "THE MODERN FIGURE"



Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

#### KELLOGG COMPANY

Dept. D-2, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





Look out for that sleeve, Marie, you'll dip it in that tasty looking concoction you're whipping up for lunch!

**C**OOKING is not just another publicity gag with that queen of reigning Hollywood queens, Marie Dressler. Marie may have a capable cook in her kitchen but that doesn't mean that she doesn't know her recipes. And what's more she gets a real kick out of rolling up the old sleeves and tossing off a tasty dish herself.

Then there is Madge Evans who doesn't look bewildered if you hand her a rolling pin. Madge is a sensible girl as well as a pretty one, she doesn't entertain silly ideas that a little domestic knowledge will detract from her screen glamour.

Leila Hyams is another person who enjoys taking a whirl at the kitchen every now and then. Of course you can't expect to find her all done up in an apron five nights out of the week—but she does find that cooking once in awhile provides a pleasant relaxation from the stress of the studios. She likes puttering around with tricky kitchen gadgets—trying to concoct new dishes to break into the monotony of old ones.

Like most people who expend a great deal of nervous force in artistic pursuits and don't have to worry about weight, Madge, Marie and Leila eat heartily and are fussy about food. They enjoy plain dishes but they want them tempting looking.

**N**OW Marie Dressler was brought up in that good, old-fashioned cooking school that didn't advocate waste of any kind. Tidbits of food were not tossed out at the end of a meal, rather they were frugally saved to go into the making of some tasty dish the next day. Half the fun of cooking, in Marie's estimation, is using up the odds and ends.

Do you, for instance, save the end of a steak? Marie does. And she makes it into a perfectly swell concoction. She takes the left overs of the steak, dices them and then adds these ingredients—diced onions, celery, tomatoes and a dash of bay leaves. The whole is cooked in enough water to prevent burning. Try it sometime.

Mmm, cheese cake! And if you have never been able to get it to taste just as good as the first one you ever had, try this recipe of Madge Evans'. Her cheese cakes are poems!

# Cookies, Cheese Cake and Stew!



Why have you kept this from us so long, Madge Evans? We never so much as suspected cheese cake talent!

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.

## Cheese Cake

3 tablespoons butter  
4 tablespoons whole wheat flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
4 tablespoons grated American cheese  
A few grains Cayenne

The butter is melted, the flour added and stirred until well mixed. Then the grated cheese and seasoning is added and the whole mixture put into a buttered

pan. It is baked in a moderate oven. And the last finishing touch is powdered sugar sprinkled over the top.

Cookie making is real fun, especially if you can get the finished cookies to turn out with the air of chef-made ones. Leila Hyams has two cookie recipes that are almost infallible when it comes to being delicious. One is a sugar cookie recipe, the other is for a delicious sounding concoction called, "Kisses!" Here they are.

## Sugar Cookies

1½ cups sugar	¾ cup shortening
2⅔ cups whole wheat flour	⅔ level teaspoon cream tartar
½ level teaspoon soda	½ cup milk
2 eggs	Salt
	Vanilla
	Mace

Cream sugar, shortening, flavoring and salt. Beat in the eggs one at a time. Stir in the soda which has been dissolved in milk. And last, work in the cream tartar sifted into the flour. Roll out, cut with cookie cutter. Bake in quick oven.

## Kisses

3 egg whites  
1 tablespoon cocoa  
1 cup chopped nuts

1 cup powdered sugar  
½ teaspoon salt  
1 cup chopped dates

Beat the egg whites very stiff. Mix and sift the cocoa, sugar and salt. Add the chopped dates and nuts. Beat whole together and then drop from a spoon onto a greased pan. Bake about 30 minutes.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]



Acme

Here's one of Hollywood record romances. Mary Brian has been keeping steady company with Russell Gleason for months and months and months. And everybody thought they'd be Mr. and Mrs. long before this. Why wouldn't Mary say, "Uh-huh"? Maybe now that Buddy Rogers has left Hollywood for good and all she will. This picture shows Mary and Russ watching the polo matches between a California and a Mexico City team

**G**ARBO'S whereabouts have been discovered, the mysterious house "somewhere in Santa Monica" to which she moved when too many people discovered her San Vincinte address and too many sight-seeing bus spielers bawled out:

"On your right, ladies and gentlemen, is the home of the famous Greta Garbo."

Miriam Hopkins is now living in that place, while Greta has moved into a house just a couple of blocks from Joan Crawford's and Douglas Fairbanks' home in Brentwood Heights.

From there she does her usual walking in the rain (when it rains) and takes her usual sun baths (when the sun shines).

**B**UT the rumors persist that come this June Garbo's permanent address will be "somewhere in Sweden." Garbo is a wealthy woman. She has lived with the frugality of an extra girl and has tucked away most of the money she has made.

There's enough for her to live comfortably for the rest of her life.

From the moment when she was just "that Swede Stiller brought over" until this very day she has had no enthusiasm for Hollywood.

"I do not think I make any more pictures," is what Garbo keeps on saying to her studio and her manager.

**G**ARBO keeps her feet in perfect condition, and spends more time on them than most women spend on their faces. She goes to a chiropodist twice a week. He works at the Ambassador hotel but he won't tell you a thing about the mystery girl. Not even the size of her shoe.

**T**HE reason Rex Bell first denied the fact that he and Clara Bow were married, was because he was afraid her producers might not want her to get married. And Rex is taking no chances on having Clara do anything that might hurt her film comeback.

For Rex is that Good Influence Clara's life has needed all these years. He's what you'd call a "regular fellow." And his devotion to Clara is one of those things to make these cynical eyes grow misty. Lots of folks have said his long engagement and his subsequent marriage to Clara were just his attempt for a little publicity. That was the angle on the Richman-Bow affair if you remember. But that isn't Rex's idea. In fact, he hasn't any use for those men who have used Clara's name to get publicity for themselves. He always wants his name kept out of things where Clara is concerned.

The producers (and the only hitch in Clara's comeback will be if these producers don't get

the money to finance her pictures) are delighted at Clara's marriage to Rex. They know he nursed her through her illness and has stopped her from making a lot of the usual Bow gestures.

But will he be exciting enough for the red-headed *IT* girl? Clara said, a long time ago, that she wanted a man who would think of her first.

Well, she's got one. And she'll be wise to hang on to him.

**T**HE reason they were married was because Rex had given Clara just a year to make up her mind. He wouldn't extend the time limit.

When Clara discovered it was now or never she made it now, and the two hopped to Las Vegas without telling a soul.

Rex was nervous, so nervous, in fact, that he got mixed up in his lines. Clara laughed at him right in the middle of the ceremony. But he had a chance to laugh back at her.

She had practiced reciting the ritual and knew that the promise to "love, honor and obey" had been struck out of the service and "love, honor and cherish" substituted, but when she came to repeat it after the judge who tied the knot she said, "I promise to love, honor and obey—oh, I beg your pardon, to cherish."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]



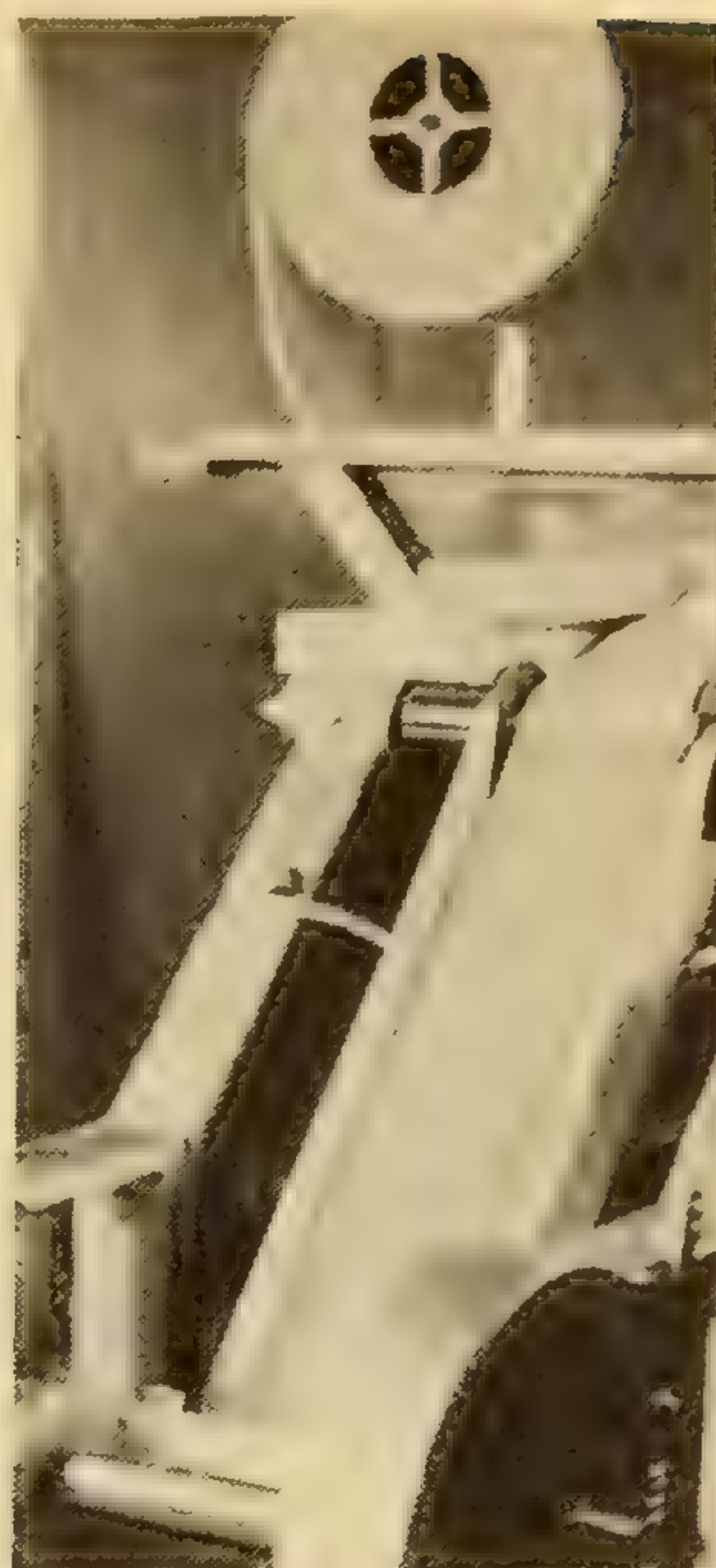
Wide World

They'd have you believe that this lad went to Egypt to forget. But it's hard to think that anybody can ride a camel, wear a fez and nurse a broken heart all at the same time. Gary Cooper—honest to goodness it's Gary Cooper—has tossed aside his sombrero and cow-pony for this. But (stage whisper) there's a very attractive woman in the party named Countess di Frasso. And she loves to see a man wear a fez





*In the Kotex plant, rolls of immaculate Kotex filler, white as new snow, feed into glistening machines where they are carefully shaped and cut.*



*This Kotex hospital gauze might well wear a gold medal, it's had to pass so many rigid inspections. Now it embraces the snowy filler, to make a Kotex pad.*



*Nurses and doctors, surrounding every move with scrupulous sanitation, dispensed 24 million Kotex pads to hospital patients last year, alone.*

## it's an unthinkable compromise for her to sacrifice the known immaculacy of genuine KOTEX

**W**HO KNOWS—who can say what hazards and risks have been removed from women's lives because of genuine Kotex? Dangers once invited . . . now a thing of the past. Embarrassment, even humiliations, gone. And health carefully protected at times when it is gravely endangered, because this sanitary protection *is* sanitary. Because it *does* protect.

The nameless fear of the unknown, the doubtful; the ceaseless experimenting is perhaps as disturbing as the haphazard methods of a bygone day.

What about these countless substitutes? How were they made? Where? By whom? What hands have touched them? Were the materials pure? Tested? Germ-free? You don't know. And unless you *do*

know, how can you trust such sanitary protection?

Fortunately, when you ask for Kotex, you *know* you are safe. Hospitals, alone, used more than twenty-four million Kotex pads for patients last year.

Every woman who uses sanitary protection should read every word that appears beneath the above pictures. Before she buys a sanitary pad she should ask herself: Is it clean? Is it safe? Is it pure? Am I certain?

Can you—can any woman—afford to risk anything less than the scrupulous cleanliness Kotex, and Kotex alone, gives you? Ask for it. Make sure, when buying it wrapped, that you *get* Kotex. Remember, Kotex is *safe*.

Never more  
than 35c  
Now

# KOTEX

SANITARY NAPKINS



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]



Wide World

Hollywood's most ardent bachelor succumbs! Edmund Goulding, director, writer, actor, painter, singer, musician and composer, marries Marjorie Moss, dancer. Now every talent is included in this versatile and accomplished family of two. You see, Eddie couldn't dance. So he just had to marry Marjorie. Before Marjorie came to town Eddie had been escorting Pola Negri to all the best places

WELL, the staid London courts had never heard anything like it. And the judge got his wig all awry trying to comprehend everything. I mean when a Miss May Shepherd sued Charlie Chaplin for back pay due her, she said, for being his publicity woman while he was in London. The British were amazed. It came as a terrific shock that such things happened. And the *London Daily Mail* led off the story with: "Secrets of the methods of focusing public attention on film stars were disclosed yesterday at Westminster County Court before Judge Sir Alfred Tobin."

Secrets—my eye! They call these publicity methods secrets in England, when any kid on the streets in America can tell you how press-agents operate. But the British courts were all confused and bothered when Miss Shepherd said that she arranged Chaplin's visit to the Lord Mayor and also when Charlie forgot about an engagement with the Prime Minister it was she who wrote the letter of apology. At that the judge was in a twitter of excitement, and burst out with, "This is going to do us a lot of good in foreign countries. Fancy how foreigners will laugh at us."

AND I'll bet Judge Sir Alfred regales his friends with the account of "these amazing actors who actually pay people to secure press notices for them."

He was harsh when Chaplin testified and insisted that the comedian "speak up" when he was in the witness box. Chaplin was all apologies for the way important names had been "bandied about" in court. Miss Shepherd was paid and everything is serene again in the British Isles.

IT was a baby who practically stole "His Woman" from Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert, for when that baby, who wasn't old enough to talk, either laughed or cried, all eyes were for the kid and not the two grown up actors. "It's so natural," everybody said, and this is how it happened. The baby took a liking to Claudette Colbert's pocketbook. When the director wanted it to laugh he dangled the pocketbook out of camera range and when he wanted it to cry they took the purse away. Ah, if it were only as easy to make adults give good performances.

**JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG** says the depression has hit the studios so hard that the yes-men merely nod.

CONNIE BENNETT chose the twenty-second for her wedding day because twenty-two is her lucky number. She signed the contract that led to the \$30,000 a week on a twenty-second.

Connie is in love with Hank, the Marquis, and no mistake. She says she did not marry him for his title and doesn't want to be called Madame la Marquis. What's more she says she wants lots and lots of children. All her intimate friends say they believe this, too.

THEY were married on Sunday. Monday afternoon Hank was in a barber's chair. "What time is it?" he asked. The answer was "five-thirty." The new groom jumped up, "I've got to get home fast. I'll get the devil for being late."

But he spends most of his time on Connie's set.

In the meantime Phil Plant, Connie's ex-

husband, wrote a song called, "You're Giving Your Heart to Somebody Else When You Know It Belongs to Me."

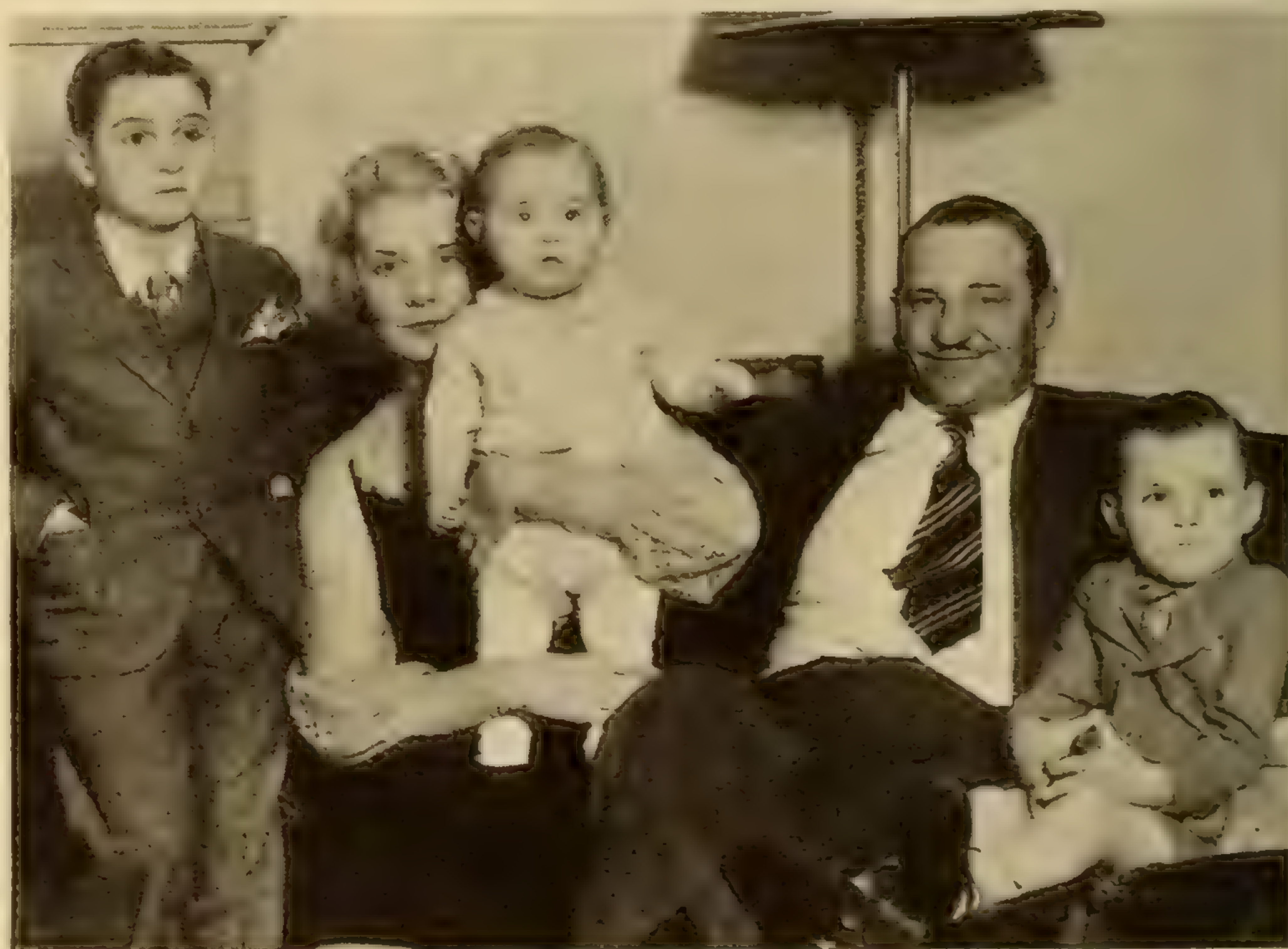
BEFORE Connie and the Marquis were married she had him sign an agreement that if there were a divorce he would relinquish all claims on her property.

AND have you heard this simile? —"As unnecessary as was Connie Bennett's announcement that she would continue working after marrying the Marquis."

THAT old actor's superstition that members of the profession always die in threes, has more believers than ever since the circumstance has come to pass again. The three deaths that came so near together were those of Robert Williams, Lya De Putti and Robert Ames. Strangely enough, Tom Mix was seriously ill, his life hanging in a balance during this time. He was just at the crisis of his illness when Lya died. And all his friends said, "Well, Tom will be the third." Instead, he hung on to life. Suddenly came Robert Ames' death in New York. Staunch believers in the old tradition then said, "Tom will get well." His doctors had given up hope but Mix rallied and is now on the road to recovery.

TOM MIX was one of the most difficult customers the hospital ever had. When his nurse left the room the day after the operation, Tom got out of bed. He wasn't going to be coddled or pampered. He would walk to the bathroom! They found him on the floor in a faint and it was darn near the end of Tom.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90 ]



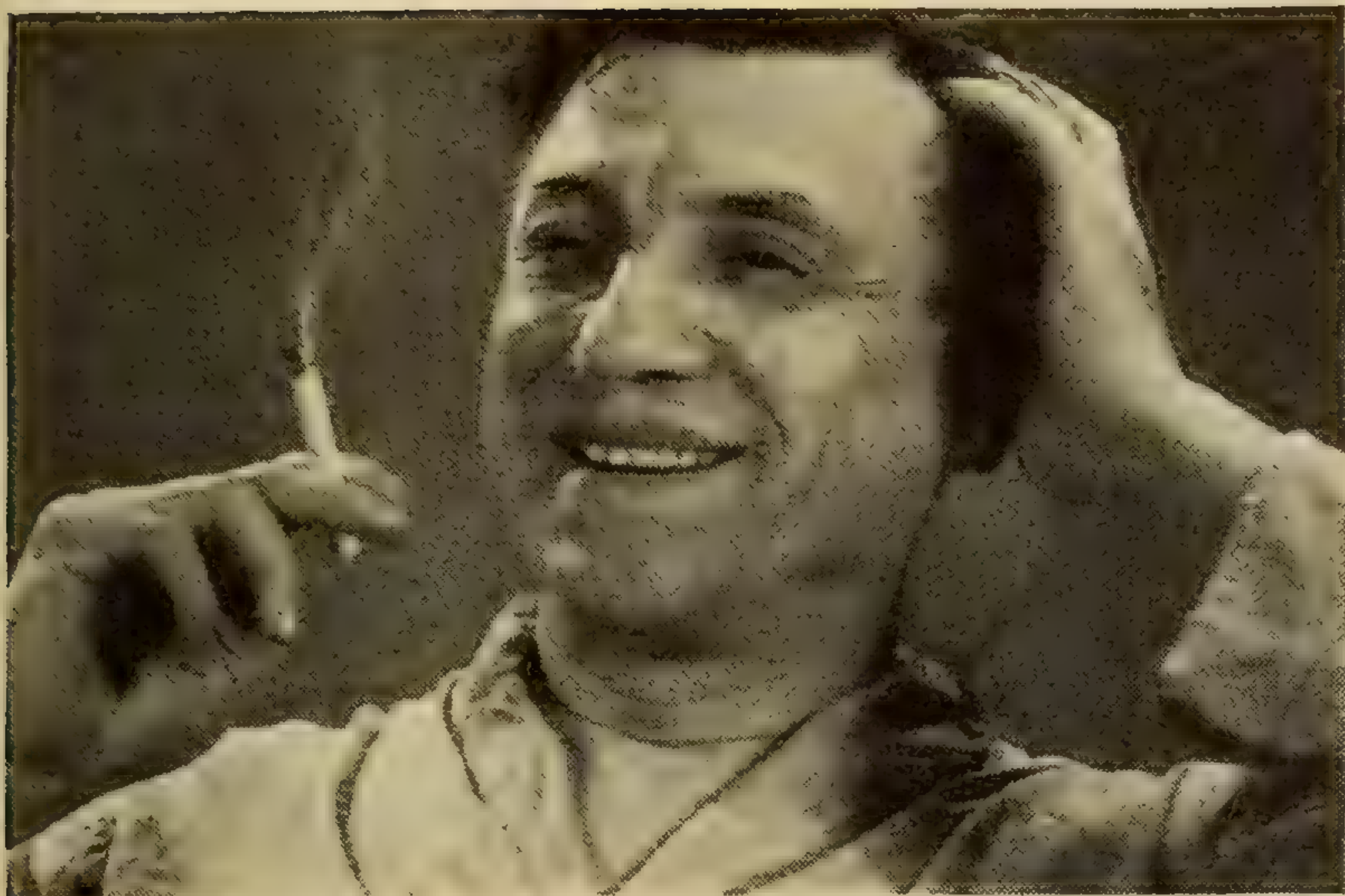
International

Wally looks as proud and Mrs. Beery as worried as if these children really belonged to them. Well, they do in a way. It happened like this. Mrs. Beery's aunt died recently leaving three children, George Priester, nine years old; Carol Ann, 15 months, and William, aged four. Wally was crazy about the kids so he will legally adopt Carol Ann and raise the boys, so that the children will always be together



# Striking Smoke-Snags?

CHEER UP! SPUDS BRING MOUTH-HAPPINESS!



**Before Breakfast . . .** Is your before-breakfast cigarette a snag? Smoke Spud! It leaves your mouth moist-cool and clean-tasting. It means mouth-happiness when mouth-happiness *means* most.



**On Occasion . . .** Do you smoke only "on occasion"? Then you certainly want full fragrance. Spud gives you this . . . and cool, clean mouth besides. Another spot for Spud's unfailing mouth-happiness.



**At Parties . . .** When the party's right . . . and cigarettes follow fast . . . do you strike a smoke-snag? Try Spud; stay with it. You'll have a cool, clean taste always. More Spuds mean more mouth-happiness.



**Late at Night . . .** Do you hesitate over late cigarettes because of the morning-after taste? Cheer up. Spud brings a grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. Smoke . . . and stay mouth-happy.



## SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES • 20 FOR 20c

(30c IN CANADA) • THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]



International

Here's a girl who could have had movie fame and fortune for the asking. She gave it all up to marry Morton Downey, highest paid radio singer in the world. The little woman who sacrificed is Barbara Bennett, of the three Bennett sisters. Connie's oldest, Joan is youngest. Morton and Barbara were in Hollywood on a visit

THE newspapers tried to make much of poor Lya De Putti's death and reported that many curiosity seekers but only a few friends attended her funeral. As a matter of fact during her strange life Lya had very few real friends and long before her death she had stopped seeing these few. She left no will but the list of her possessions was pitifully small—her clothes, eleven pieces of jewelry, five pieces of fur, two automobiles and \$900 in the bank. That was all. It isn't much for a film star to leave behind.

BEFORE Janet Gaynor, her husband and her mother left Hollywood, a certain young man, whom Janet knew slightly, trailed her car all the way to the station and, just as the train was about to pull out, swung aboard. He sat across the aisle of the diner staring at Janet

through every meal. And everywhere Janet went in New York, her silent, but persistent admirer trailed her, from hotel to shops, from shops to theater.

DOUG FAIRBANKS won't go on another picture making jaunt around the world.

The reason given for his sudden change of plans is the Manchurian trouble, and Doug had planned to shoot in China and Japan.

But maybe the fact that his first travel film, in spite of its novelty and charm, isn't going so good at the box-office is the real reason.

LIL DAGOVER had studied English for only a few months before she came to Hollywood to make talkies. One morning she was handed a studio envelope a few minutes before a scene and, believing it to contain dia-

logue for the day, she memorized its contents thoroughly. Standing before the microphones and much to the amazement of the assembled crew she delivered a ringing and earnest plea for funds for the Community Chest, Hollywood's biggest charity.

THE day before Pola Negri's collapse, newspapers printed the rumor that she was engaged to John Loder, the handsome young English actor. Even from her bed of pain Pola denied this. So did John. The reason is obvious. Loder has a perfectly good wife.

A FEW years ago Clark Gable and Janet Gaynor worked together in one of the independent studios, where the featured player was always a lion. Clark was the most popular man on the lot—but not because of his sex appeal. No sir, it was because he was the only one of the group who owned a car. And dilapidated as it was, Janet Gaynor used to stand next to him in line so she could ride home in it.

Clark also was an extra in "The Merry Widow," the picture in which Jack Gilbert starred. And that bit is too eloquent for comment.

RUTH CHATTERTON uses her dining room only when there's company, just like your Aunt Em. When she's not entertaining, dinner is served on a card table in an upstairs sitting room. Across the card table sits Ralph Forbes, friend husband.

And Hollywood wonders how much longer Ralph will be sitting there. Which is another way of saying that there are those rumors in the air.

THE morning after Bob Montgomery's fourteen-months-old baby daughter died very suddenly from the after effects of spinal meningitis, he was forced to go to the studio. He just chanced to walk up to Norma Shearer as she was waving her hand to fifteen-months Irving Thalberg, Jr. Bob turned his head away as Norma called, "Goodbye, baby."

And if there's ever another baby in the Robert Montgomery family, Bob said not long ago it is not going to be raised so carefully. When she was five months old little Martha was perfectly healthy. She cooed and kicked and laughed like any other baby when her daddy chucked her under the chin. She always had perfect care and wasn't allowed with other babies.

AND there's the story they told after Lionel Barrymore won the academy award for the best acting of the year.

Late, on the afternoon of the dinner, Lionel called John on the telephone.

"John," he sputtered, "have you got one of those swallow tail coats? I've got to go to that banquet tonight and I have no dress suit."

"Lord, no," John said. "I haven't got one. But wait a minute. I bought one for a picture once. Wait till I rummage through the trunks."

And that night, before several thousand people, Lionel received the coveted award in John's old swallow tail, two sizes too small.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]



54 women told their doctors, "I can't use soap" . . . 52 of them now use Woodbury's!

# THE NATION-WIDE HALF

# FACE TEST



## SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

**WHO TOOK PART . . .** 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life—society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

**THE TEST . . .** For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

**WHERE . . .** New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

**SUPERVISED BY 15** eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.\*

**RESULTS . . .** Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull, "uninteresting" skin.

\*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

**TUNE IN** on Woodbury's every Friday evening 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time . . . Leon Belasco and his Orchestra . . . WABC and Columbia Network.

**convinced them. But read about this test...and its thrilling results**

When leading dermatologists in fourteen large American cities opened the Nation-wide Beauty Clinic, they found that many women were not anxious to entrust their delicate complexions to *any* soap, no matter how fine.

54 of the 612 women who took part in the Clinic said, *very positively*, at first, "I cannot use soap on my skin. It is too dry and sensitive."

"Yes," the dermatologists agreed, "your skin IS dry. It IS sensitive. Certainly you could not use a strong or harsh soap. But . . . *every* skin, except a few that are really sick, *needs* a fine soap. Its use will improve the *tone* of your skin and so correct that abnormal sensitiveness."

So these 54 women, along with 558 others, took part in the dermatologists' "Half-face Test." For 30 consecutive days, each woman went on cleansing the left side of her face with her usual soap, cream or lotion. On the right side, she used Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Clinical skin examinations made at the end of the test revealed, conclusively, the superior action of Woodbury's. In 79% of the cases, the Woodbury side of the face showed a marked improvement over the side treated with other, and more expensive, preparations. Even normally good skins were clearer, finer, firmer, when cared for with Woodbury's.

With this proof before you of what Woodbury's can do, surely you want to try it on **YOUR** skin. A "skin you love to touch" is "a jewel beyond price." Yet Woodbury's Facial Soap costs but 25¢, less than a penny a day.

**COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE**  
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 814 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio  
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐  
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐  
Flabby Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

For sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.  
Normal Scalp ☐ Dry Scalp ☐ Oily Scalp ☐

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

**NOT JUST A SOAP . . . A SCIENTIFIC  
BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM**



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]



International

"Goodbye, old pal," said Lil to Mary at Grand Central Station recently when Mary Pickford went to Hollywood and Lillian Gish stayed in New York. The girls have been chums for years and years, you know. Started way back in the old Griffith days and has lasted right on through success. Although you haven't seen her on the screen for a long time, you'll notice that Lillian is as prim as ever

SOME new pictures had just come into PHOTOPLAY office and were lying on our desk. One of the girls was walking by and espied the top one. She snatched at it eagerly. "Oh, lemme see," she begged. And then she tossed it aside. "It's only Jack. I thought it was Lionel."

WHEN Marie Dressler returned to her chair after receiving the award for the best acting among the women for this year at the Academy dinner, her waiter leaned over and whispered so all could hear:

"If you hadn't won there'd have been a riot."

Which shows what the waiters were ready to do about it!

THEY were taking scenes for "Tarzan" at Sherman Lake. Director Van Dyke had hired all of the hippopotami from a famous circus to add local color. They drove the animals into the lake.

Two weeks later they were trying to get them out, using every stunt known to animal trainers but the big boys refuse to budge. They are seriously considering using derricks.

And the movie company is paying \$100 a day for them!

They'll have to cut the salaries of eight more stars.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94 ]

WHEN Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks set out for New York it was Joan's idea that she would browse around the shops and have a nice rest. Rest? Her two weeks' stay in the big city boasted an itinerary that would do credit to Queen Marie. Every hour of the day was filled; she took a couple of dozen singing lessons, did a year's shopping and went to a different show every night.

Wan and pale she stumbled on the train and caught up on her lost sleep in Hollywood. Incidentally (and here's the answer to all you who have complained about the over slimness of her figure) she weighs 130 pounds. That's partly Doug's doings (who has never approved of her being so thin) and partly her doctor's idea (who insists that she eat three square meals a day).

OF course, she and Doug never stepped out on the street without being followed by a horde of fans. One girl found out what theater they were attending and was on hand every evening. Another waited outside the hotel door from nine o'clock in the morning until Joan appeared. Others solved the problem of hearing Joan's voice on the phone by telling the clerk that the studio was calling. But that racket didn't work long.

Joan is the most self-conscious star in Hollywood. She is so frightened of meeting people that when she knows she has to go through the ordeal she does not eat for hours before. Perhaps the funniest trick she pulled was when she introduced Sir Hubert and Lady Wilkins to her mother-in-law. Knowing their names perfectly, Joan was so flustered that her tongue refused to obey and she presented them as "Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes."

## LOVE, DIVORCE, ETC.:

Mary Duncan and her secretly married husband, Lewis Wood, have decided to separate. . . . Kenneth Harlan (who used to be married to Marie Prevost) is in Reno. And you know what that means. He's planning a divorce from his third wife, Doris Booth. . . . And they're saying that all is not well with the Rudy Vallees (she used to be Fay Webb) but it isn't true. . . . Dorothy Dwan, who was once Mrs. Larry Semon and once Tom Mix's leading woman, is the mother of a baby boy. She is now Mrs. Paul Boggs and hasn't been on the screen for years. . . . Elise Bartlett, Joseph Schildkraut's ex-wife, is married to Book Publisher Horace Liveright. . . . There's a new boy friend for Loretta Young every month. Last name mentioned is Leslie Fenton's. . . . Buddy Rogers' brother (it's hard to believe but his first name is Bh) is being sued for divorce by his bride of only a year, Marajen Stevick. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Eddie Quillan have been seen around the best places. . . . And also Roberta Gale and John Darrow. . . . Sister Connie got a Marquis so Joan wanted one, too. Her boy friend's last name is Markey. First name Gene. . . . And it's wedding bells pronto for John Considine and Carmen Pantages. . . . Mae McAvoy is tatting tiny garments. . . . Linda Watkins and Erwin Gelsey are going together, but Linda has a new beau every few days. . . . And then there is Sidney Fox and David Lewis, a junior exec at Paramount. . . . And don't let anybody kid you, the Lupe Velez-Jack Gilbert romance is still going strong since their return from Europe. . . . Sally Blane and Richard Cromwell are crazy about each other.



International

"I want to stay in Hollywood to be near my husband," said Mae Murray. And this time several months ago she was saying all sorts of things about him in legal papers. This picture shows Mae and bee-stung lip coming back to Hollywood



MAKERS OF  
VICKS VAPORUB  
ANNOUNCE

# A New Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"



Made Possible by the  
Development of a  
New Product Based  
on a New Idea for  
*Prevention* of Colds

## FURTHER REDUCES FAMILY "COLDS-TAX"

A third of a century ago, Lunsford Richardson, Sr., a North Carolina druggist, developed a new idea in *treating* colds — and with it Vicks VapoRub. Now, after years of research, Vick chemists have developed a new idea in *preventing* colds — and with it Vicks Nose and Throat Drops. These two are companion products—they aid and supplement each other. Together, they make possible the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds" in the home.



## HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE NEW VICK PLAN:

### 1. Before a Cold Starts

At that first sneezy, scratchy irritation of the nose or upper throat—Nature's unmistakable warning that you are "catching cold"—use Vicks Nose Drops promptly as directed. Many colds can be checked at this stage and bad colds avoided.

If you catch cold easily, the wise plan is to use just a few Vicks Nose Drops up each nostril after exposure to any particular condition that your own experience tells you is apt to give *you* a cold—for instance, a night on a Pullman—a dusty automobile ride—over-smoking—over-heated, over-crowded rooms, etc., etc.—and you feel the slightest stuffiness of the nasal passages. Vicks Drops are especially designed to aid the nose—Nature's "preventor" of colds—when over-taxed by such emergencies of our artificial present-day living.

### 2. After a Cold Starts

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white "stainless" form, if you prefer). Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed-clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long. During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops as needed for ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like another new Vick product—a Cough Drop actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.)

This gives you full 24-hour treatment without the risks of too much internal "dosing," which so often upsets the digestion—especially of children—and lowers body strength when Nature most needs it to resist disease. Don't "dose" colds except on your doctor's advice.

## —TRIAL OFFER TO VICK USERS—

We believe that these two products—used as directed in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—will greatly reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. We believe this so strongly that we have authorized all druggists to sell Vicks Drops to any user of Vicks VapoRub on trial—to refund the

purchase price if you do not find the Vick Plan for "Control-of-Colds" more than satisfactory in your home.

VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY

*Lunsford Richardson*

PRESIDENT



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

THERE'S a tiny restaurant in Hollywood which boasts Greta Garbo's patronage. It's The Canary Cottage, specializing in sixty-five and eighty-five cent dinners. And Garbo's favorite dish, as always, is beefsteak and onions.

JACKIE COOPER was dining with Louis B. Mayer and his family. The producer asked the lad's preference in foods. "Spaghetti," Jackie ordered promptly.

The Mayer chef immediately prepared the dish with a great culinary flourish. Jackie ate silently. Finally, L. B. asked, "Well, how's that spaghetti, Jackie?"

"Huh. My grandmother can make it better than that any day."

HERE'S what's happening along the Hollywood financial front.

Salaries are being cut, options are not being renewed. Honestly, the poor stars don't know where their next caviar canapé is coming from and maybe some of the pitiful darlings can have only seven new diamond bracelets this year.

John Barrymore, who used to get \$200,000 a picture receives a mere \$125,000 now.

They were willing to renew Adolphe Menjou's contract if he'd take a cut. He wouldn't and, thumbing his nose in the grand Menjou manner, sailed for Europe.

Marguerite Churchill was making \$750 a

week. Her next option called for \$1,000. When they said they'd keep her at the old figure, Marguerite said, "Not this old figure," and went a-freelancing.

If Lil Dagover's "The Woman from Monte Carlo" drags the money out of your pocket—and yours and yours, the studio will bring her back for another. But they're waiting to see.

THERE'S not enough box-office to carry Winnie Lightner's salary. She makes one more picture and quits. Anna May Wong is gone from the Paramount list—they thought \$750 a week too much to pay her.

Radio Pictures wanted Ivan Lebedeff to take a cut. Drawing himself up to his full Russian height and clicking his heels and his teeth together he refused grandly. Now he's freelancing, too.

And there are a lot more who will have their salaries slashed before this depression is over.

ONE of the swellest interviews we've read in a long time was that between Charlie Chaplin's two boys, Sydney and Charlie, Jr., and a reporter on the *London News Chronicle*. And did those lads spill devastating personal opinions!

Sydney declared, "Daddy isn't really so very funny. I like Punch and Judy shows better because you get more action." And he went on to say that his father "wasn't so very funny in 'City Lights' but it was better than his other films. He didn't throw pies, you see." Then, afraid that his words would be miscon-

strued (he knew about Hollywood rumors), he added hastily:

"People get the wrong impression of dad. It's not good style to throw pies, but he only does it in the films. He never throws pies at home."

Charlie, Jr., didn't have much to say. He simply told the reporter that he wanted to be a lion tamer.

IN a court row with her lawyer, Dolores Del Rio said Edwin Carewe was her "worst enemy."

And less than a year ago, Dolores told a writer, with tears in her eyes, that she could never forget what Director Carewe had done for her in bringing her to this country and giving her an opportunity.

And before that Dolores and Carewe toured Europe in the same party.

And shortly before that Eddie Carewe was supposed to be the cause of the trouble between Dolores and Jaime Del Rio.

And before that—Carewe was introducing her to Hollywood and using all of his then-great influence to break a path through the stiff barriers before her.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S former German understudy, Tala Birrell, is in Hollywood. She's better known abroad than Marlene. . . . Connie Bennett has had the same maid for nine years and the same chauffeur, waitress and cook since she came to Hollywood. . . . Joe E. Brown's chest is hairless. When he was



Hundreds of readers said they liked working out the jig-saw puzzle we ran in the December issue. So here's another grand one with which to while away those long winter evenings. The idea is to cut out the pieces with a scissors, following the outlines carefully. Then spread out a large piece of stiff paper and assemble the two heads on it. You'll find it easier to paste them down as you fit piece to piece. Both of these are men. One is your newest heart throb and the other is a suave actor.



# of Hollywood Goings-On!

cast in a rôle that demanded he look like a big, husky guy, make-up man Perc Westmore made him a "chest wig." . . . Richard Dix won the first domestic argument. Rich wanted to live in an apartment. Wife Winnie wanted to have a house. But they're living in the swankiest apartment house in Hollywood. . . . George Bancroft has joined Garbo. No, not actually. He's just turned recluse and doesn't go to parties anymore. . . . Karen Morley hates to wear hats and doesn't except when she has to. . . . Carole Lombard has a new mink coat and a sable neck-piece. Hubby Bill Powell gave them to her for Christmas. . . . Fredric March works at the studio in the day time. His wife, Florence Eldridge, works at the theater at night. They see each other at luncheon. . . . Director Jack Ford is disconsolate. Somebody stole the PHOTOPLAY gold medal he was awarded for directing "Four Sons," the best picture of 1928. All the detectives in Hollywood are looking for it. . . . Tallulah Bankhead never walked an unnecessary step in New York. But in Hollywood she and young Richard Cromwell took a three-mile hike. . . . Lola Lane and Lew Ayres get along great. Lew likes the dark meat of the chicken, Lola the neck and wings and that leaves the white meat for company. . . . When Nancy Carroll was arrested in New York for breaking a traffic law she was so flustered she said she was Nancy Carroll Kirkland. That hasn't been her name since she divorced Author Jack Kirkland and married Editor Bolton Mallory.

A CERTAIN famous New York hairdresser was in a rage a few weeks ago to read in a newspaper that he was responsible for a permanent wave of Norma Talmadge's hair which made her resemble nothing so much as a Fiji Islander.

The truth of the matter was that he had given Norma the wave but she refused to let him set it afterwards, saying she liked to do that herself, with the consequence that her hair stood out like a porcupine's bristles, when she was seen at lunch at a prominent café half an hour later.

**WALTER HUSTON** was discussing a thirty foot fall from a scaffolding on a picture set.

"Did all your sins flash through your mind while you were falling?" a friend inquired.

"Great Scott! I said I fell thirty feet, not miles," Huston answered.

"THE New Gretna Green," a yarn you'll find in this month's PHOTOPLAY, tells all about the movie marriages that take place in Yuma, Arizona. Maybe if the stars who elope to this little Western town knew about the first elopement that took place there and its disastrous ending they'd think twice. Harry Carr tells the story in the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*.

Her name was Juanita, the first Yuma eloper, and she was a beautiful, sloe-eyed seniorita. Her groom was a gay and handsome

blade but old true love got to running in circles and one night the groom said, "I've got a notion to cut out your heart." Whereupon Juanita, with a simple twist of the wrist, whipped a knife out of her stocking and cut his heart out instead. Just a sweet girl!

THERE'S a very, very naughty burlesque show on Main Street in Los Angeles called "The Follies." It's Parisian, you know, and sort of—well, not the kind of place you'd take your grandmother.

But what do you suppose? Mary Brian was there one evening—wearing a wig.

According to Mary this comes under the general heading of Searching for Sophistication.

BY the grace of heaven and the gods of the cinema "The Greeks Had a Word for Them" is ready for release. And they're calling the sets where the piece was filmed "the battle fields."

First, all the women players, Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans objected to the Chanel designed clothes and they had to be remade.

Then, three times during production actor-director Lowell Sherman walked off the set swearing by his waxed moustache that he'd never return. The reason for the walk-offs was supervisor interference. The bosses would look at his stuff, shake their heads and say, "No, we don't like it that way. We want Ina Claire in a soft and creamy mood."

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]



This isn't a contest, you know. There are no awards or prizes offered for the completed faces, so please don't send them to PHOTOPLAY. It's just a bit of nonsense that's a lot of fun to work out—a cure for insomnia or a way to keep the boy friend entertained. Here are two of the fairest girls of the screen, although you can't tell it with their faces all cut up like this. One is a "hey-hey" girl who went dramatic and the other is a young divorcée. Get busy and put them together again





## MORE TANGEE USED LAST YEAR THAN EVER BEFORE

1931 a year of depression? Not for TANGEE, the World's Most Famous Lipstick, and Rouge! More TANGEE was used in 1930 than in the prosperous days of '29, and even more last year than ever before!

Natural color . . . individual, for your complexion . . . soothing, waterproof and permanent . . . these are the reasons you, too, will prefer TANGEE.

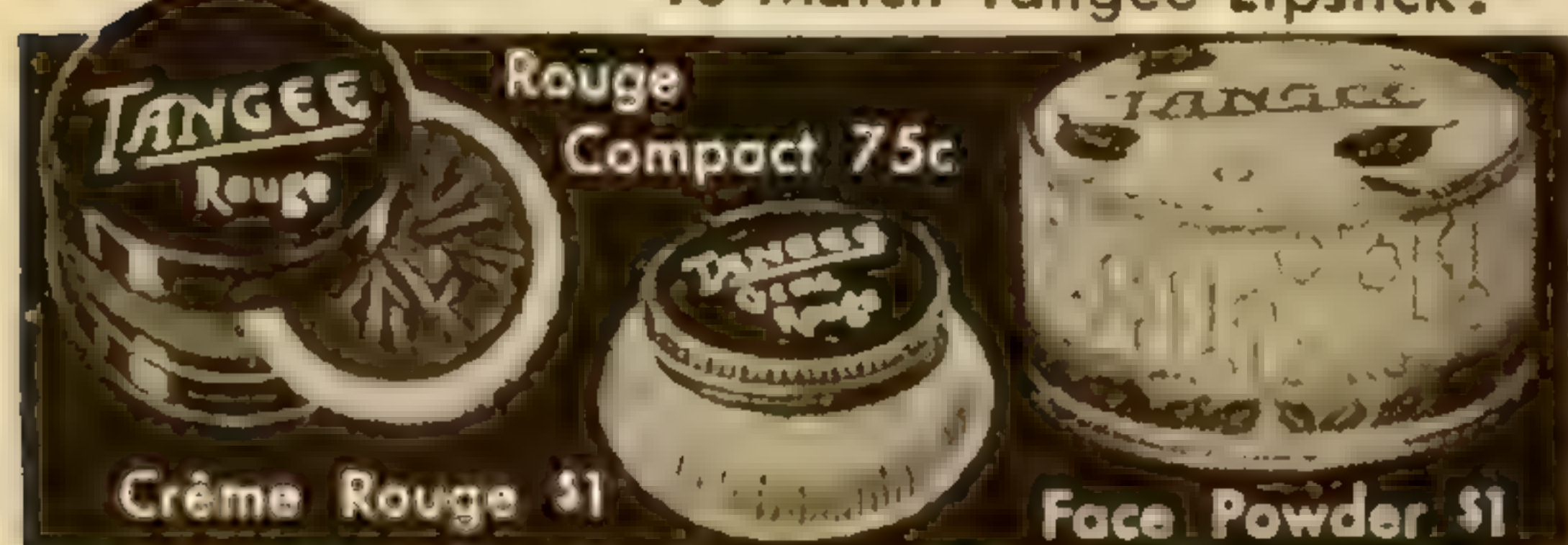
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Because it is based on a marvelous color principle, entirely different from any other lipstick . . . TANGEE actually *changes color* after you apply it, and blends perfectly with your own natural, individual coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head!

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear or glaring, flashy color. Its solidified cream base soothes, softens and protects! TANGEE stays on all day! No constant making-up! Economical, it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. \$1.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of TANGEE LIPSTICK and ROUGE COMPACT for professional and evening use.

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SEND 10¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET



Containing miniature Lipstick, Powder, two Rouges, and "The Art of Make-up"

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## Cal York's Monthly Broadcast From Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95 ]

GARY COOPER may be nursing a broken heart but his flight into Egypt isn't a lonely one. He is in a party which includes Captain White, the archaeologist, Woolworth Donovan, grandson to the Woolworth and Countess di Frasso. Yes, the Countess is the latest woman in whom Gary is supposed to be interested. Gary is sick of Hollywood and will be gone longer than any of you think.

ONE of Jimmy Cagney's best friends tells this yarn. Seems Jimmy was afraid for his mother to see that gruesome ending of "The Public Enemy"—the ending that spoiled your sleep for a week. So he wrote his brothers and told them to keep his mother away from the show when it played the home town.

But his mother slipped off, saw it and wrote to Jimmy, "They could have done much more with that picture. The ending was weak."

NOW everybody knows why Jimmie Dunn was so burned up when the story of his engagement to Molly O'Day got into print, and why he denied it so vehemently. June Knight is the real love in Jimmie's life and when she came to Hollywood to fill a dancing engagement at the Roosevelt Hotel, Jimmie had a lot of explaining to do.

Well, the explaining was to the effect that he and Molly had known each other since they were kids and, both being Irish and all that, and love never being a question they simply palled around together for a spell. June believed him and that makes everything dandy. She thinks Jimmie is a swell guy.

LILA LEE has recovered from two ailments—the nervous breakdown that sent her to a sanitarium in Arizona and later to Tahiti; and her love for Johnny Farrow. And Hollywood is rejoicing on both counts.

As Lila returns, writer and man-about-town Johnny goes to Europe. It was he, you remember, who was Dolores Del Rio's steady beau before she married Cedric Gibbons. And it was also he who played around with Maureen O'Sullivan while Lila was in the sanitarium. Then there was a Pasadena society woman who cut in on the Hollywood belles for a time.

And yet not a woman went to the boat to see Johnny off. He said he wasn't returning. So long Johnny!

### HERE'S Lew Cody's latest story.

Seems there were seven Scotchmen who went into a livery stable to rent a horse and buggy.

"Why, it's impossible," said the livery stable man. "Seven of you in one buggy!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the Scots, "we've all got whips."

TOM MIX says he won't make a picture in which he has to smoke, drink or use a revolver. He doesn't want his kid audience to get bad ideas. . . . Six women fainted from emotion when Lawrence Tibbett sang at a benefit ball in Baltimore. . . . Maurice Chevalier's wife, Yvonne, is back in Hollywood to

quiet those rumors about Maurice—or something. . . . Buddy Rogers and Flo Ziegfeld are holding conferences. Buddy may go in the new show. . . . Buster Keaton is leaning over backwards to give Jimmy Durante the breaks in "Her Cardboard Lover." So they can't say Buster is jealous of another comedian. . . . The Siamese twins playing in "Freaks" are that way about Bob Montgomery. But the one on the left likes him the best.

THEY were discussing the over-production of wheat. "It's terrible," Robert Woolsey said woe-fully.

"But it might be worse," Bert Wheeler piped up cheerfully. "Just suppose it were spinach!"

JACKIE SEARL, "the kid you'd love to spank," is going to be a good boy in his next one. Another villain gone ga-ga. . . . Eddie Robinson is off to Paris to study the underworld there seeking local color. A lot of folks do it but don't have Eddie's alibi. . . . Ann Harding gave drawn-work handkerchiefs to all her friends for Christmas. She made them herself between scenes of "Prestige". . . . Lon Chaney's fan mail is still enormous. It is all from foreign countries and the writers ask when he's going to play in another picture. . . . Madge Evans has never had a make-up test. Cameramen say she has the "perfect photographic face." . . . A second son of a famous English family makes a good living instructing directors and actors in correct English atmosphere for the smart pictures.

ANN HARDING complained for a week, before she left California on location, of "neuritis" in her shoulder. She had no idea it was dislocated until it became so painful at Jacksonville, Florida, that she left the train to see a doctor.

She thinks it must have been out of place at least ten days earlier while working in the fake jungle on the back lot of the RKO-Pathé studios on scenes for "Prestige." This entire picture describes the effect the Chinese jungle has upon a woman and her husband. RKO-Pathé scouts could discover no jungles comparable to the Chinese ones in California. So they sent the whole company to Florida.

GABLE'S Beauty Salon across from the Paramount Studio has doubled its business since the sudden popularity of Clark Gable. Somehow the impression has circulated throughout the neighborhood that the shop is operated or financed by "What-A-Man" Gable and that he may drop in any minute. There is a large framed picture of Clark, placed in the shop by the shrewd owner of the establishment, who incidentally has never seen the Great Moment.

"WOMEN are all alike," muses Lew Cody, with a knowing gleam in his right eye and a lift of his left eyebrow. And then he tells about the time he went through San Quentin prison recently. There he saw Clara Phillips (in for life), and she greeted him like this: "Oh, Mr. Cody, I'm so sorry you came today. I've just washed my hair and it looks terrible."



**W**ELL, little Jean Harlow got her way—part way.

She was very upset about that measly \$350 producer Howard Hughes paid her while he was renting her platinum locks for four figures. So, when her checks arrived by mail each week, she just didn't cash them. *Then*, she cashed them all at once and dashed to New York on the accumulation.

Only, she's gotten a promise. After this, she gets half of what Hughes gets above her \$350 a week!

**H**OLLYWOOD'S favorite sport of the moment is polo . . . Clark Gable, Bob Montgomery, Jack Holt, Ricardo Cortez and Big Boy Williams are all good players. . . . Jobyna Howland who weighs—well, more than Marie Dressler—wears a white, form fitting athletic sweat shirt at the studio. . . . Anna May Wong has never been to China. . . . Roland Young's hobby is collecting china penguins . . . He now has over 300. . . . Eddie Robinson made more money for the Warner Brothers than any other of their stars. . . . Jack Pickford is almost well again, after a nervous breakdown that almost cost him his life. . . . And Barbara Stanwyck is going to do the old Colleen Moore rôle in a talkie version of "So Big."

## The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures  
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

### THE SECRET WITNESS—Columbia

**S**EE this if for no other reason than to chortle over ZaSu Pitts as the flustered telephone operator—she's grand. This is another mystery with a double murder and two suicides (oh, you get used to them dropping around!). You'll probably spot the murderer before the showdown, but it's entertaining. Una Merkel is an amateur sleuth, William Collier, Jr., the deeply involved hero.

### MEN OF CHANCE—Radio Pictures

**A** SMOOTH, snappy story that moves along at a brisk pace. The plot of the woman who betrays her gambler husband is an old one, but here it has a certain spontaneity that holds the interest to the end. Ricardo Cortez as *Johnny Silk* of the race-track gives a clean-cut performance. Mary Astor as the bogus countess is thoroughly believable. Worth seeing.

### FORBIDDEN—Columbia

**B**ARBARA STANWYCK, Adolphe Menjou and Ralph Bellamy contribute fine performances to a gloomy "wages of sin" story. Barbara, in trusting youth and disillusioned middle age, is the unwed mother who sacrifices herself and child to her lover's political career. A chance to see this new and interesting leading man, Bellamy, in a rôle where he's not blind or crippled. Great for those who like their tragedy straight.

### ALMOST MARRIED—Fox

**A** COMPETENT cast struggle hard with a weak, incoherent story, silly dialogue and careless direction. Many situations are left unexplained and border on the ridiculous. Alexander Kirkland, as the mad musician, tries hard but brings little sincerity to the part. Ralph Bellamy and Violet Heming, whose voice is lovely, handle their parts adequately.



## A BIG HIT

### The new favorite for washing fine silks—

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap! And dissolves in lukewarm water!

This combination of two unrivaled virtues means perfect *safety* and *speed* when you wash fine things.

No need for hot water with Ivory Snow. No waiting for suds. Just lukewarm water, Ivory Snow, and swish—every tiny Snow-pearl is a fluff of suds. No undissolved soap left to cling to the fabric.

For chiffon stockings, or fine lingerie, for soft little baby woolens—perfect safety! And if you try Ivory

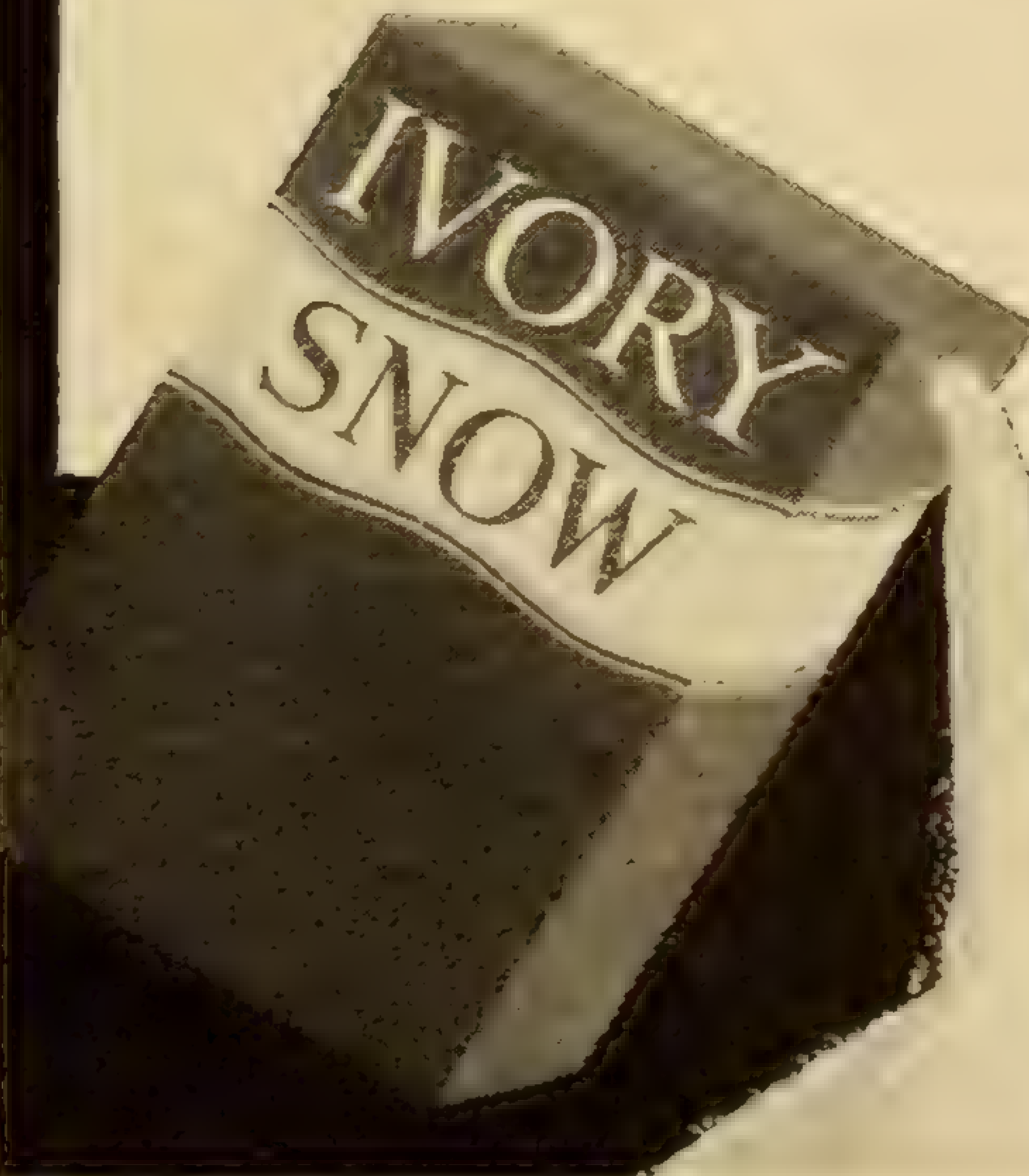
Snow for dishes, you'll have a pleasant surprise. Such suds—a regular beauty-bath for your hands!

You can use Ivory Snow generously too, for the big 15¢ box contains enough pure Ivory to protect hundreds of dollars worth of fine clothes through many silk-and-wool washdays.

#### Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truh. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespun, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.

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99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> %

PURE



# When doctors approve you're perfectly safe

Your doctor has certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before he will give it his approval.

Here are the requirements which the doctor considers important:

## What the Doctor demands in a Laxative

A laxative should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush the food through the stomach.

It should not disturb digestion.

It should be safe—and not be absorbed by the system.

It should be mild and gentle.

It should not irritate and over-stimulate the intestines.

It should not gripe.

It should not be habit-forming.

## Ex-Lax checks on every point

Ex-Lax meets every one of these specifications!

Ex-Lax is a scientific formula for the relief of constipation—pleasantly and effectively. The only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax is phenolphthalein—a laxative that is internationally recognized by the medical profession.

And it is the special Ex-Lax way of combining a delicious chocolate base with the scientific laxative—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose—that accounts for the fine results millions get from Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax acts by gently stimulating the bowels to action—naturally and surely. It exercises the intestines—it does not “whip” them! It does not gripe—nor is it habit-forming.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist in 10c, 25c, or 50c boxes. Or mail coupon for free sample.

Keep “regular” with  
**EX-LAX**  
—the safe laxative  
that tastes like chocolate

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Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

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### THE BIG SHOT—RKO-Pathe

A TYPICAL Eddie Quillan vehicle, crammed full of clean entertainment. He is the small-town boy, forever trying to put over business in a big way. Eventually he does. And you will like him doing it. Maureen O'Sullivan is the charming girl whom he finally wins. Belle Bennett is the mother, and Arthur Stone is excellent.

### HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY—Paramount

THIS snaps into a fine start but slumps to an indifferent ending, although it's amusing. Clive Brook vacillates between wife and seductive siren. Vivienne Osborne is splendid as the wife; Juliette Compton an alluring side-interest and Charlie Ruggles an amusing hen-pecked husband. Well worth an evening.

### LAW OF THE TONGS— Willis Kent Prod.

MELODRAMA that will satisfy any average audience. In this case, a Chinaman becomes the benefactor and rescues a girl. Later it costs him his life, in a manner that gives you a lump in your throat. Phyllis Barrington is the pretty girl, and Johnny Harron her sweetheart. Jason Robards, as the kind-hearted Chinaman, is excellent.

### THE UNEXPECTED FATHER— Universal

ANOTHER little girl adopts a bachelor daddy. And the usual fun begins. The plot's stale, but the lines are sparkling, although risqué in places. It has Slim Summerville's grin, ZaSu Pitts' waving hands and Cora Sue Collins. Wait till you see Cora Sue. Just four, and walks away with everything. Put this down for a blue day. You'll get a laugh out of it.

### DEVIL ON DECK—Thrill-O-Drama

NOTHING particularly new about this story or the handling. A young girl is shanghaied aboard a ship and finally killed. Her brother plots revenge. The wicked captain finally meets his fate. Molly O'Day is the leading lady and June Marlowe the ill-fated girl. Reed Howes is the likable leading man and Wheeler Oakman a good villain. Rather mild.

### MAKER OF MEN—Columbia

NOW the coaches are getting a hand in football pictures! Here a coach grooms his son for football glories, only to have the boy quit. It's an appealing story, due to the fine work of Richard Cromwell as the son—but it will drag a little for you who are not rabid football fans. Jack Holt makes a convincingly domineering father.

### THE STRUGGLE—United Artists

OLD Demon Prohibition Rum makes bum out of honest working man. Papa, full of red-eye, gets D. T.'s and chases tiny tot around ruined garret, *a la* Lillian Gish while audience snickers at phony thunderstorm. “Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now” and “The Face on the Barroom Floor” done in the manner and with the technique of the early Biograph pictures. New invention of talking pictures makes characters actually talk. Sudden wreck rolls in gutter while radio squeaks “Abide With Me.” It's all too sad. Hal Skelly tried hard to save it, but even his good work was of no avail. Directed by D. W. Griffith, who sixteen years ago made “The Birth of a Nation.”

### THE RAINBOW TRAIL—Fox

WESTERN, with some grand scenery which dwarfs a weak story and mediocre acting. George O'Brien tries hard, but the scenario

writer fails him miserably. Minna Gombell and Roscoe Ates are satisfactory. Story is one of those revenge things with O'Brien doing the impossible to save pretty Cecelia Parker, but somehow you don't seem to care.

### IS THERE JUSTICE?—Thrill-O-Drama

A GOOD cast, consisting of Henry B. Walthall, Robert Ellis, Blanche Mehaffey, Rex Lease, Helen Foster and others, fails to make this very entertaining. The experiences of a vicious district attorney, some crooks and a newspaper reporter, with the conviction of innocent parties, make the plot. It comes through with a happy ending.

### BRANDED MEN—Tiffany Prod.

HAVE you been missing those old-time Western thrillers? Then see this—it has everything. A sheriff's life isn't worth a nickel in Deep Gulch. The saloon is run by the bad man of the town and there are hoss thieves, a beauteous blonde, people pushed off cliffs and hard riding. Ken Maynard and that grand horse, Tarzan, rescue the fair damsel, June Clyde.

### THE DECEIVER—Columbia

IAN KEITH makes his matinée idol rôle convincingly villainous, but the plot of this backstage murder mystery limps. You know the story by heart—he's a wicked deceiver of young girls and gets his just punishment. You won't believe it when you behold the matinée audience all dressed up for the evening performance! Just one of those little costuming slips. Dorothy Sebastian and Lloyd Hughes play lovers.

### ANYBODY'S BLONDE— Action Pictures

IN the Hollywood vernacular this is “just a quickie” but there are plenty of well-timed punches, a lot of laughs and good direction. It tells the story of a prize-fighter who is murdered and his newspaper reporter sister who finds the guilty one. Reed Howes and Dorothy Revier do neat work of their respective jobs and Henry B. Walthall is fine.

### THE POCATELLO KID— Tiffany Prod.

GIVE Ken Maynard a Wild West setting, a cause to champion, a lady to save and his good steed, Tarzan—and you have a fast shooting Western. Twin brothers, both crooks, but one redeemed by love, complicate this old plot. Marceline Day is the damsel in distress. There's a hoof beat a minute, if you like that sort of thing.

### EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD— Raspin Prod.

HERE'S the big tent show of all the exploration pictures. Six of the outstanding explorers of the world are gathered together, each to tell in his own words and with his own pictures, the story of adventure. Harold Noice, famed for Brazilian exploits, is master of ceremonies, introducing such famous explorers as Gene Lamb, Harold McCracken, James Clark and Lt. Commander Stenhouse. Fine photography of strange beasts and their haunts.

### BEN HUR—M-G-M

EXAGGERATED gestures take the place of words the screen hadn't yet learned to speak, back in 1925. But, enlivened by a musical score and noisy “sound effects,” it's still eye-filling photography and thrilling action—that chariot race, for instance! Francis X. Bushman breathes fire into Messala, Novarro is a handsome Ben Hur, Carmel Myers the kind of “vamp” who used to send Garbo thrills down audience spines.



## Any Woman Can Be Beautiful

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

Constance Bennett came to me to put on weight she went to bed three nights a week at nine o'clock, and I guess if a girl as popular and as gay as Connie Bennett can give up a few hours' enjoyment for beauty you can.

Here's your menu:

### Breakfast

Big glass of orange or grapefruit juice

Twenty minutes later

Dish of hominy with ripe sliced bananas and certified milk and sugar

Coffee or tea with sugar and cream

Toast with plenty of butter and jam if you like

(Two hours before luncheon a big glass of tomato juice if possible)

### Luncheon

Bowl of thick soup

(Cream of mushroom

or

Cream of tomato

or

Cream of celery

or

Thick vegetable soup

or

Chicken okra with rice or noodles)

Green salad and often half an avocado

Spaghetti (with butter—allowed to melt after the food is off the fire)

or

Egg noodles (with butter)

Chocolate or rice or bread pudding

or

Cup custard

or

Stewed fruits with cream

Bottle of certified milk

(In the middle of the afternoon a glass of milk)

### Dinner

Fruit cocktail

Soup (cream or clear)

Any sort of meat that is broiled or roasted, and gravy; but skim off the fat—it's hard to digest.

Two vegetables (creamed or with butter, and put the butter on *after* the vegetables are done. Use plenty)

Glass of milk

Cup custard

or

Ice Cream

or

Pudding

(Beware of pies unless you are sure you can digest them.)

IN the morning step under a lukewarm shower and then, with a body brush and soap rub your body briskly for five minutes. Step back under shower and wash off soap. If you can stand it finish with a cold shower. If you don't react properly (that is, feel a warm glow afterwards) don't do this.

With a rough towel rub your body for ten or fifteen minutes, working hard on the spine. (You thin girls can get your arms around to your back.)

Rub and rub and rub.

Ride to work. Don't walk too much.

You can swim (the plump girls shouldn't do too much of that).

## does the SOCIETY woman wear TINTED nails or NATURAL?



Gowns from Bergdorf Goodman

*Both! She varies her polish with her gown, using all colors from palest to deepest . . . says world's authority on manicure*

TO TINT OR NOT TO TINT . . . any really smart society lady would sniff—smartly, of course—at such a narrow point of view.

The instant she saw the new nail shades she realized that the big idea was Variety.

She suited her actions to her words and now you can only guess what color nails she'll appear in if you know what color frock she's going to wear. Which she knows simply makes her more devastating!

So if you want to keep up with "Smart Society," get out your wardrobe and decide now what nail tint you'll wear with which frock. See how much more interest the oldest rag has with new nails! It's all worked out for you by an expert in the chart at the right.

But don't forget that quality counts! Cutex Liquid Polish simply hasn't a flaw . . . It flows on smoothly, dries practically instantly. It is safe from all temptation to peel, crack, streak or fade. And is blessed with an ability to gleam for days on end. Pick your favorite shades today.

**FOLLOW THE EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . .** A booklet in every package describes it in detail. Give your nails this simple manicure



**Natural** just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

**Rose** is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with hunter green, black and brown.

**Coral** nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

**Cardinal** is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

**Colorless** is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

each week . . . once a day push back the cuticle and cleanse the tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Before retiring, use Cuticle Oil or Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris

**2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish and 5 other manicure essentials for 12¢**

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I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid Polish and one other shade which I have checked . . . ☐ Rose ☐ Coral ☐ Cardinal

**CUTEX**  
*Liquid Polish*  
**ONLY 35¢**



HE VOWED HE'D BE  
A BACHELOR, BUT

# Her Eyes Captured Him!

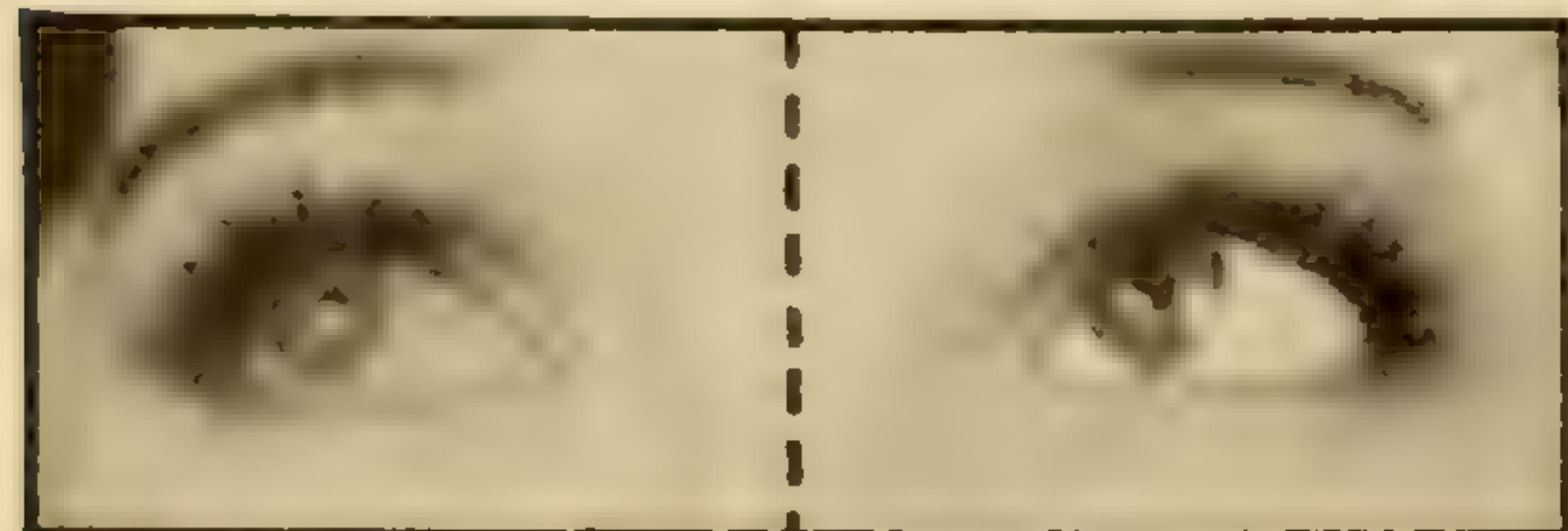


*You, too, can quickly attain  
captivatingly clear, bright  
eyes this safe, easy way*

Many a romance has had its start in a pair of clear, sparkling eyes. Yet most women neglect their eyes shamefully! If given daily attention like the skin, teeth and hair, they will soon attain a clearness and brilliance that will amaze and delight you.

To keep your eyes clear, bright and full of life, nothing equals time-tried *Murine*. It dissolves the dust-laden film of mucus that makes eyes look dull, and by its gentle astringent action reduces bloodshot veins. This soothing, cooling, *harmless* lotion should be applied each night and morning...regularly!

Unlike mere eye washes, *Murine* requires no insanitary eye cup. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug and department stores. Ask for a bottle *today!* For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write Murine Co., Dept. A, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago.



**MAKE THIS TEST!** Drop *Murine* in one eye only . . . then note how clearer, brighter and larger in appearance it very shortly becomes. And also how refreshed and invigorated it feels!

## MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



Photographer Tom Collins, who took the picture (on the right) of Jimmy Walker, claims that the Mayor of New York has a better profile than the famous one of John Barrymore (left). What do you think?

Your exercises should be taken before dinner. Put a sheet on the floor, loosen your clothes and lie down. With arms above head twist and stretch your body. Then pull your legs up and move them back and forth in a scissors movement (as I am doing in picture D). Then, with legs together, pull your knees to your nose (as I am doing in picture E) and straighten them again. Also, with your legs and in the same position make the gesture of riding a bicycle. Finish off by stretching your spine and your whole body with arms above head. Do this for twenty minutes.

When you walk keep your shoulders back.

**T**HERE—that's all, more than enough sleep, the morning shower and rub, the diet and the night's exercise. And if you do this I guarantee that you'll gain the fifteen pounds that the plump girls lose in the first month.

It sounds simple to read it. It is simple, really, and it's fun, too, but it takes stick-ativeness and courage. I know it takes courage

and that's why I'm so proud of those who do it. You'll be proud, too, when you watch yourself grow lovely and when you realize that you're doing it yourself and not depending upon me to pound you, as those lazy stars did.

**N**EXT month I'm going to start giving you exercises that reduce you in spots and build you up in spots and also I'm going to give special diets for special disorders.

At the same time I'm going to start you out to improve your face—you can do that, too.

Come on girls, pitch in. Do this for Sylvia—and for yourself. Think how beautiful you can look. But don't kid yourself and don't alibi. Just do it and do it and do it!

And if you need it and won't do it, don't waste your time reading my articles in *PHOTOPLAY*. Any plump girl who is too lazy to help herself can go on gaining weight and become a big, fat slob for all I care.

## Whom Would You Leave In The Desert?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

**I** AM a sophomore and our sorority had a lot of fun with your dilemma game. We put it up for general vote to see which ones would be chosen. Here are the ones that were saved by an overwhelming majority!

Joan Crawford was a unanimous choice because we think she typifies the sort of girl most of us would like to be.

Clark Gable and Gary Cooper because we get a big kick out of their pictures and personalities.

Bob Montgomery because he's our ideal for a big moment!

Constance Bennett, Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo because they are so keen, so sophisticated.

Not that we don't like the other four—but

we couldn't save them all, could we?

MARY LEE SUDDUTH, Birmingham, Ala.

**W**ELL, your dilemma game certainly gave me the opportunity I've been looking for! A chance to get rid of a few stars that don't deserve the ballyhooing they are getting.

Clark Gable heads my list. How does he get that way? He muffs every big part he gets. Let him perish, say I.

Then you can lose Jean Harlow, Lupe Velez and Bill Haines and I will never miss them. They all think smart-aleck tricks make up good acting.

I wouldn't be so keen on saving Clara Bow or Nancy Carroll but they aren't as boring as the other four.



Constance Bennett gets tiresome but she always pleases the eye. She certainly has grabbed off Gloria's title of being "a clothes horse," as well as her husband.

The rest I would rescue any day—they are real.

LOUISE JEFFERSON, Los Angeles, Calif.

## When Nordic Met Latin

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

here that Garbo and Novarro met for the first time before the camera.

"I felt very strange and I imagine Miss Garbo also felt some restraint at the time," relates Novarro, recalling the incident. "She was so very charming, however, that I felt instantly comfortable.

"There was a total absence of the tension I feared.

"The instant she begins a scene, her whole being seems to change. At once she was *Mata Hari* and not Greta Garbo. It is a great pleasure to work with so magnificent an artist. You find yourself living the rôle, not merely acting it. The energy she expends in her work is amazing. She is not satisfied with only pleasing the director.

"Often, after a scene is okayed, she will plead for a chance to make it again, believing her performance inadequate.

"When we began work together I discovered Miss Garbo did not care to rehearse. It was her habit to walk into her scenes and go right through with them.

"She knows the story, the dialogue by heart before production begins.

"But it is difficult for me to work that way.



International

That Karen Morley girl is always wearing some new gadget and always looking pretty grand while she's doing it. So long as you wear 'em, Karen, we'll publish the pictures. This jewelry invention is called the triangle tango and is a ring bracelet that enhances the left hand as it rests on the table of a smart supper club. Hot-cha-cha!

# The endless BEAUTY CONTEST

no woman  
can avoid

Buy a dozen cakes of Camay—the world's finest, safest beauty soap. Long before the dozen is gone, you'll find that your skin has regained soft, natural, flower-petal loveliness which makes children's skin so appealingly beautiful.



*Do children welcome your presence? Like men, they have an unerring eye for clean, natural loveliness! When their active little minds accept you as attractive, you know that you have won another Beauty Contest—and a hard one at that!*



*Immaculate cleanliness! It's the background of all loveliness! But use only the gentlest, the safest, of beauty soaps on that precious skin of yours!*



*The lather from gentle Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—will give you the finest beauty treatment you have ever had! Never let a lesser soap even touch your skin!*

A brief minute with gentle Camay lather, a soft cloth, and warm water; then a quick, cold rinse—and your skin has been freed from the film of invisible dirt which clogs pores and dims the natural, shell-like beauty of your skin. Your face glows with fresh loveliness, and is ever so soft and smooth. But trust only Camay! 73 of America's leading skin doctors praise Camay as being delicate enough, *safe* enough, for your skin. You *are* in a Beauty Contest that goes on all day long . . . every day of your life. Let Camay—and Camay alone—help you win!

# CAMAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN





## is PURITY important, girls?

HAVE you ever avoided gazing into his eyes . . . because you're afraid of close scrutiny? Ever had the disappointment of donning your favorite hat, and discovering it exposed an unlovely cheek? Do you sometimes hesitate to face the cruel, bright daylight?

Of course, heavy powdering will cover up the blemishes. Yet this is the very thing that aggravates your skin. And besides . . . men hate "that powdered look."

You say, "What's a girl to do?" The answer's easy: Use powder that is pure. Impure powders cause irritations and blemishes. Only powder that is pure can protect your skin.

And powder that is pure and fine means protection plus beauty. Luxor powder is made in scientific laboratories, of only the purest ingredients. It's sifted through tight-stretched silk to make it fine and soft. It will bring a new, smooth transparency to your skin . . . the radiance and bloom of pure beauty.

Luxor products are not costly: face-powder, 50 cents a box, rouge 50 cents, lipstick 50 cents.



## Luxor, Ltd.

Luxor, Ltd., 1355 W. 31st St., Chicago, Ill.

I guess purity is important. Here's ten cents for a sample of the pure face-powder. (Check)—Rachel, Flesh, White.

PP-A

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

I need rehearsals to make myself certain I understand exactly how a scene should be played. I like to rehearse with the lights, camera, microphones, just as it will be when it is actually filmed. When Miss Garbo realized my method of working differed from her own, she graciously offered to rehearse.

"OFTEN, while the new camera angles were being lined up on the set, we would sit in her little portable dressing-room and go over the lines together. Other times she would prefer to walk outside and run through the dialogue as we strolled the streets between the stages.

"During our conferences with Mr. Fitzmaurice on the set, Miss Garbo never was arbitrary in making demands. Her ideas are sound and studied. She has a comprehensive knowledge of picture technique and nothing is too much trouble for her if it means anything to the picture. If a point tended to bring a discussion to the borderline of disagreement, she always managed to smooth it over with a joke. She has a grand sense of humor and loves to 'kid.' She is warmly interested in every detail of production and seems to enjoy her work with more than ordinary relish.

"When our first scene was finished, the still cameraman set up his camera to take the first still pictures in which we appeared together. In it we posed in the doorway to the luxurious chamber in which the love scenes were played.

As we posed both of us seemed suddenly self-conscious. In a way, it was a test. Perhaps she felt I was watching to see if she would 'upstage' me, a trick to hold the center of the picture. Or possibly she was waiting to see if I would try it on her. It is strange, but little things sometimes mount to enormous proportions. Whatever it was that made me feel tense at the moment, vanished the second I heard the camera shutter click. She looked up and laughed at me. We were friends.

"The day we worked on the long scenes in *Mata Hari's* apartment she wore that gorgeous costume made of many thousands of beads. I think it weighed something more than fifty pounds. Naturally it was very fatiguing, going over the scenes, again and again, to get the correct camera lines and working out traveling shots.

"I got to be pretty close to five o'clock and Miss Garbo was beginning to look tired. Mr. Fitzmaurice was intending to take the scene from another angle when he looked up and saw Miss Garbo removing the elaborate headdress and shaking the hairpins from her head. She smiled graciously, said goodnight, and said she would see us at nine o'clock in the morning. No word of complaint or apology. She came to work early in the morning and worked steadily until five at night. That's all there was to it. No 'I go home!' as I



"They wanted me to take a lousy grand a week, the gyps"



heard so much about. Just an independence and courage to do what she believes the right thing.

"Her emotional intensity is genuine. Her rôle acts as a complete metamorphosis. It is an inspiration to work with her. Temperament? She is too timid to storm, even if she chose to. She is more like a girl than a woman.

"I don't know what people expected would happen when we were put opposite each other. But it was the happiest experience of my entire career!"

## Will Marlene Break the Spell?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

in England he met a strange little man interested in art and *belle lettres*, who told him, "The only way to succeed is by making people hate you. I intend to bring myself to the attention of the higher and mightier ones by making them remember me as someone whom they hate."

This was, of course, Von Sternberg. He has succeeded.

When he was starting out in the business, a famous director who wanted to help him said, "I believe you can be a director. In three months I could teach you to be one."

To which Von Sternberg replied, "It would take *me* longer than that to teach *you* to direct."

Once Von Sternberg was employed by M-G-M. His first picture was put into the hands of a supervisor who disliked him. The finished result was a botch. Von Sternberg was, at the time, in the midst of directing Mae Murray. When he saw the result of his first M-G-M attempt he walked on his set one day, turned his cameras heavenwards, took a hundred feet of film showing the cobwebbed rafters of the stage's ceiling and, with this magnificent nose thumbing gesture, left the lot never to return.

Yet there is a legend which says he used to stand in the doorway of his house upon a hill and, throwing his sensitive hands toward the lighted panorama of the city below, cry in childish ecstasy, "My Hollywood!" And that he would listen for the purr of cars coming up the hill and when he knew that he was to have visitors he would run into the house and seat himself in a high backed chair with an erudite book (title carefully displayed) before his face.

I COULD go on and on recounting Von Sternberg yarns, but perhaps there are enough to show you that the man is a trifle mad—yet he comes darn close to being a genius.

Finding life falling short of his fantastic ideal, he has built up in his films a world of his own, peopled with great heroic characters, women with incredible brains, women who make incredible gestures, women who behave not at all as we, who have wiped the star dust from our eyes, expect human beings to behave, but women who, if they existed, would certainly give the dish of life a French sauce of romance and color.

And now we come to Marlene.

Von Sternberg has created her in the image of these women about whom he dreams and whom he crystallizes upon a screen. He saw her, as Stiller saw Garbo, a piece of clay waiting for his hands to mould.

But Stiller saw Garbo as an actress. What she did off screen did not matter to him as long as she loved him.

Von Sternberg does not want love from Marlene. But he, being a different type of man from Stiller, wants more.

He has tried to mould her not only as an actress but as a person.



# COLDS

## make handkerchiefs dangerous

**Prevent self-infection by using KLEENEX disposable tissues—50c size now 35c**

**T**HE common handkerchief is now known to be an almost unbelievable source of danger during colds.

When you have a cold, thousands of germs are poured into your handkerchief *every time you use it*. These germs are carried to your nose and mouth again and again. They're spread through the air, they contaminate clothing and laundry bags.

**Now—a health handkerchief!**

When you have a cold, use Kleenex! These exquisite tissues are superior to handkerchiefs in every way, yet *cost far less than laundering alone!*

So you use each tissue but once. Then you destroy it. Completely. And destroy germs too. You need never touch a soiled, damp, hand-

kerchief to your face. *Need never wash one.*

**Price reduced one third!**

And now Kleenex costs much less than ever before! The big box, formerly priced at 50c, now costs but 35c, at any drug, drygoods or department store. Never pay more.

At this low price, you'll find Kleenex more useful than ever. Use it for removing face creams, blot up those fine impurities that cling so stubbornly in the pores. For applying and blending make-up.

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Lake Michigan Bldg.,  
Chicago, Illinois.



Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

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In Canada, address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

## KLEENEX Disposable TISSUES

**Germ-filled handkerchiefs are a menace to society!**





"Oh, Beth,  
I asked  
Mrs. Dobbs  
at the beauty  
shop  
what to do  
about my rough  
'dishpan hands'"

"What did  
she say?"



"You'll be  
surprised!  
Just to use  
Lux instead  
of ordinary

soap! . . . It gives your hands  
*beauty care in the dishpan!"*

### A HINT FROM 305 FAMOUS BEAUTY SHOPS

Here is a way to turn your dish-washing into *beauty care*! Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say — "We actually *can't tell the difference* between the hands of a woman who uses Lux in the dishpan and those of a woman with maids to do all her work. Lux is so gentle it gives the hands a real *beauty treatment*."

And how little this precious care costs! *Less than 1¢ a day*—for the big box of Lux does 6 weeks' dishes!



I remember the first time I saw Marlene Dietrich.

I thought her one of the loveliest women I'd ever known. That she was unhappy in America I knew—as Garbo was unhappy when she first came over. But she talked freely of her baby, of her life in Germany, of her husband. Von Sternberg was not there.

When he came in the room—as he always eventually comes into any room where Marlene is, he bowed politely to me and turned to Marlene to talk to her in German. She arose instantly. "I must go," she said. And shortly she left.

She is two different women. With Von Sternberg she is what he has made her be, the woman who wandered through "Morocco" on a pair of ridiculously high heels, the woman who rouged her lips before facing a firing squad in "Dishonored." When she is away from him she is a gay, happy, laughing child. The mask is tossed away, the pose is gone. She is the Marlene Dietrich of Germany and not the creation of Von Sternberg of some mystic Graustarkian country.

IN spite of the fact that he says she helps direct her pictures and that it makes her furious to be told he dominates her, his spell has lasted over her since her arrival in this country. And then came those fatal ten days and the spell was broken. It was during those ten days that she laughed and danced with Maurice Chevalier. And, although they are back together again, she and Josef, lunching and talking their serious talk, there is a difference. Things are not as they were.

As a person, this all affects her tremendously but it chiefly concerns her career, which is now at a serious crisis. Not even her most ardent admirers (of which I am one) can fail to see that she has (through Von Sternberg) repeated her rôles in every picture. And already people are asking, "What would happen if someone else directed Marlene?"

It is in her contract that Von Sternberg shall direct her pictures.

BUT suppose those ten days have paved the way for her, suppose she should work for another man? Undoubtedly the vague, intangible, inarticulate woman would be gone and in her stead would be a warm, alive, delightful actress—as Marlene herself really is.

Now perhaps you wonder where Marlene's husband, Rudolf Sieber, comes into all this. He plays a certain rôle in Marlene's life but not the starring one. Her baby is her greatest and most vital interest. Don't forget that Sieber was an assistant director who could further her interests on the screen in Germany at the time she married him.

And she loves him, of course, since he is the father of her child and that child, little Maria, is her ruling passion.

Marlene is not a strange figure. She is a woman of intelligence and charm. She takes a normal interest in having a good time. Von Sternberg has made her the thing she appears to be. But now that she is being gradually weaned away from the influence—what will happen to her? Du Maurier's ending for his novel "Trilby" was not a happy one. But *Trilby* did not have the brains Marlene has.



"Well, Connie's married again and this Hank seems to be a nice fellow," beams Richard Bennett. So, with Connie settled in that little love nest for two, papa Dick can pitch right in and do a lot more picture rôles as grand as the one he played in "Arrowsmith"



## Marion's Philosophy

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

She paused; whirled on me suddenly. "Do you know that I am the only woman on stage or screen who stutters? I have felt that handicap from the first. When talking pictures came—," she shuddered. "But I never stutter in a picture, do I? You haven't noticed it, have you?" She waited anxiously for my denial.

"Well, I did on the stage. My very first line was 'I'm the Spirit of the Follies.' I worried myself sick for fear I couldn't do it but kept building my courage by saying I *could* do it.

"I couldn't. They pulled the curtain on me. They took the line away because I had stuttered so I couldn't finish the sentence. I cried for two days. Then, the third morning, I went to the window and saw that new light creeping slowly but steadily through the darkness of the terrible night. And I knew that if the world got new light every morning, I could get a new chance when I wouldn't stutter." Another long interlude of silence.

"I was paid eighteen dollars a week for that first job. I wanted my mother to have an automobile. More than anything else in the world I wished her to ride in a car like other mothers. I saved every penny. I finally saved \$150 and bought her one. Then, when I had paid for it and couldn't take it back, I took it home. When it stopped at home, it stopped forever. It never ran again. It was too old!

"As for a sense of humor," again she hesitated. "I guess that has something to do with the days, too. At night you are alone. How you feel, doesn't matter much, does it? But when the day comes and you must be with other people—

"What's the use of being downcast and gloomy and blue when there's light all around you? You have the light for only such a short time. And if things happen which *hurt*, you can learn to laugh and to joke and to think of *another day* which is coming! You can even forget the night which must come before the light.

"The days are so short. Yet, life is just as short! You might as well get all the fun you can from life just as you get all the sunshine from the day before night cuts it away from you.

"This awful depression! It is to the world what the nights have always been to me. And if you can help a little, encourage people in believing it is to pass as the night does, why shouldn't you? Without the breaking of some dawns, I could not have endured life. Without a little help, others may not be able to withstand their nights!"

Marion stopped as abruptly as she had started slowly. Her eyes widened as though with surprise at herself. "Oh, I hope I haven't bored you. I never talk like this."

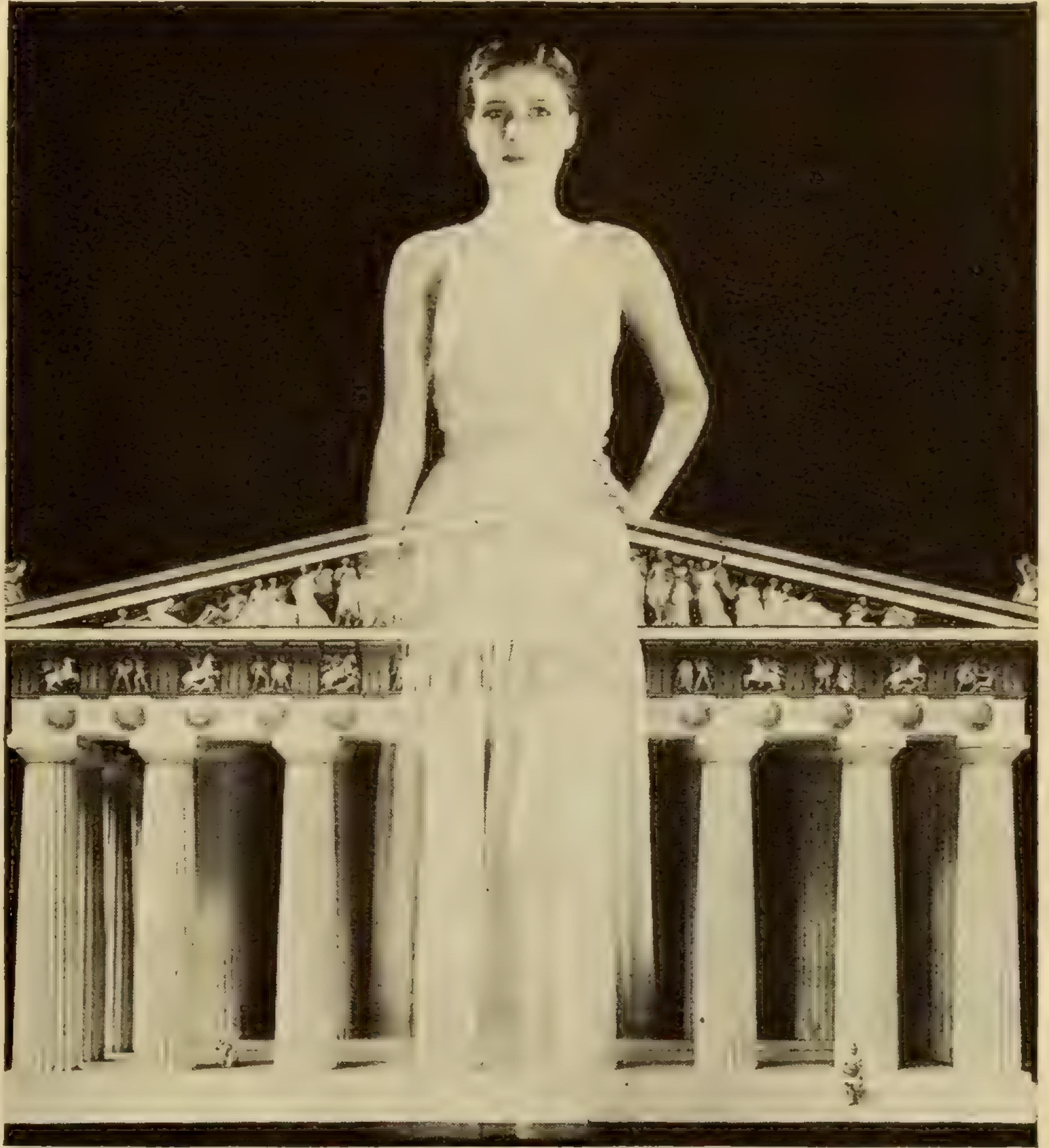
Marie Dressler had told me her philosophy of life in one sentence, "Don't expect too much of life." PHOTOPLAY had printed it and Marie had received hundreds upon hundreds of letters from those who had been helped by it.

Now, I had Marion Davies' "Another Day!" Perhaps people *would* believe and get help, also. And now I know also the answers to my questions!

Marion Davies is all that she is because she is *not* just one more celebrity in the stock-room of fame. She is one of those rare humans who has developed a philosophy to help her through pain and grief as well as success and good fortune. Furthermore, she is a woman who *works* at her philosophy. Most of us are too lazy to work at what we believe. Marion Davies is not too lazy to work out her own philosophy of life.

# LET'S TALK TRUTH!

## Women out of sorts often need Sal Hepatica



★ The Greeks revered the body as a temple. A temple must, above all, ★ be clean. So naturally, among the Greek ideals of beauty for the body, was the ideal of cleanliness.

Bodies, today as then, must be clean. And they must be clean internally as well as externally. For only then comes the full radiance of natural beauty. Only then the full joy of health, and powers of mind.

Neglect of this internal care keeps many women "out of sorts." Not well—yet not ill—they fail to discover what their difficulty is.

They need to practice intestinal cleanliness with the simple aid of a saline, with Sal Hepatica. Promptly, indeed, Sal Hepatica flushes poisons and wastes from the system.

To drink salines for health's and beauty's sake, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, they go each season, to drink daily of the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica provides you with equivalent saline benefits. By clearing away poisons and acidity it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other digestive ills.

Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean one whole week. See how much better you feel, how much younger you look!



**Sal Hepatica**

*Sal Hepatica never has the tendency to make its takers stout.*

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71 West St., New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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after  
that  
**COLD!**




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Don't sit around and suffer. Quick relief is waiting—at the nearest drug store. Go right down and ask for Mentholatum. Use it immediately! Put just a bit in each nostril to clear your head in a hurry. Rub it into your throat and chest to prevent or break up congestion. Buy Mentholatum now!





**"Pointed or Curved?"**

Will you choose the clear cut pointed lines of youth—or the subtly rounded lines of maturity?

Why not wear a brassiere in harmony with your figure and personality?

**CLASSIC - FORM** supports and molds the bust into lines of classical beauty.

**JUANITA DICKSON** is now offering **CLASSIC - FORM** brassieres adapted to the individual.

Special invisible models for evening, sports, and backless bathing suits. All sizes available in imported net, silk, and lace—\$3.50 and up.

Write for booklet and order questionnaire.

**JUANITA DICKSON**  
Box No. 1906, Hollywood,  
California.

Patent No. 1836840

## What Happened to Harry Langdon

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40 ]

Those who knew nothing about it added incidents to make it all seem more important. It was talked about by everyone, the principal topic in the smart luncheon places and the athletic club locker rooms.

So Langdon thought he was somebody now, did he?

Producing his own pictures had gone to his head.

Wanted to be a big shot, did he?

And the comedian himself was as bewildered by it all as that vague, pitiful little character he played upon the screen might have been when he found himself caught up in a tangled web of circumstance.

Langdon is a highly sensitized fellow. The thing completely got him. It took away his morale, his pep, his enthusiasm. It made him self-conscious. He had a contract to fulfil. He must go on making pictures, but now when he walked on the set he could feel the cold eyes of his co-workers waiting for his interference, already sure that he was going to make himself objectionable.

**F**EARFUL lest he prove true the statements made in the letter, he took anyone's advice. Trying to overcome and live down his undeserved reputation, he would listen to any prop boy's suggestion for a gag and try to use it. He also heeded the advice of one of the other producers who told him he should shoot his stuff fast, turn out pictures and cash in quick.

Chaplin takes a year and more on one film. Lloyd does the same thing. Langdon was making comedies in six weeks and it was impossible to catch that rare, ephemeral thing that gets laughs—a quality less sustained, more difficult to imprison than tragedy.

He was bewildered. He was miserable. The critics panned these quickly turned out films and everyone added, "Since Langdon has gone high hat his work has suffered."

Well, it got him down—that's all. It simply robbed him of everything he had to give to the screen, which was quite a lot. He couldn't be funny when he knew that they were all whispering about him, that they all believed the stories of his conceit.

It ate into him. He didn't want to see people, he didn't want to be watched on the set. He tried being too friendly and managed to be

just a little eccentric instead.

And one letter from an ex-employee of his had done it.

It would be a grand case D for a psychoanalyst if it weren't so pitiful.

**A**ND now here's the ironic part. While the man who wrote that letter has become successful and prosperous and powerful in Hollywood, Langdon is trying desperately in New York to get a job. He is broke. To help himself eke out a living, he draws cartoons for the funny magazines. They're surprisingly good, too.

He plays around in vaudeville. He and his second wife are dickering over a separation.

His life is in a mess. In real life he's playing that beaten, knocked about little fellow he made popular on the screen.

But he says, "Having a jinx follow you is fun. At any rate there's never a dull moment."

But that is not quite true. There have been plenty of dull moments for Harry Langdon, and heartbreaking ones, too.

Not so long ago he signed with Hal Roach to make two-reelers. He'd never met Roach before. The first thing said was, "Now, see here, Langdon, none of that high handed stuff you pulled at First National."

And that was years after the letter had been written.

Nobody has ever forgotten it.

He wants to come back—more than anything else in the world.

And he says, "I can make good comedies, too, if I'm not licked."

**H**E laughs but he's afraid. He knows he's still a good comedian, but every time anybody looks at him sideways he remembers the letter and its tragic results. At the moment, he's got a swell chance. The talkies need good shorts and they need good comedians to make them. Harry Langdon was, and still is, one of the best—when given the right break, left to work out his gags and not reminded of his supposed egotism.

For, in reality, he is as unassuming and democratic a little person as you'll meet.

And that's the story of how one man was beaten down at the height of a brilliant career, and licked by a letter!

## The Unknown Hollywood I Know

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]

Kerry got together over a couple of tall iced ones the stories they told and the smart cracks they made were as grand as they were unprintable.

Lew and Aileen Pringle co-starred. That was a mistake.

Those two never hit it off. Maybe it was because Aileen had some stories to tell, too. And the velocity of the Pringle conversation is something that has amazed Hergesheimer, Mencken, Van Vechten and Rupert Hughes, to name a few.

I wish I could put Aileen Pringle on paper—that fascinating, facetious, delightful companion who lived her cinema life too soon; that first water sophisticate who livened up every dinner party and who has the ability to make a coal miner's shack seem like a queen's drawing-room. I could devote pages to the Pringle wit. Perhaps one incident will suffice.

Her home in Santa Monica was the official hangout of the literati. Once Carl Van Vechten came to town and Aileen wanted something

just a bit ultra-ultra as entertainment for him. Her fertile brain at last devised the astonishing idea of inviting Aimee Semple McPherson to have dinner with him.

Through a reporter friend of mine who had covered the McPherson disappearance case, we got the evangelist, her daughter, her manager-deacon and his wife to dinner at Van Vechten's bungalow in the Ambassador Hotel. Before the arrival of Aimee, who can give all the Hollywood actresses cards and spades when it comes to showmanship, Aileen was as nervous as an extra girl doing her first bit. We had arranged the room. The table was round, the cloth as white and as uninteresting as virtue and there were ten glasses of water, one at each place, that looked like nothing so much as ten glasses of water. Aileen, with shouts of delight, unearthed a Gideon Bible and displayed it conspicuously.

Breathlessly we awaited the McPherson party, Aileen and I running to the balcony to take last minute puffs of cigarettes. She ar-



rived and impressed us all with her remarkable acting.

Aileen was just that coy with the McPherson and so decorous that we looked at her in amazement. Only once during the dinner did the old Pringle speak from the new Pringle's lips. Aimee had been telling about the efficiency of the radio. She said that a poor family needed a mattress and that she had asked for one over the air. "And would you believe it?" she added dramatically, "the next day I got twenty-four mattresses."

Suddenly Aileen piped up, "But what did you do with the other twenty-three?" A withering look from Aimee's deacon-manager and a kick in the shins from me sealed Pringle's mouth for the rest of the evening. In those

# Into your cheeks

there comes a

**NEW  
MYSTERIOUS**

**GLOW!**

**INTO CHEEKS** touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty — color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical underglow that makes brilliancy natural!

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to ordinary rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

#### The Life Principle of All Color is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color showing through the skin from beneath.

Now, then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow*. On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts glow*—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin*. It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effect *never*.

#### Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret can give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of

two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need*.

#### Every Shade of Princess Pat matches any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your skin*. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited*. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic glowing shade for night — under artificial lights.

#### Be Beautiful Today as You never were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be*.

**Princess Pat Lip Rouge** a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible. You'll love it!



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This is one of the devastating costumes which Jeanette MacDonald will wear in the Chevalier picture, "One Hour With You." Isn't that short tunic of coarse white lace effective when worn over a black velvet gown! You will notice it is slightly fitted and that black velvet buttons outline the front closing

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DEPILATORY CREAM  
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ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT (Formerly \$5.00) Now in a new \$1.00 size package  
**Permanently Destroys Hair**

days you didn't mention mattresses to Aimee McPherson and Aileen knew it.

Always the center of the stage, Aileen preferred the society of men to that of the average woman, yet her women friends she holds very dear and they always adore her. Long before the sophisticated shady lady was popular on the screen, Aileen had the idea. But then a woman was an ingénue or a vamp and there were no in-betweens. When they put her in Elinor Glyn rôles, Aileen wailed, "But that's not what I mean."

So they co-starred her with Lew Cody in farces—still a far cry to the woman she might have been in pictures.

She and Cody did not get along. He was too jovial, too much the good fellow, too little the real sophisticate to suit Aileen. They bickered on the set but were charming to each other at parties. At the studio Aileen did everything she could to annoy Cody (including eating onions before going into love scenes with him).

I used to watch them work, see them cast fishy eyes at each other when the camera was still and then walk before the lights and go into a tender love scene.

I think that the most universally beloved person on the lot (and I'm not a sentimentalist who invariably speaks well of the dead) was Lon Chaney.

THE title "mystery man" did not become him at all. If ever there were an open souled dear it was Lon. He pulled the mystery gag as a publicity stunt and didn't pull it very well, as a matter of fact. Always making a great fuss about refusing interviews he never, as long as I was at M-G-M, actually refused one. We said, for publicity purposes, that he was hard to see. He wasn't.

I've heard him time and time again giving interviews like this:

"So you've come to interview me, have you, dear? Well, I don't like to talk about myself. No sir, it's better to be mysterious. If you want to know anything about me ask the prop boys, ask the electricians—see, I still have my card in the stage hands union. Did you know I was born in Colorado Springs and my father and mother were deaf mutes? You didn't? Well, I don't like to talk about myself. Ask the boys who work with me about me. Now, I'll tell you how I got in pictures. We were stranded in Santa Ana and I heard they needed extras in the movies, etc., etc., etc." You get the idea.

That was Lon's big mystery stuff. As honest as a railroad man's watch and as open faced—Lon was completely free from pose, unless you'd call the pride he took in his democracy a pose.

It was only the weird characters he played that made you think him weird.

ONCE he brought some members of his family to see the studio. He was taking them over the lot and he wanted to go on Jack Gilbert's set, but was told that Mr. Gilbert was doing a highly emotional scene and couldn't be disturbed. Lon was furious. "What bunk," he said. "Jack should know he's just an actor like the rest of us. You do your job and that's that!" But the incident began a feud between Chaney and Gilbert that did not end until a few months before Lon's death.

Lon loved to talk to visitors. And whenever I brought anybody out to look at his set he always came over, explained the picture, explained his part, explained his make-up, always carefully adding, "But I don't like to talk about myself. If you want to know anything about me, just ask the prop boys."

And if you did ask, the prop boys gave a glowing account of him. Generous to a fault, Lon was always the first to come on the lot at Christmas time bearing lavish gifts.

He adored his work. No make-up task was too difficult, no hours too long, if he got an effect. And yet I've always felt that "Tell It to the Marines," in which he used no make-up at all, was his best picture.

There are many girls on the M-G-M lot who have Lon Chaney to thank for the helpful hints he gave them. Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree, Norma Shearer, Anita Page—in fact whenever a new contract player appeared Lon made it a point to look her up and show her little secrets of make-up and screen technique.

I truly believe that his death was mourned more sincerely than the passing of any other film personage.

Next month, I'm going to tell you why Eleanor Boardman caused the publicity department the most trouble of any of the stars. It's an unusual reason. And I'll let you in on a secret about Billie Haines' first picture break. And then I've a couple of swell stories about Joan Crawford and a peach about Anita Page and her unhappy start with Harry Thaw.

## To the Head of the Class

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

gradually, into married bliss with his Dolo Costello, his daughter, his stuffed fish, his yacht.

Now he subsides into a co-starring partnership with Lionel, at half his former salary.

AND Miss Ethel—what of her? The great daughter, queen of our stage, fades into an unhappy middle age.

Her health has suffered. Her starring tours, chiefly a matter of the road, are not too successful.

Even in New York, where a beautiful theater is erected in her name, she has to force a run.

Ethel, over the brink of fifty, has not lived up to the glorious promise of her girlhood.

Nor, as a matter of fact, has the beautiful, wastrel young John.

What have we left? Just brother Lionel—that's all!

But what a brother Lionel!

He followed his brilliant, showy performance in "A Free Soul" with another legal effort in "Guilty Hands." As a matter of fact, I fear

poor Lionel is slated to play lawyers until removed from this legal earth.

Companies demand him. As a featured actor, he cannot be in enough places at once. And this, mark you, the discarded director—the eldest and most outworn of the Barrymores—the last leaf on the tree.

Do you wonder that I laugh?

For he was just brother Lionel—the first-born and first-to-die of a passing generation. And at long last—seemingly safely buried under a director's horn—he emerges with a series of fine theatrical performances that set the younger film critics to dithering.

But I don't wonder.

IMERELY remember a day twenty years back—when I went into the old Dreamland and saw "The New York Hat." And I saw an actor, then thirty-one, who knew his business.

I do not claim to be gifted with second sight. But it pleases me to think, now, that with beautiful Brother John and famous Sister Ethel on the downward trail, just brother Lionel is doing so well!



# The Man That Gloria Married

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

Sainte-Saubeur as *Diane*; a *Tricorne* "entree" with the Comte and Comtesse Elle de Gaigeron, Comtesse Gerard de Moustier, and Comte Palfy; the beautiful Russian, once a refugee in London who married Sir Robert Abdy, who was taken up socially by Lady Cunard and has since divorced her husband and has been taken up by continental society.

The list of names at the grand fêtes would fill a very large volume. They are all clever and artistic and resourceful and spend much time arranging affairs that are spectacular and artistic triumphs.

At such parties one always finds Michael Farmer.

I HAVE read so many mis-statements of Mr. Farmer's occupation, his birthplace and his wealth that perhaps it is timely to say a little about these things. Michael Farmer was born in Dublin, Ireland, about twenty-nine years ago, of poor parents.

While quite young he came to London and eventually became the protégé of Mr. Wade Chance, a well-known American who died a few years ago.

A friend of Mr. Chance, an American lady, Mrs. Edmund Hubbard, rather elderly and perhaps best described as a woman somewhat resembling Mrs. Sheppard (the former Miss Helen Gould), took a great interest in young Mr. Farmer. This interest grew as she knew him better and she wished to adopt him as her son, but he would not consent to it. Many people could not understand his refusal to be adopted by Mrs. Hubbard but he always told his friends that he wished to be free to make his life and his friends independently and he could not do so if he consented to be a son, as he would feel obliged to consult others.

Through Mrs. Hubbard's advice Michael Farmer became associated with a partner, a Mr. Hogan—an American—in the insurance business, and the firm was known as Hogan and Farmer. They wrote all kinds of insurance and acted as motor agents as well, arranging for cars to meet ships on cabled requests from America, provided with reliable chauffeurs, etc., and also acting as "man of affairs" as it is



Here's a trick combination! Constance Cummings' belt matches her string of beads. And the belt also cleverly allies itself with her dress by having the fastening of the material. That's a pert bonnet, too, with its feather sticking jauntily up at the back

GOOD CLOTHES ARE WASTED ON ELSIE— WITH THAT STRINGY, OILY HAIR SHE HAS!

JUST SO MANY MORE PARTNERS FOR US, OLD DEAR! I'VE NOTICED MEN LIKE NICE HAIR

POOR ELSIE—SOME-BODY OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT PACKER'S PINE TAR SHAMPOO!



**IF YOU HAVE OILY HAIR**, the reason is that the muscles controlling thousands of oil glands all over your scalp are "flabby." Instead of controlling the oil supply and feeding it regularly to your hair, they just fill up and spill over—starving your hair one minute, flooding it the next.

An ordinary shampoo merely washes out the last flood. Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—made especially for *oily hair*—does more. It is mildly astringent. It tends to tighten the relaxed oil glands.

Wash your hair with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* as often as it gets oily—every two or three days at first, if necessary. Every shampoo is a scientific home *treatment* that works away at the oil glands to restore their healthy, *normal* action.

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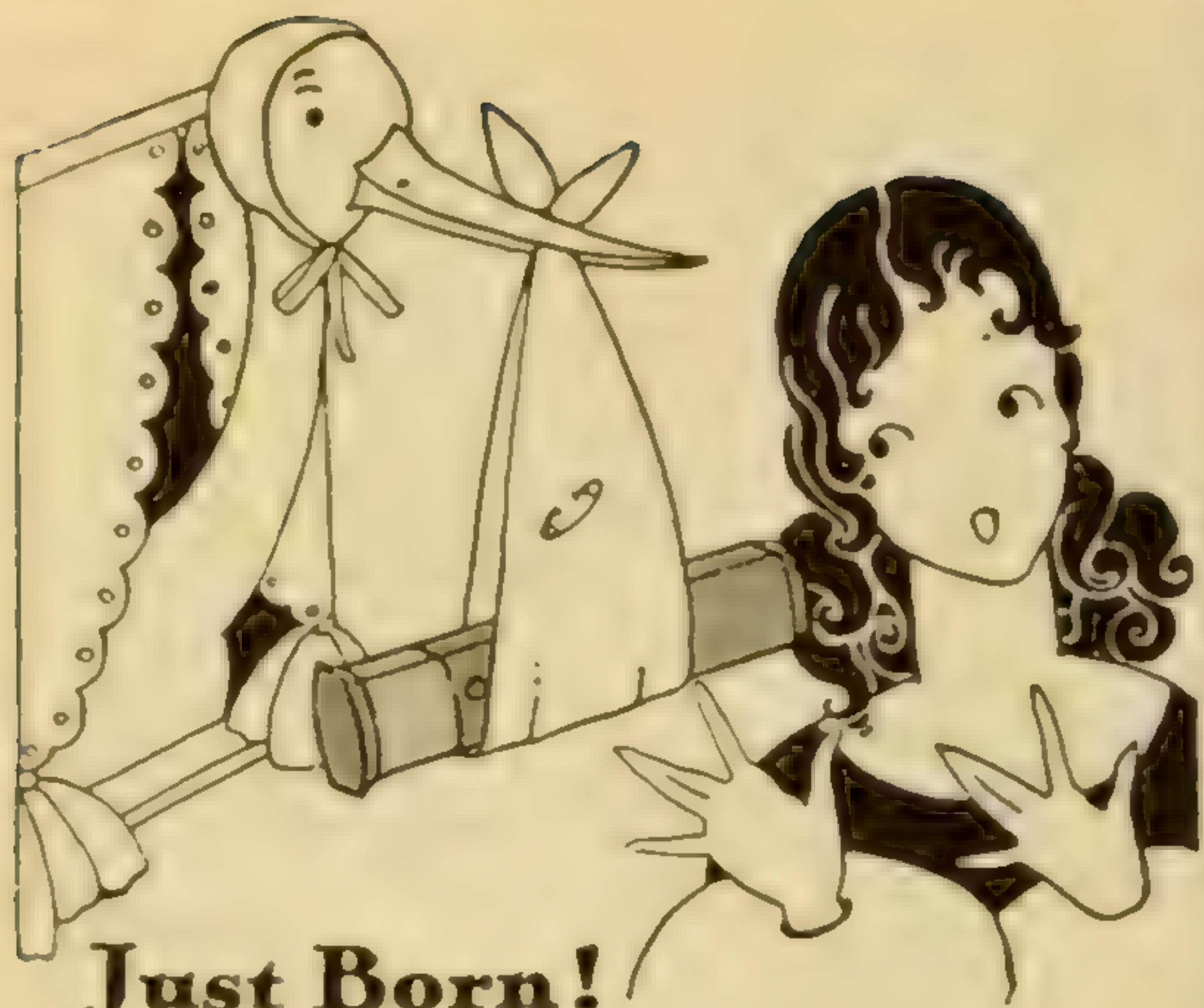
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If you use Po-Go—that imported, French-made, hand-made Rouge—you'll want Po-Go's new modern Lipstick, too. It lends your lips the same Parisian smartness—goes on smoothly—never looks greasy—and remains for hours!

Po-Go Lipstick costs (surprise!) only 50c! Its colorful case is smart as the most expensive. Nearly all drug and department stores already have Po-Go Lipstick. But it's so new that if you can't get it, write direct to us.

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Ronce (Raspberry)  
Vif (bright)  
Cardinal (very bright)  
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for blonds)

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HER golden hair magnetizes, attracts—gets her more dates than any other girl in the crowd. And it's Blondex that gives her the lead. This special shampoo puts captivating sparkle, glorious golden color in all blonde hair. Not only does Blondex prevent darkening—but safely brings back alluring golden brightness to faded, lustreless light hair. Not a dye. Simply a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a rich, penetrating foam. Fine for hair and scalp. Thousands of lovely blondes rely on Blondex. At all drug and department stores.

called in France. That is, the agent who inspects, buys and sells motors. This business is now owned by Mr. Farmer and is known as Michael Farmer, Inc.

During her lifetime, Mrs. Hubbard gave a great deal of her time to charities and also entertained her contemporaries. She was a charming and gracious woman and her later life was devoted to interest in Mr. Farmer's welfare. Upon her death she left her great fortune to him—a fortune estimated at eight or nine millions of dollars.

She had very definite ideas for Mr. Farmer's future. She was, latterly, interested in almost nothing else except that which concerned him. Frequently she has called me from her apartment at the Ritz several times in one evening and afterward has arrived at my home, getting me out of bed, to discuss something concerning Michael.

At one time he was devoted to an American school girl studying in Paris, Miss Mimi Brokaw of New York, the present Mrs. Richard D. Tucker. Miss Brokaw was, at that time, the most beautiful girl in Paris. Finishing her education she left for London where she was presented at court, later returning to New York to make her debut and subsequently marrying Mr. Tucker.

Mrs. Hubbard frowned at this friendship of Mr. Farmer's as she decried the source of the fortune as "having been made in clothes; they were tailors, my dear." Then there was another girl who worried her dreadfully, Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, widely reported by the press on both sides of the Atlantic as the future wife of Michael Farmer.

Stanley Mortimer, the brother of the famous "Tuki," the former wife of Count Zoppola and Mrs. Mortimer were being divorced. Mrs. Mortimer was earning her living as a mannequin in a dress establishment in Paris and Michael, in his kindly affectionate way felt sorry for her, took her to parties and tried to see that she had a good time. That's all there was to this report.

Marilyn Miller, the famous actress, frequent visitor to France, captured Michael's roving eye with her winsome smile and her sunny, sweet disposition, her charming unspoiled little-girl manner. She had just been divorced from Jack Pickford and was, of course, very much in the news. This worried Mrs. Hubbard almost to distraction, but nothing came of it.

As to Michael, whenever discussing marriage, he always entered into the conversation enthusiastically. He lives in Paris, in a beautiful apartment which he bought and furnished in the most exquisite taste with rare and lovely antiques. It is in an historic street, one that figures in the scenes in the Du Maurier play "Peter Ibbetson." In his dreams of a future looming large on the canvas he painted a scene with a lovely large house out of Paris, with a splendid garden. The girl he married must be young, talented, beautiful, jolly, gay and sweet. They must have a large family of lovely children. I have heard Michael make this statement at least a hundred times.

Will Gloria Swanson care sufficiently for this new world opened to her by marriage with Mr. Farmer, to shine as a continental society woman, the wife of one of the most popular men on the continent? Surely Michael Farmer can find nothing to interest him in Hollywood. His friends, his life, his ties are all in Europe. If Gloria will not give up her screen career—and she still has a contract and plans new pictures—what will this marriage mean, if they are to be separated by thousands of miles?

WILL she be interested to compete with the sophisticated women of the world of wealth, society and leisure she has been impersonating for years on the screen, and how will she succeed? What is her equipment?

The answer is all contained right in the inner corners of her own heart. She must learn to play, to let herself be happy, to rest on her laurels and to make her future gloriously happy and successful as a companion and playmate as well as a wife.



How'd you like to wake up some morning and find a gadget like this camera crane swinging over your bed? But at the studio it's all in a day's work—just Director E. H. Griffith (gentleman with bedside manner) moving in for a close-up of Connie Bennett in "Lady With a Past." And a past is all this lady would have if the darn thing slipped



## The New Gretna Green

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

means is a merry ha-ha. Yuma got wise, too. Two new signs were posted in the lobby of the brilliant white courthouse. One sign glows in golden letters to the right as you enter the lobby.

You can't miss it. It reads:

MARRIAGE  
LICENSES

It points up a flight of stairs. Directly opposite it is an equally brilliant gold-lettered sign. It reads:

JUSTICE  
of the  
PEACE

It points down a flight of stairs. And if that isn't service, what is? Upstairs is a young chap by the name of Donald Wisener.

A year or so ago, he thought he'd never see a movie star in person.

But he's issued marriage licenses to so many of them by now that he's getting bored with it all.

"I used to get a kick out of it," he says. "Well, I guess I still do."

DOWNSTAIRS is Justice of the Peace Earl A. Freeman, a white-haired, freckle-faced jovial fellow of fifty-two years and a happy heart, who used to hit the high spots along the border in the old days when high spots were *high*. He's seen lots of life before he settled down, and he's seeing lots of it again with this parade of movie stars that he marries.

Last year, he passed the bar exams and became an attorney.

But he still ranks in national fame as Yuma's star-marrier.

He and Don Wisener think Gloria Swanson was their most imperious bride. Dorothy Mackaill was their sweetest. June MacCloy their peppiest. Richard Dix took his wedding big. Marjorie Rambeau was the most gracious. Mary Astor was their most worried—because she begged them to keep her marriage a secret and was afraid they wouldn't.

But they did. Until PHOTOPLAY revealed it to the world.

Judge Freeman was busy tying the knot for a coal-black pair just as PHOTOPLAY's interviewer entered his courtroom. No—not Stepin Fetchit. Just a couple of cotton-ranch hands from near Yuma. The judge finished the job in a workmanlike fashion, didn't kiss the bride (he didn't kiss any of Hollywood's either) and pocketed the fee, which wasn't as big as he got from the cinema-landers.

He says he's deeply appreciative of the break he's getting—meeting the stars he marries.

"I've heard a lot of things about 'em," he says. "One does. I was of the opinion that many of them would be stuck up, or self-important. But when I got to know them, I found not one of them who wasn't charming, gracious, pleasant,—just fine people."

He thought Richard Dix was a great fellow.

DIX and Winnie Coe, his bride, arrived from Hollywood by airplane, with a wedding party that included relatives and friends. They arrived unheralded, and motored to the San Carlos Hotel, and sent for the court clerk and the judge.

News travels fast in a town the size of Yuma—it's barely over a village. Indians and their squaws wander about the streets, rubbing shoulders with modern young maids so snappily dressed that you know they watch the fashions on the screen.

So by the time Dix and the party got to the courthouse, five blocks away, there was an audience.



*The fury of a woman scorned!  
I pitied but dared not warn her to  
be more careful about "B. O."*

## The OTHER WOMAN'S STORY

To this day she hates me—blames me for stealing him away. But it was her own carelessness that cost her his love.

ROMANCE cannot live when carelessness about "B.O."—*body odor*—creeps in. Men instinctively turn from the girl, women shun the man who is guilty.

Don't risk *your* happiness through over-confidence. Don't feel that *you* can never offend. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. We become so used to this ever-present odor that we don't notice "B.O." *in ourselves*. But others do—instantly!

### Why take chances?

Play safe. End all "B.O." danger the *sure* way. Not by trying to cover it up with powders and lotions but by keeping pores clean and *deodorized*. Frequent bathing with Lifebuoy

will do it! Lifebuoy is *different* from ordinary toilet soaps. Its very smell is different—a pleasant, *extra-clean* scent that vanishes as you rinse. It lathers more abundantly—leaves you feeling fresher, *cleaner*. Its creamy, germ-removing lather *purifies* pores—puts an end to "B.O."

### A complexion secret

"Don't be afraid of soap-and-water cleansing for your face," complexion authorities urge. There's no risk if the soap is as pure and bland as Lifebuoy. Work its gentle, pore-purifying lather well into the pores at night; then rinse. See how quickly dull complexions freshen and glow with healthy radiance.

*A product of LEVER BROS. CO., Cambridge, Mass.*



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soaks stiffest beards soft  
—breaks all records for  
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**Lifebuoy**  
HEALTH SOAP  
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Now, an audience to Richard Dix is like a red flag to a bull. Wave the flag at the bull and the bull goes into an act. Show Dix an audience—

They used the double ring ceremony. Dix, chin and chest sticking characteristically out, spoke his replies in the best traditional manner. When Judge Freeman told them they were man and wife, Richard bent low and kissed the hand of his bride in as sweeping a gesture as any stage manager could have asked.

People swarmed in with congratulations. Dix beamed and shook hands all around. Someone wanted to well-wish the bride.

"Come here, Mrs. Dix," ordered Richard, across the room. Mrs. Dix came at hubby's voice.

"And how does it feel to be married at last?" asked a reporter, of the man whose Hollywood-famous bachelorhood had gone phooey at last.

"I feel different—already," said Dix. "Much better."

THEY started down the courthouse steps. Dix beheld a camera pointed at him. He glowered. He put his hat before his face, shielded his bride with his manly figure. "No pictures, please," he basso-profundoed.

"But Mister Dix . . ."

"No. No pictures!"

The cameraman was aghast. "Are movie people camera shy?" he asked, in bewilderment.

Dix and his bride and the wedding party hurried to the San Carlos hotel, where a

wedding banquet was produced out of packages that had flown from Hollywood with them. Reporters stood outside, denied admittance, and listened to laughter, clinking and the popping of corks out of bottles. And watched bottles labelled "Champagne" being carried out—empty.

THEY went to the airport. And there Dix again hid his bride behind himself and himself behind his hat. And all the pictures that were had was a snapshot of the back of Richard Dix, helping the back of Mrs. Richard Dix into their airplane, homeward bound.

"But he was a fine fellow," says Judge Freeman. Judge Freeman didn't say how much Dix paid him. Dix's father was in the party. Papa told Judge Freeman that it was a great experience to stand by and see his son married.

Incidentally, Dix signed the papers with his real name—Ernest Carlton Brimmer. But he called his bride "Mrs. Dix."

Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller flew to Yuma, too. It was one of those spur-of-the-moment elopements. But newspaper people were at the airport when they arrived.

"Why, I didn't know anyone knew anything about it," said Dot, appalled by the reception as she stepped from the plane. She wore a sports outfit—tan flannel skirt, tan pumps, tan felt hat, and a pale blue rose-trimmed sweater. Her skin, Honolulu tanned by the same sun that had tanned her lover, was darker than the tan of her attire. But her hair was brighter than Yuma's sun—and that is bright!



You are looking very sporting indeed, Norma Shearer! Seymour tells us that the two-tone yellow knitted sweater you are wearing is quite the thing. He likes the short sleeves, vest-like style and that scarf with the suede trimming. The hand-sewn chamois gloves are a nice touch, too



They hurried right to the courthouse, not even waiting to let a boy take a snapshot, although he asked. Up the stairs for a license; down the stairs to the cellar to Judge Freeman's courtroom. There Judge Freeman did his stuff.

As he spoke, great tears welled in Dot's eyes! How her friends in Hollywood would have been amazed—Dot Mackaill crying at her wedding! Neil put his arm around her. Judge Freeman droned on. The tears rolled down her cheeks. "... man and wife," came Judge Freeman's words. Dot made a little choking sound, buried her head in Neil's shoulder.

His arms were tight around her. He was kissing her, whispering things into her ear—so low that no one could hear.

IN a moment, Dot was herself again. She lifted her head, smiled at Neil, turned and smiled at the little group of watchers. Outside, they posed for pictures. Then they sped a few miles along the concrete road, turned left, bumped over two and a half miles of horrible dirt road, came to a fence with a gate in it and some guards on each side—and crossed the international border.

They went to a place called "The Oasis." They ordered dinner and everything that went with a wedding dinner in a non-prohibition domain. They popped corks just as loudly as Dix had, in Yuma.

"Dorothy Mackaill is a great gal," grins Eddie Lang, a round-faced little fellow who owns the Oasis Cafe. "She sure had one swell time here *that* afternoon. She didn't want to go home.

"Oh," she said when they told her it was time to catch the plane, 'we don't have to fly back tonight. Let's stay here. We can take the train tonight—or tomorrow—let's stay here.'"

But a friend who was in the wedding party told her that Neil had a job, and had to be back in Hollywood to sing at the Embassy Club or lose that job. And since Dot doesn't want him to lose his income so he'd have to live on hers and become just "Mister Mackaill," she bade a regretful farewell to Old Mexico, sped back to Yuma and to the airport.

There was the boy with the camera to whom she'd said no. She recognized him. "Will you forgive me?" she said to him, and gave him a dollar. He did.

The newlyweds enplaned, the motors roared—and Neil (Just-Married) Miller went back to his job.

Gloria Swanson didn't fly to Yuma with her Michael. She motored. It was the Monday after her final decree from the Marquis had been entered in Los Angeles. The Saturday before, by law, she had two hubbies. On Sunday, by law, none. On Monday, she took Michael Farmer as her hubby.

GLORIA was gorgeously dressed—tan sports suit, brown felt hat, tan-and-brown pumps, a luxuriously befurred brown coat. Her head was high; her eyes didn't seem to see anything as her car rolled to the courthouse and she entered.

Farmer told Clerk Wisener that he was a broker, and lived in Paris. Gloria told him that she was a year younger than what she told the license clerk for that reported August wedding in New York State. But little details like age—what do they matter to a movie star?

Judge Freeman performed the ceremony. Gloria didn't smile, didn't frown. She didn't even weep a tear or two, as some erroneous news stories had it. She was cool as ice, her face like a statue—serious, unchanging, imperious. Farmer was far more nervous than she.

Upstairs in the same courthouse, right over their heads, one Eddie "Hot Doughnuts" Carmon was pleading guilty of second degree burglary. Over at the railroad station, many more Yuma people were being thrilled over the shipment of the first carload of peas of the fall than were by Gloria's wedding, which seemed



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to thrill her no more than drinking a glass of water, for all the emotion she showed. She responded as called for, and seemed glad when the affair was over.

She looked over the heads of newspaper people who approached her afterward, and brushed past them. So did Michael. Newspaperwoman Katherine Long, a pretty little thing dressed every stitch as modishly as Gloria, and no less determined, popped right after her.

Miss Long, not to be outdone by Gloria, looked just as self-possessed, just as imperious as the star when she planted herself in front of the newlyweds on Yuma's main street and said:

"Now, you needn't go on like this. You might just as well stop and say something to me, because a story is going out over the wires anyway!"

GLORIA turned to Michael. Michael turned to Gloria. "Shall we?" he asked. "No," said Gloria. "Well, why not?" he asked. Gloria was silent a moment. "Well, we might as well," she finally consented, and looked away while Michael drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to the girl reporter. It was a typed statement which read:

"I was given legal advice in New York, following my return from Europe in August, that a marriage in New York State would not conflict with the laws of California relating to interlocutory decrees and would be perfectly valid. After the New York marriage, I was advised over long distance telephone from Los Angeles by my attorney, Lloyd Wright, that the marriage was not valid in California. For this reason, Mr. Farmer and I did not admit the previous marriage and have been awaiting the expiration of the year of the interlocutory decree to be remarried."

That was all.

"Have you nothing to add?" asked Reporter Long.

Gloria condescended.

"I received my final divorce decree yesterday, and we came here and were married and we're terribly happy."

It was all "I" by Gloria, you'll notice—written statement and spoken. Farmer said nothing. They went into a telegraph office, ignored all other approaches from then on, sent a few wires, got back into their car, and sped off.

Marjorie Rambeau was as gracious as Gloria was otherwise. She married Rich-man Francis A. Gudger of Sebring, Florida, in Yuma the very day after Gloria's wedding. Marjorie told Reporter Long all about her romance with Gudger—how she'd been engaged to him fourteen years ago, in New York—how life "took a peculiar turn" and parted them—"and after all these years, we've found happiness."

"Have you something to say?" the reporter asked the new hubby. He gazed at his bride and said, "All my romance lies in you."

AND on the next day—three in a row—June MacCloy married Band-Manager Schuyler Schenck in an airplane elopement to Yuma. When they reached Yuma, Clerk Wisener was whooping it up at a rodeo, and they couldn't get a license. So they shopped for a wedding ring. June picked a platinum band.

By that time, Wisener had arrived, given them a license. Judge Freeman married them. But did they hurry back to Hollywood? They did not—they stayed in Yuma overnight.

And now, there's that Yuma hotel that has become famous all over the world for its sign:

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 February 3—Andy (James J. Correll)  
 February 5—Monta Bell  
 February 6—Lucile Webster Gleason, Russell Gleason, Ben Lyon, Ramon Novarro  
 February 7—Edward Nugent  
 February 8—King Vidor  
 February 9—Ronald Colman  
 February 12—William Collier, Jr.  
 February 14—Frances Dade, Stuart Erwin  
 February 15—John Barrymore, William Janney  
 February 16—D. W. Griffith, Chester Morris  
 February 17—Mary Brian  
 February 18—Adolphe Menjou  
 February 22—Lew Cody  
 February 24—Bert Lytell  
 February 25—Warren Hymer  
 February 27—Ian Keith, Joan Bennett



My goodness, we hope your boudoir isn't drafty, Helen Twelvetrees! Even negligees seem to have fallen for the backless trend. This brown transparent velvet one has a deep cowl effect. Those big sleeves draped at the wrist are effective, aren't they? Not exactly the garb for the orange juice and coffee hour—but elegant for your more *grande dame* moments!

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## What Hollywood Did to a New England Schoolmarm

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

men to launder an absentee's linen and to strip the victim of his or her reputation. It was smart to be familiar or to assume familiarity with private lives. Thelma was appalled at the cheapness with which Hollywood treated its own.

Thelma shrank from this drawing-room destruction. She chose her course, and the course was that advocated by railroad crossing signs in an effort to decrease mortality: Stop, Look, Listen. Thelma added another word: Silence. She would not gossip, neither would she mingle too freely. She would make few friends and she would not countenance large social gatherings. To this day, she abides by this rule. ZaSu Pitts is practically her only girl friend, and her men friends are seldom known to any but a few intimates until Thelma is ready to be seen with them.

**WHICH** explains why Hollywood tabs the Todd girl "a clever one." Thelma was rumored to have been quite fond of a man who directed her in a recent picture. Hollywood never knew for sure, but the community gossiped. Today, Thelma is hardened against gossip.

She has acquired the strength to ignore conversational cruelty. Strength, however, is never achieved without a balancing sacrifice. Thelma sacrificed kindness for that portion of the human race that tormented her. She safeguards real emotion with a crystal hardness allied with a sardonic wit.

Her first and hence her most shattering disillusionment came one night shortly after her arrival in Hollywood. The studio for which she was working called her and requested her immediate presence. She assumed the request meant re-takes for the picture in which she was working and which was being rushed to completion. She went to the studio, but instead of being permitted to go on the set she was ushered into an office, and there she recognized familiar executive faces. There were girls, too, young and yielding; drinks, cigarettes, a victrola. The amazing gathering were making merry, to say the least.

Not being merry, Thelma turned on her heel. They stopped her and cajoled her to stay, to have a drink, to be a good fellow. Thelma refused. One word flared to another and stormed into melodramatic violence. But Thelma went home, shaken, by the experience.

**A** HOLLYWOOD executive, balked in his pursuit of relaxation, has destroyed many a screen hopeful. Hundreds of girls believe that by being "nice" to executives they will be rewarded with contracts. They have learned to their grief how little faith can be placed in nocturnal promises. Many who have disdained the you-be-nice-to-me and I'll-be-nice-to-you promises, have learned to their sorrow how swift can be the revenge of the repulsed titan.

Hollywood hath no fury like a director scorned.

The sharpest blow dealt the independent girl is through the dread medium of the blacklist. Once a girl is blacklisted, she cannot get a job at the larger studios. The blacklist is denied by the producers and so secret are their meetings and so closely do they stand together that no victim has ever been able to assemble sufficient evidence to convict any Hollywood dictator. Yet, Hollywood knows what it knows and the blacklist ranks high in its fears.

Thelma Todd became a freelance player. She received calls from many studios, but with monotonous regularity, she always just missed getting the rôle for which she was up. Doggedly, she clung to hope and she didn't whine.

If she suspected she was being taught the hard facts of life by those who help make the facts harder, she kept her suspicions and her counsel to herself.

She saw her bank account dwindle as day by day she drew money out and had none to put in. What would happen when she was "broke"? It isn't pleasant to be one against the many—and broke. Again she refused to cross a bridge until she had to.

For all of Hollywood, Thelma rode the wave of success. She lunched at the "smart" restaurants. She danced at the Coconut Grove, the Blossom Room, the Mayfair. She was seen with Harvey Priestley, insurance broker; with Ivan Lebedeff, monocled beau of pulchritude; with Al Hall, film editor. Thelma put on a courageous "front."

It paid. The little Hal Roach studio sent for her and cast her in a two-reel comedy. Hollywood seeks those who are in demand. Another company sent for her. Miraculously, she was among the steady workers. Her name had apparently been as mysteriously erased from the blacklist as it had apparently been placed upon it, for those who had given her the run-around no longer did so.

**THE** Todd girl goes along minding her own business, working, playing with whom she pleases, and scoffing at rumors and gossip concerning her. She was said to be engaged recently to Abe Lyman, the band leader. She laughed. She still laughed when acquaintances pointed accusingly to the new diamond solitaire on the fourth finger of her left hand. What? Engaged to be married—in Hollywood! She laughed and that was all the satisfaction to be teased from her, the clever girl.

But Thelma isn't really hard. Real people arouse kindness and generosity in her. Last summer, with her mother, Thelma motored down to Malibu to see Raquel Torres. Raquel wasn't home. As Thelma was getting into her Ford coupe, she saw a shirt-sleeved boy walking up the alley. She waited for him, thinking he might be Raquel's house boy. He wasn't.

"Miss Todd," he said, "I've tried to get work for weeks. I'm starving. I haven't eaten for two days. Do you need a chauffeur? I'll scrub floors, do anything."

She was sorry. She had no need for such a person. Tears welled in his eyes. She observed the boy's hollow cheeks, his haggard face.

"Here," she reached impulsively into her bag and jerked out a bill. "You get some food." He shook his head. "I couldn't take money, thanks."

Thelma hesitated, then got into the car. In the spot mirror she watched the boy. He walked uncertainly a few steps and leaned against the fence, his head buried in the crook of his arm, his body shaking convulsively.

Thelma walked over to him, and thrust the bill into his hand. "This is a loan," she said.

**"YOU** can pay me back when you get a job." She patted his shoulder and returned to the car. As she drove off, she saw the boy again in the spot mirror. He was looking after her, the bill clutched in his hand.

A clever girl? Perhaps. The ex-school teacher from the small New England town can be expert at dissembling. The few who have won her friendship and who have penetrated her laughing, cynical veneer appreciate her fineness and sincerity. Even as she dreamed escape from a school desk, so she today dreams escape from Hollywood and its petty treacheries. She'll find her escape. It may be marriage. It may be the stage. It may be—but who can prophesy for that clever Todd girl?



## Why Constance Is Unpopular in Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

ran toward her; tumbled; fell. Connie helped the child up. Then she dashed through the crowd, paying them as little attention as possible. "High-hatting" them.

The publicity which resulted said Connie knocked down the child in her effort to avoid those who had come to pay her a courtesy, "while passing through in her private car."

OF course, Connie might have been more gracious. No question about that. But she wasn't in a private car and she is, honestly, afraid of crowds. No question about that. Shy, too. Always self-conscious about meeting people. She once said, "I must be spoken to first. I cannot get courage to speak to those I do not know well!" Anything Connie does is honest. Honest to the point of being rude. She told me, "I don't like the stage. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't bear the people looking at me. That's why I prefer pictures."

Directors usually like her. Intelligent ones. She helps them make good pictures. The productions are as much hers directorially as theirs. She will not do what seems silly or inconsequential even for a picture.

When Paul Stein was doing "Born to Love," he issued a call for Connie for nine o'clock in the morning. Connie was on time. She is rarely late. She sat until four in the afternoon without working. She told him:

"I am not going to come any more unless you are certain you are ready for me. I'm not going to sit around on a set from nine until four. It is absolutely unnecessary and it isn't fair. You might as well resign yourself for I simply will not do it. When you need me, really need me, I will be here." She left. She was never called again unless she was needed.

Her friends are limited. She will not mix with people simply because they are "other celebrities." In spite of the fact that she is one of the wealthiest women in the city, she does not entertain except at little, intimate parties.

When Joel McCrea was friends with Constance, he told me: "I have never known a woman as pretty who was as intelligent." Today, he speaks in the same way of her.

She is also the most argumentative. I went down to her to talk about this story. Told her frankly what I was going to do. She admires frankness above all other qualities. She refused to be quoted. Said she would put up no defense! It was beneath her dignity.

But she talked—not for quotation. How she talked. To be perfectly frank, I couldn't get a word in edgewise. She told her side of all these stories I have printed and many more that there is not room to print.

AND again and again she said, "I lost my temper. I couldn't be blamed for what I said in a fit of temper, could I?"

It's never entered Constance Bennett's head to control her temper. It's never entered her head to play politics as Hollywood plays them. If she's square and honest and does what she's supposed to do to help make good pictures—that's enough. She's earned her money and her fame and her right to the inheritance which her father, Dick Bennett, handed down to her.

When the three Bennett girls were fifteen, father Dick told them to live life as they desired. "Go out and get what you want!" he warned them. "You're only in life a short time; make the most of it." We understand he also instilled the idea that a man who isn't worth chasing isn't worth having.

Well, they've lived up to those instructions.

There's something else, too. Constance Bennett was born with a platinum spoon in her mouth. She has never known want. She's never had to hunt a job today so she could eat

tomorrow. She was educated in the best private schools in this country and Europe. Her broad A is as natural to her as Gloria Swanson's Middle Western twang was once to her.

The rest of Hollywood isn't like that. It has fought and suffered and struggled. It has starved yesterday and eaten caviar today. Connie has had only the caviar. Hollywood resents that. It feels that it belongs to those who have *climbed* rather than to those who have *inherited*.

Connie thinks she is tolerant. She says she is. There she is wrong. She doesn't know the meaning of the word tolerance. How could she? People have to suffer to comprehend what others may suffer; they have to *starve* to understand hunger. It isn't her fault, but tolerance is as foreign to her nature as intolerance is to Marion Davies! Marion is generous because she knows from experience what it is to be without money. Connie has no conception.

CONNIE is truthful but her penchant for argument, her high order of intelligence which makes her feel the right to be *victor*, makes her shape things to her own convenience. Her friends will admit that, if you press them on the matter. For example: A writer told her she would not quote her. She didn't. She merely used the information which Connie had given—in the writer's own language. A writer's prerogative, surely. But Connie swore the writer had promised not to use the information. Connie twisted the situation to suit her convenience when she didn't like the results of what she, herself, had said.

Connie's father gave some facts about her youthful days to another writer. Connie was furious; lost her temper. She and her father barely spoke. When the fight got into print, Connie was again much disappointed. Connie had told it herself. When reminded of the fact, she assailed the people who heard her for not having intelligence enough to refrain from repeating it.

She may have blamed herself for talking of it in the first place—but I doubt it.

There are few to whom she will listen. Only to those who have stood their ground and insisted with sane arguments which her intelligence has been forced to accept—after they have mustered the courage and perseverance to say them! When convinced, she is sincerely fair. "I was wrong; I am sorry." But only those with courage know that. Most of Hollywood is too intuitively resentful to try the experiment.

I revert to this matter of truthfulness. An example from her youth. Her father, Dick Bennett, is a splendid poet. When Connie was a debutante attracting beaux as a honeysuckle does bees, she liked to appear perfect in all things. Father would write the poetry; Connie would memorize it and recite it as though she had written it.

She never *said* she wrote it.

She wouldn't lie. But she left the impression which pleased her.

A CLEVER woman. Too clever for Hollywood! Too beautiful; too rich; too attractive to men; too highly paid; too gold-bespooned; too outspoken; too intolerant of stupidity (of which there is much in any city!); too indifferent to what is said about her; too dominant; too sincerely afraid of other people; too much talked about. Hollywood could not be expected to like her.

You could. I do. Plain, every-day people like exaggerations. And Connie is an exaggeration!



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by Seymour



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will tell you*

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**F**ASHION news of the month! Jean Harlow wears a cotton nightie in her newest picture. Marlene Dietrich appears (not in a picture) at a restaurant in a man's black suit. And Ina Claire launches a new fad by wearing one white and one black pearl earring.

You evidently have to have a lot of clothes to be "A Lady With a Past." Connie Bennett (La Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray, just in case you have forgotten the title) brought forty gowns to the set as a fashion starter for her new picture by that name. Among those that were chosen to be used was a white velvet trimmed with sable. Brown moiré slippers accompanied this. Another evening choice was a blue-purple chiffon with a train.

There have been a number of trains in evidence for evening this past season, but for Spring you will find that the hemline is definitely off the floor.

The return of the two-piece dress is going to call forth whoops of delight from those who have had difficulty in pulling their waists in to the right girth. Look for a higher cut in skirts, and bodices that accent the bust line.

If you can imagine a more eye-filling sight than Kay Francis in black satin, I can't. She wore it at the Embassy.

When a quiet holiday or week-end is needed,

the film colony migrates one by one to La Quinta. This quiet and exclusive spot is about twenty miles from fashionable Palm Springs. Marie Dressler spends all of her time there resting between pictures.

Joan Bennett was a recent visitor. Her favorite daytime outfit consisted of a white mesh sports dress and a white camel's hair coat. Life is very simple as lived at La Quinta so sports clothes are a big item. All white or with a color touch is the most popular, as it is at other Winter resorts.

I hope you didn't miss the interesting fashion details of Joan Crawford's clothes in "Possessed." There was the large white flower worn on a black velvet dress and duplicated on a black velvet bag which she carried. Several of the more formal dresses had a slim, molded line through the hips with an exaggerated flare from knee to floor.

Speaking of Joan reminds me she has a clothes hobby—it's hats. When she finds a style that is becoming, she has it made up in any number of colors. At the moment, a felt hat with a medium brim that dips over the right eye seems to be the favorite.

Lupe Velez isn't going to run any risk of chills in this verree cold coundree so she keeps a mere fourteen fur wraps on hand.



A wicket inside story on Hollywood! Just a group of nice girls enjoying a quiet game of croquet. The smiling wicketeer is Ona Munson (soon to be Mrs. Lubitsch) looking very trim in a red woolen frock accented in white. And from left to right: Mary Brian in a smart two-tone woolen with tilted beret, Marguerite Churchill, Marian Nixon and Helen Chandler



And Loretta Young boasts of twenty-five pairs of pajamas in some closet at home.

I know it is old stuff to come cheerily forth about this time of the year with the announcement that prints are going to be good for Spring. There's hardly a Spring that they aren't, but there seems to be more of a stir than usual being made about them. Printed silks teamed up with woollens is a new idea that seems interesting. Watch for this.

Everyone is asking "What next in hats?" Well, you can make your first straw bonnet a sailor. Sailors will be seen in all sorts of tilts and twists. Crowns remain low although there is quite a to-do about high trimmings toward the back. The eyes still have it!

LIL Dagover has gone back to Germany but not before stating flatly that she won't wear a fashion just because it is smart. No, it seems that it must be becoming first. That might be a good hint for a lot of people who wear the fashion flash of the moment regardless of how incongruous it may be.

When Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in 1885, bustles were the big fashion furor of the hour. And now, even though Miriam Hopkins wears modern clothes in the picture version of this famous story, all of her fifteen costumes have some adaptation of the bustle idea! By the way, did you notice that elegant tea gown Tallulah Bankhead wore in "The Cheat"? That was real and rare old lace used for the collar and sleeves. The dress itself was a wine red georgette.



Mr. Warner, we have a complaint to make against your photographer for mixing up those swell stems with a lot of old tripods. PHOTOPLAY, being a nice family magazine, doesn't go in for legs as a rule, but we couldn't resist this picture of Greta Granstedt, who seems to be another formidable contender for the Dietrich leg honors



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# Short Subjects of the Month



You've never seen anything goofier than Laurel and Hardy, as members of the French Foreign Legion, in "Beau Hunks," one of their best comedies. It's better than most features. Reviewed below

### BEAU HUNKS

Hal Roach-M-G-M

Those splendid fools—Laurel and Hardy—turn in one of their funniest comedies to date. This is a burlesque of every Foreign Legion film you've ever seen and any director should be ashamed to make another serious one. It's rare stuff. Don't miss it.

### FOILED

William J. Burns-Educational

Gambling, jealousy, and a murder as aftermath form the background for this new detective thriller which is solved before your eyes. You'll enjoy guessing who did it.

### PHANTOMS OF HOLLYWOOD

Ralph P. King Prod.

This film turns the pages back about fourteen years on the history of the film industry. Along with old shots from Vitagraph, Realart and Metro pictures there is illuminating dialogue about the stars who were popular then. Thoroughly enjoyable.

### HALF HOLIDAY

Educational-Sennett

Should a man stay henpecked? Andy Clyde timidly strikes for a half holiday from wifely surveillance but finishes up completely shackled again. A good comedy.

### BIG DAME HUNTING

Radio Pictures

Plenty of laughs in this one. Ned Sparks mistakes a matrimonial for an employment agency and the scrambled mess requires plenty of explanation.

### ALL AMERICAN KICKBACK

Educational-Sennett

Harry Gribbon performs the neatest football trick of the year. When the villain, Lincoln

Stedman, tries to fumble the ball, Harry saves the day by kicking Lincoln and the ball for a goal. Very funny.

### THE EYES HAVE IT

Warner-Vitaphone

Edgar Bergen, the ventriloquist, and his dummy have some amazing experiences in an optician's office. Good, snappy dialogue makes this amusing.

### ALADDIN'S LAMP

Educational-Paul Terry-Toon

A very modern and rollicking version of the Arabian Nights story animates this tuneful short. The Genii provides some marvelous transportation facilities for Aladdin!

### EX-ROOSTER

Radio Pictures

Comedian Chic Sale and director Mark Sandrich are a swell combination. Chic's sister orders him to kill his favorite rooster for dinner. He serves instead the prize fowl, prepared for the fair. One side-splitting gag after another.

### THE VELDT

Educational-Lyman H. Howe

A scourge of deadly locusts and a volcanic eruption are two of the thrilling events in this interesting trip through the African veldt. There are close-ups of some strange animals that are better than a trip to the zoo!

### MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS

Educational-Ideal

Tom Patricola nimbly "hoofs" his way through this pleasing farce of fair señoritas and jealous caballeros. Louise Lorraine and Renee Borden are the brunette interests.



# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Publix Studios

Adrienne Ames  
Richard Arlen  
George Bancroft  
Eleanor Boardman  
William Boyd  
John Breeden  
Chas. D. Brown  
Juliette Compton  
Jackie Coogan  
Robert Coogan  
Gary Cooper  
Frances Dee  
Marlene Dietrich  
Claire Dodd  
Tom Douglas  
Junior Durkin  
Stuart Erwin  
Marjorie Gateson  
Wynne Gibson  
Phillips Holmes

Lenita Lane  
Carole Lombard  
Paul Lukas  
Jeanette MacDonald  
Frances Moffett  
Rosita Moreno  
Jack Oakie  
Vivienne Osborne  
Eugene Pallette  
Ramon Pereda  
Irving Pichel  
Jackie Searl  
Peggy Shannon  
Sylvia Sidney  
Lilyan Tashman  
Kent Taylor  
Regis Toomey  
Dorothy Tree  
Allen Vincent  
Judith Wood

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson  
John Arledge  
Warner Baxter  
Joan Bennett  
El Brendel  
Joan Castle  
Paul Cavanagh  
Virginia Cherrill  
William Collier, Sr.  
Roxanne Curtis  
Jesse DeVorska  
Donald Dillaway  
Allan Dinehart  
James Dunn  
Sally Eilers  
Charles Farrell  
Janet Gaynor  
Minna Gombell  
William Holden  
Olin Howland  
Warren Hymer  
J. M. Kerrigan  
James Kirkwood  
Elissa Landi  
Edmund Lowe  
Helen Mack  
Kenneth MacKenna  
Mae Marsh  
Victor McLaglen

Thomas Meighan  
Una Merkel  
Don Jose Mojica  
Conchita Montenegro  
Goodee Montgomery  
Ralph Morgan  
Greta Nissen  
George O'Brien  
Sally O'Neil  
Lawrence O'Sullivan  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Cecelia Parker  
William Pawley  
Yvonne Pelletier  
Gaylord Pendleton  
Howard Phillips  
Terrance Ray  
Manya Roberti  
Will Rogers  
Peggy Ross  
Rosalie Roy  
George E. Stone  
James Todd  
Spencer Tracy  
Linda Watkins  
Marjorie White  
Charles Williams  
Elda Vokel

### Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Mary Astor  
Roscoe Ates  
Evelyn Brent  
Joseph Cawthorn  
Lita Chevret  
Ricardo Cortez  
Lily Damita  
John Darrow  
Dolores Del Rio  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Jill Esmond  
Noel Francis  
Roberta Gale  
Morgan Galloway  
John Halliday  
Hugh Herbert  
Leyland Hodgson  
Rochelle Hudson

Kitty Kelly  
Geoffrey Kerr  
Rita LaRoy  
Dorothy Lee  
Eric Linden  
Phillips "Seth Parker"  
Lord  
Joel McCrea  
Ken Murray  
Edna May Oliver  
Lawrence Olivier  
William Post  
Lowell Sherman  
Ned Sparks  
Ruth Weston  
Bert Wheeler  
Hope Williams  
Robert Woolsey

### RKO-Pathe Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Armstrong  
Constance Bennett  
Bill Boyd  
James Gleason  
Ann Harding

June MacCloy  
Pola Negri  
Eddie Quillan  
Marion Shilling  
Helen Twelvetrees

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ina Claire  
Ronald Colman  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson  
Evelyn Laye  
Chester Morris  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Norma Talmadge

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Eddie Buzzell  
Richard Cromwell  
Susan Fleming  
Ralph Graves  
Jack Holt

Buck Jones  
Loretta Sayers  
Barbara Stanwyck  
John Wayne

## Culver City, Calif.

### Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Nils Asther  
William Bakewell  
John Barrymore  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Charles Bickford  
Herbert Braggiotti  
John Mack Brown  
Jackie Cooper  
Joan Crawford  
Kathryn Crawford  
Marion Davies  
Reginald Denny  
Marie Dressler  
Jimmy Durante  
Cliff Edwards  
Madge Evans  
Wallace Ford  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
John Gilbert  
Charlotte Greenwood  
Nora Gregor  
William Haines

Helen Hayes  
Hedda Hopper  
Leila Hyams  
Dorothy Jordan  
Buster Keaton  
Myrna Loy  
Joan Marsh  
John Miljan  
Ray Milland  
Robert Montgomery  
Polly Moran  
Karen Morley  
Conrad Nagel  
Ramon Novarro  
Ivor Novello  
Monroe Owsley  
Anita Page  
Ruth Selwyn  
Norma Shearer  
Gus Shy  
Lewis Stone  
Lawrence Tibbett  
Ernest Torrence

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Mickey Daniels  
Dorothy Granger  
Oliver Hardy  
Mary Kornman  
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel  
Gertie Messinger  
Our Gang  
David Sharpe  
Grady Sutton  
Thelma Todd

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Lew Ayres  
Tala Birrell  
John Boles  
Lucile Browne  
Bette Davis  
Sidney Fox  
Rose Hobart

Boris Karloff  
Bela Lugosi  
Slim Summerville  
Sally Sweet  
Genevieve Tobin  
Lois Wilson

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

George Arliss  
Richard Barthelmess  
Joan Blondell  
Lilian Bond  
Joe E. Brown  
Anthony Bushell  
Charles Butterworth  
James Cagney  
Ruth Chatterton  
Donald Cook  
Lil Dagover  
Bebe Daniels  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Kay Francis  
Ruth Hall  
Ralf Harolde

Walter Huston  
Leon Janney  
Evalyn Knapp  
Winnie Lightner  
Ben Lyon  
Mae Madison  
David Manners  
Marian Marsh  
Marilyn Miller  
Dorothy Peterson  
William Powell  
James Rennie  
Edward G. Robinson  
Loretta Young  
Polly Walters  
Warren William

## Long Island City, New York

### Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead  
George Barbier  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Maurice Chevalier  
Claudette Colbert  
Tamara Geva

Miriam Hopkins  
Fredric March  
Marx Brothers  
Frank Morgan  
Gene Raymond  
Charlie Ruggles  
Charles Starrett

## Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.  
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.  
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.  
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.  
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.  
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.  
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.  
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.



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## Screen Memories From Photoplay 15 Years Ago



Norma Talmadge

first to leave—then Wally Reid struck out to conquer new cinema worlds, and Mae Marsh packed up to head her own company.

Walthall had done his best work in "The Birth of a Nation" and it took Mae Marsh just fifteen years to make a comeback in the new version of "Over the Hill." While Griffith, now, is waiting, a trifle sadly—bright hopes of youth gone, for movie audiences' reception of his new picture "The Struggle."

Miss Mary Gray Peck of the Motion Picture Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, found that the movies were going to "save our civilization from the

**BITTERLY** we wept in print over the breaking up of that fine old stock company assembled by D. W. Griffith. Having reached his greatest triumph in "The Birth of a Nation," Griffith was left among the ruins of his "Intolerance" sets. Henry Walthall had been the

destruction which has successively overwhelmed every civilization of the past. As long as a ticket stays around the price of a drink, the saloon has to reckon with the first rival that has ever been able to compete with it and beat it."

Norma Talmadge was the girl on the cover and two pages of pictures of her were spread inside the magazine. Garbed in black velvet and ermine, glamour—then just a word in the dictionary—simply radiated from Norma. She had just been married to Joseph Schenck, and didn't want the world to know. But **PHOTOPLAY** upped and told.

Anita King, Allan Forrest, Helen Jerome Eddy, Gladys Hulette, Harry Hilliard, John Bowers, Bessie Barriscale and Louise Fazenda appeared in the gallery.

Pictures reviewed included: "The Garden of Allah," "Broken Chains," "The Children Pay," "The Cossack Whip," and "Less Than the Dust."

Cal York item: Marjorie Rambeau has just been won over from stage to pictures (now married for the third time and retired).

## 10 Years Ago



Gloria Swanson

**WELL**, well, well, what do you think of this? Above the caption, "Films That Talk and Sing," ran a picture of a group of opera stars before a strange looking contraption. And we said that an Englishman named Grindell-Matthews had perfected a machine which

made the voices of the actors synchronize with their filmed actions. Our comment: "Wonder how it will seem to hear our stars? Some of them will surprise you, as their voices are in perfect accord with their screen personalities."

Now, here is a paragraph which we hereby dedicate to Michael Farmer, Gloria Swanson's new husband. Listen, Mike old boy, when Gloria starts getting too rambunctious, recall the fact that ten years ago in **PHOTOPLAY** in a story called "The Confessions of a Modern Woman," Gloria made this statement: "No woman is ever happy with a man unless that man is her master. He may be her slave, her

adorer, her devoted servant—but at the same time he must be her master." And again she says: "Woman's highest ambition today is to be a trade-mark of a successful husband."

Do you remember Miss Dupont, the girl without a first name? We ran a nice little interview with this Von Stroheim discovery. She is now living quietly on Long Island.

The six best pictures were Hope Hampton in "Star Dust," Sam Hardy in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" (we gave that another "best six" a few months ago when it was remade with Billy Haines), Dick Barthelmess in "Tol'able David," Marion Davies in "Enchantment," Lon Chaney in "The Ace of Hearts" and Mabel Normand in "Molly-O."

Cal York items: The rumor persists that Claire Windsor and Charlie Chaplin are engaged. . . . Pola Negri is coming to America. . . . William S. Hart and Winifred Westover are married.

## 5 Years Ago



Lya de Putti

**JACK GILBERT** said that the romance between him and Garbo is over but that he still thinks her the most wonderful woman in the world. Frankly he admits that it was she who turned him down and that "no one understands Greta Garbo except Mauritz Stiller.

I was never Stiller's real rival with her." And we cheered Jack for this charmingly gallant attitude toward the lady he had loved and lost. Jack has always been gallant. When he and Ina Claire were divorced, not one single harsh word about her passed his lips, and since he and Lupe Velez have loved and now—so rumor says—love no more, he makes no comment.

We reported another blighted romance—that of Clara Bow and Victor Fleming and we added, with a catch in our throat, "We'll never announce Clara's engagement again. She changes her mind too often." We didn't

carry out the threat. The last five years **PHOTOPLAY** has kept you informed about the last minute state of Clara's heart. That's all over for a while. She's married to Rex Bell.

We ran a nice little yarn about Lya de Putti who was, at the time, one of the screens most delightful sirens. With only eight months' experience with the English language, she gave our interviewer an earful of delightful nonsense. But Lya's career was marked for storm and turmoil. Last November it ended in death. Poor Lya! We called our story "More Sinned Against Than Sinning."

On the cover was Louise Brooks and the stars in the gallery were Lillian Gish, Claire Windsor, Greta Nissen, Phyllis Haver, Colleen Moore and John Roche.

We chose as the best picture "What Price Glory?" "Old Ironsides," "Flesh and the Devil," "The Night of Love," "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em" and "Twinkletoes."

Cal York items: Grant Withers (who later married Loretta Young, and was soon divorced by her) has announced his engagement to Alberta Vaughn.



# Ho! Ho! Red Head!

**H**AS the bright and dizzy platinum head had its day? That is one of the all absorbing questions of the moment. And those who reached for a bleach a few short months back are now trying to find ways to go back to "natural" gracefully.

Since we started things not long ago by telling our fair public to stop, look and think before plunging heads willy-nilly into a platinum bleach, there has been a decided turning of heads back to the good old brunette tints that used to adorn grandma's head. A lot of brunettes are heard snickering in the wings, too, we might add!

Platinum colored hair was and still is a fad. The reasons for its being a fad have already been enumerated under time, trouble and expense. Hollywood is credited with the whole idea in the first place, ever since some of the most limelighted stars took to the bleach in a big way.

**J**EAN Harlow probably is the most famous platinum blonde but she did not have to go far to get that way—her hair was almost a silver white naturally.

Discontented brunettes pointed to Bebe Daniels and forthwith dipped their heads in a platinum rinse. Bebe certainly did go from the deepest brunette to the lightest blonde but no one bothered to inquire why. But now that she has returned to her natural dark

hair, some of her hasty followers ruefully remember that she did it because she screened better!

Then there was Joan Crawford. Did Joan want to be a blonde? No, she didn't—she merely did it because a picture rôle demanded it.

Now she is happily back to her own reddish brown color. And so it goes.

Since the screen has become a criterion in fashion and hair colorings, you will have to look there to find out just what the next popular shade of hair will be. How about red?

**"RED HEADED WOMAN"** is the latest picture from Hollywood to start a new hair coloring wave. And already the smart hairdressing and dyeing firms are making a play for the charming red head. They contend that gentlemen may prefer blondes but that they never have passed by a good looking red head!

Reddish glints in the hair are a simple possibility for both brunettes, blondes and in-betweens. And they do not cause as drastic methods of achievement as did the platinum-ized locks.

So you may become a red, young woman, in your next hair incarnation! You can be certain of the Hollywood stamp of approval, not to mention the perfect joy you will be to your hairdresser!



An excellent device for making public appearances and avoiding sappy interviews. This life-like mask saves Joan Crawford no end of trouble and sometimes it even fools Doug. Incidentally, actor Richard ("Tol'able David") Cromwell made it with his own little chisel and mallet

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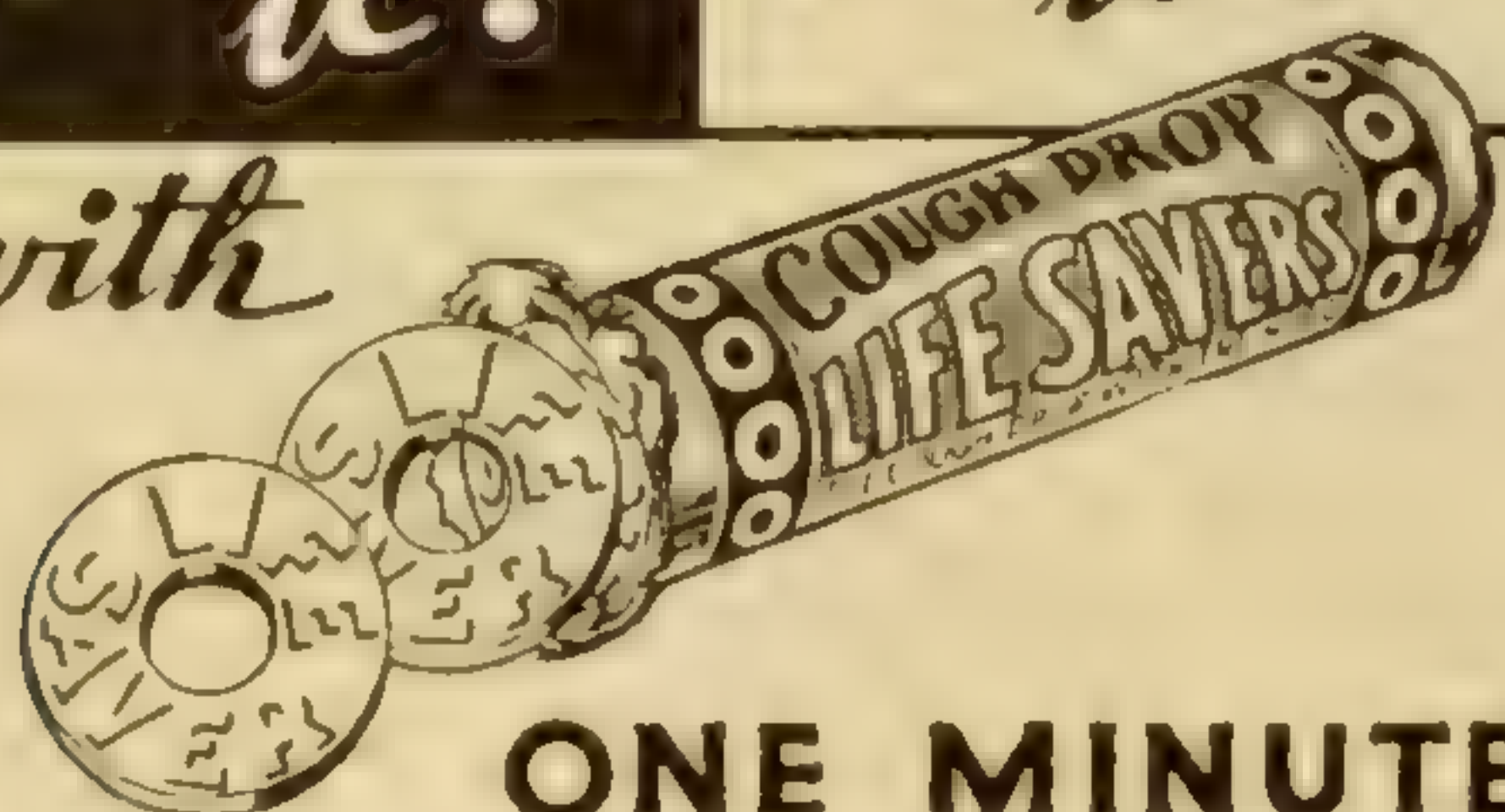
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## Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALMOST MARRIED"—FOX.—From the novel by Andrew Soutar. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by William Cameron Menzies. The cast: Anita, Violet Heming; Deene Maxwell, Ralph Bellamy; Capristi, Alexander Kirkland; Inspector Slagle, Allan Dinehart; Lady Laverling, Eva Dennison; Aunt Mathilda, Grace Hampton; Lord Laverling, Herbert Bunston; Mariette, Maria Alba; Buller, Herbert Mundin; Cook, Mary Gordon.

"ANYBODY'S BLONDE"—ACTION PICTURES.—From the story by Betty Burridge. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Janet, Dorothy Revier; Dan O'Hara, Reed Howes; Steve Crane, Lloyd Whitlock; Myrtle, Edna Murphy; Ginger, Nita Martan; Stew, Gene Morgan; Editor, Henry Walthall; O'Hara's Manager, Arthur Housman; Riley, Richard Cramer.

"BEAST OF THE CITY, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by W. R. Burnett. Directed by Charles Brabin. The cast: Jim Fitzpatrick, Walter Huston; Daisy, Jean Harlow; Ed. Fitzpatrick, Wallace Ford; Sam Belmonte, Jean Hersholt; Mary Fitzpatrick, Dorothy Peterson; Michaels, Tully Marshall; District Attorney, John Miljan; Chief of Police, Emmett Corrigan; Tom, Warner Richmond; Mac, Sandy Roth; Cholo, J. Carroll Naish.

"BEN HUR"—M-G-M.—From the novel by General Lew Wallace. Adapted by June Mathis. Continuity by Carey Wilson and Bess Meredyth. The cast: Ben Hur, Ramon Novarro; Messal, Francis X. Bushman; Esther, May McAvoy; Mary, Betty Bronson; Princess of Hur, Claire McDowell; Tizah, Kathleen Key; Iras, Carmel Myers; Simorides, Nigel De Brulier; Shuik Ilderim, Mitchell Lewis; Sanballat, Leo White; Arrius, Frank Currier; Balthasar, Charles Belcher; Amrah, Dale Fuller; Joseph, Winter Hall.

"BIG SHOT, THE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by George Dromgold and Hal Conklin. Adapted by Joseph Fields and Earl Baldwin. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: Ray, Eddie Quillan; Doris, Maureen O'Sullivan; Fay Turner, Mary Nolan; Barber, Roscoe Ates; Mrs. Thompson, Belle Bennett; Old Timer, Arthur Stone; Mr. Howell, Louis John Bartels; Dr. Peasley, Otis Harlan; Jack Spencer, Billy Eugene; Uncle Ira, Edward McWade; Mr. Hartman, Harvey Clark; Mr. Polls, A. S. Byron; Town Marshall, Charles Thurston; Garage Boy, Hilliard Carr; Postmaster, Frank Darien.

"BRANDED MEN"—TIFFANY PROD.—From the story by Earle Snell. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Rod, Ken Maynard; Dale Winters, June Clyde; Ramrod, Irving Bacon; Half-a-rod, Billy Bletcher; Mace, Charles King; The brother, Donald Keith.

"COCK OF THE AIR"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Robert E. Sherwood and Charles Lederer. Directed by Tom Buckingham. The cast: Lieutenant Roger Craig, Chester Morris; Lilli de Rosseau, Billie Dove; Terry (Craig's orderly), Matt Moore; Captain Tonnino, Louis Alberni; 1st Italian girl, Katya Sergeiva; 2nd Italian girl, Yola D'Avril; Irate Woman, Vivien Oakland; French Ambassador, Emile Chautard; Lilli's companion, Ethel Sutherland; Lilli's maid, Peggy Watts.

"DECEIVER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story "It Might Have Happened" by Bella Muni and Abem Finkel. Adapted by Charles Logue. Directed by Louis King. The cast: Tony, Lloyd Hughes; Ina, Dorothy Sebastian; Thorpe, Ian Keith; Mrs. Lawton, Natalie Moorhead; Mr. Lawton, Richard Tucker; Speedy, George Byron; Celia, Greta Granstedt; Breckenridge, Murray Kinnell; Dunn, DeWitt Jennings; Payne, Allan Garcia; Nat Phillips, Harvey Clark; Barney, Sidney Bracy; Thomas, Frank Halliday; Dr. Schulz, Colin Campbell; Stage Manager, Nick Copeland.

"DELICIOUS"—FOX.—From the story by Guy Bolton. Adapted by Guy Bolton and Sonya Levien. Directed by David Butler. The cast: Heather Gordon, Janet Gaynor; Larry Beaumont, Charles Farrell; Jansen, El Brendel; Sasha, Raul Roulien; O'Flynn, Lawrence O'Sullivan; Olga, Manya Roberti; Diana, Virginia Cherrill; Mrs. Van Bergh, Olive Tell; Mischa, Mischa Auer; Tosha, Marvine Maazel; Momotschka, Jeanette Gegna.

"DEVIL ON DECK"—THRILL-O-DRAMA.—From the story by Bernard McConville. Directed by Wallace W. Fox. The cast: John Moore, Reed Howes; Kay Wheeler, Molly O'Day; Shanghai Morgan,

Wheeler Oakman; Mary Moore, June Marlowe; Limey, Kenneth Treseder; Frenchie, Rolfe Sedan; Pop Wheeler, A. S. Byron; Swede, Constantine Romanoff.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Robert Louis Stevenson. Adapted by Samuel Hoffenstein and Percy Heath. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The cast: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Fredric March; Iry Parson, Miriam Hopkins; Muriel Carew, Rose Hobart; Dr. Lanyon, Holmes Herbert; Gen. Carew, Halliwell Hobbes; Poole, Edgar Norton; Utterson, Arnold Lucy; Hobson, Col. MacDonnell; Mrs. Hawkins, Tempe Pigott.

"EMMA"—M-G-M.—From the story by Frances Marion. Adapted by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Emma, Marie Dressler; Ronnie, Richard Cromwell; Mr. Smith, Jean Hersholt; Isabelle, Myrna Loy; District Attorney, John Miljan; Haskins, Purnell B. Pratt; Matilda, Leila Bennett; Gypsy, Barbara Kent; Sue, Kathryn Crawford; Bill, George Meeker; Maid, Dale Fuller; Drake, Wilfred Noy; Count Pierre, Andre Cheron.

"EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD"—RASPIN PROD.—Directed by Harold Noice. Featuring—Harold McCracken and his Siberian-Arctic Expedition; Gene Lamb and his Photo-Scientific Expedition to Tibet; James L. Clark and his African Expedition; Lt. Com. J. R. Stenhouse and his Imperial Trans-Antarctic Expedition; Laurence M. Gould, Second in command of Byrd Antarctic Expedition and Harold Noice and his Tariano Indian Expedition to Northwestern Brazil.

"FORBIDDEN"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Frank Capra. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: Lulu, Barbara Stanwyck; Bob, Adolphe Menjou; Holland, Ralph Bellamy; Helen, Dorothy Peterson; Roberta (baby), Myrna Fresholtz; Roberta (18), Charlotte V. Henry; Briggs, Halliwell Hobbes; Mrs. Smith, Florence Wix; Mr. Jones, Claude King; Mr. Eckner, Robert T. Graves; Three Kibitzers, Frankie Raymond, Gertrude Pedlar and Wilfred Noy.

"GIRL OF THE RIO"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play by Willard Mack. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Dolores, Dolores Del Rio; Don Jose Maria Lopez Tostado, Leo Carrillo; Johnny Powell, Norman Foster; O'Grady, Ralph Ince; The Matron, Lucile Gleason; Madge, Edna Murphy; Mike, Stanley Fields; Bill, Frank Campeau; Nabelle, Roberta Gale.

"GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Zoe Akins. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by Lowell Sherman. Jean, Ina Claire; Polaire, Joan Blondell; Schatze, Madge Evans; Boris Feldman, Lowell Sherman; Dey Emery, David Manners; Mr. Emery, Phillips Smalley; Mr. Garrett, Sidney Bracy.

"HUSBAND'S HOLIDAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "The Marriage Bed" by Ernest Pascal. Adapted by Ernest Pascal and Viola Brothers Shore. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: George Boyd, Clive Brook; Clyde Saunders, Charlie Ruggles; Mary Boyd, Vivienne Osborne; Andrew Trask, Harry Bannister; Christine Kennedy, Juliette Compton; Cecily Reid, Dorothy Tree; Mr. Reid, Charles Winninger; Mrs. Reid, Elizabeth Patterson; Molly Saunders, Leni Stengel; Phillip, Dickie Moore; Anne, Marilyn Knowlden.

"IS THERE JUSTICE?"—THRILL-O-DRAMA.—From the story by Betty Burbridge. Directed by Stuart Paton. The cast: Jerry, Rex Lease; Kay Raymond, Blanche Mehaffey; District Attorney Raymond, Henry B. Walthall; Dan Lawrence, Robert Ellis; June Lawrence, Helen Foster; Shorty Gray, Ernest Adams; Chief of Police, Joseph Girard; Detective Regan, Richard Cramer; Doctor Gibbs, John Ince; Rollins, Walter Brennan.

"JUVENILE COURT"—ZIEDMAN PROD.—From the story by Howard Higgin. Adapted by Paul Gangelin. Directed by Howard Higgin. The cast: Jimmy Mason, Junior Durkin; Mr. Kelly, Pat O'Brien; Shorty, Junior Coghlan; Peggy, Bette Davis; Uncle Henry, Charles Grapewin; Aunt Emma, Emma Dunn; Superintendent Thompson, James Marcus; Mr. Gebhardt, Morgan Wallace; Judge, Wallis Clark; Captain of Guards, Hooper Atchley.



**"LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE"—PARAMOUNT.**  
—From the story by Ernest Booth. Adapted by Louis Weitzenkorn. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Kathleen Storm*, Sylvia Sidney; *Standish McNeil*, Gene Raymond; *Susie Thompson*, Wynne Gibson; *Martin Doremus*, George Barbier; *Kid Athens*, Earle Foxe; *Warden Hecker*, Frank Sheridan; *John Hartman*, Purnell Pratt; *Reno Maggie*, Fritz Ridgeway; *Ivory*, Louise Beavers; *Millie*, Hilda Vaughn.

**"LADIES OF THE JURY"—RADIO PICTURES.**  
—From the play by John Frederick Ballard. Adapted by Marion Dix. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Members of the Jury*, Mrs. Livingston Baldwin; *Crane*, Edna May Oliver; *Wayne Dazy*, Ken Murray; *Andrew MacKaig*, Roscoe Ates; *Mayme Mixter*, Kitty Kelly; *Cynthia Tate*, Lita Chevre; *Alonso Beal*, George Andre Beranger; *Steve Bromm*, Guinn Williams; *Tony Theodolphulus*, George Humbert; *Mrs. McGuire*, Kate Price; *Jay J. Pressley*, Charles Dow Clark; *Mrs. Dace*, Florence Lake; *Miss Lily Pratt*, Cora Witherspoon. Others in the cast: *Mrs. Gordon*, the defendant, Jill Esmond; *Rutherford Dale*, defense lawyer, Morgan Galloway; *Halsey Van Slye*, prosecutor, Alan Roscoe; *The Judge*, Robert McWade; *Irvelyn Snow*, Helene Millard; *Suzanne*, Suzanne Fleming; *Jury Room Officer*, Tom Francis; *Chauncey Gordon*, Leyland Hodgson.

**"LAW OF THE TONGS"—WILLIS KENT PROD.**  
—From the story by Oliver Drake. Directed by Lew Collins. The cast: *Joan*, Phyllis Barrington; *Charlie Wong*, Jason Robards; *Denny*, Johnny Harron; *Madame Duval*, Dorothy Farley; *Mrs. McGregor*, Mary Carr; *Yuen Lee*, Frank Lackteen.

**"MANHATTAN PARADE"—WARNERS.**—From the play by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by Robert Lord and Houston Branch. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Doris*, Winnie Lightner; *Herbert*, Charles Butterworth; *John*, Walter Miller; *Lou Delman*, Joe Smith; *Jake Delman*, Charles Dale; *Charlotte*, Greta Granstedt; *Paisley*, Bobby Watson; *Junior*, Dickie Moore; *Vassiloff*, Luis Alberni; *The Sheriff*, Charles Middleton; *Nancy*, Claire McDowell; *Telephone Girl*, Polly Walters; *The Toreador*, Douglas Gerard; *Two Sewing Girls*, Lilian Bond and Ruth Hall; *Lady Godiva's Husband*, Nat Pendleton; *The Suit of Armor*, Bill Irving; *First Page Boy*, Harold Waldridge; *Brighton*, Frank Conroy; *Napoleon*, William Humphries; *The Lawyer*, Edward Van Sloan; *Mrs. Beacon*, Ethel Griffies.

**"MAKER OF MEN"—COLUMBIA.**—From the story by Howard J. Green and Edward Sedgwick. Adapted by Howard J. Green. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Dudley*, Jack Holt; *Bob*, Richard Cromwell; *Dorothy*, Joan Marsh; *Chick*, Robert Alden; *Dusty*, John Wayne; *McNeill*, Walter Catlett; *Mrs. Rhodes*, Natalie Moorhead; *Mr. Rhodes*, Richard Tucker; *Aunt Martha*, Ethel Wales.

**"MATA HARI"—M-G-M.**—From the story by Benjamin Glazer and Leo Birinski. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Mata Hari*, Greta Garbo; *Lt. Alexis Rosanoff*, Ramon Novarro; *General Shubin*, Lionel Barrymore; *Andriani*, Lewis Stone; *Dubois*, C. Henry Gordon; *Carlotta*, Karen Morley; *Caron*, Alec B. Francis; *Sister Angelica*, Blanche Frederici; *Warden*, Edmund Breese; *Sister Genevieve*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *The Cooks*, Frank Reicher.

**"MEN OF CHANCE"—RADIO PICTURES.**—From the story by Louis Weitzenkorn. Adapted by Wallace Smith & Louis Stevens. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Marthe*, Mary Astor; *Johnny Silk*, Ricardo Cortez; *Dorval*, John Halliday; *Farley*, Ralph Ince; *Gertie*, Kitty Kelly; *Prov. Frenchman*, George Davis; *Clocker*, James Donlin; *French Detective*, Andre Cheron; *Magistrate*, Albert Petit; *Hotel Manager*, Jean DeBriac.

**"POCATELLO KID, THE"—TIFFANY PROD.**—From the story by Scott Darling. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Pocatelto Kid*, Ken Maynard; *Jim Bledsoe*, Ken Maynard; *Mary*, Marceline Day; *Larkin*, Richard Kramer; *Trinidad*, Charles King; *Blaze*, Lew Meehan; *Marston*, Jack Rockwell; *Sheriff*, Bert Lindley.

**"PRIVATE LIVES"—M-G-M.**—From the play by Noel Coward. Scenario by Hans Kraly and Richard Schayer. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Amanda*, Norma Shearer; *Elyot*, Robert Montgomery; *Victor*, Reginald Denny; *Sibyl*, Una Merkel; *Oscar*, Jean Hersholt; *Bell Hop*, George Davis.

**"RAINBOW TRAIL, THE"—FOX.**—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Barry Connors and Philip Klein. Directed by David Howard. The cast: *Shefford*, George O'Brien; *Fay Larkin*, Cecilia Parker; *Ruth*, Minna Gombell; *Ike Wilkins*, Roscoe Ates; *Venters*, James Kirkwood; *Paddy Harrigan*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Dyer*, W. L. Thorne; *Lone Eagle*, Robert

Frazer; *Abigail*, Ruth Donnelly; *Willels*, Niles Welch; *Singing Cloud*, Laska Winters; *Presbey*, Landers Stevens; *Jane Withersteen*, Alice Ward; *Jim Lassiter*, Edward Hearn.

**"SECRET WITNESS, THE"—COLUMBIA.**—From the novel "Murder in the Gilded Cage" by Samuel Spewack. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Lois Martin*, Una Merkel; *Arthur Jones*, William Collier, Jr.; *Bella*, ZaSu Pitts; *Captain McGowan*, Purnell Pratt; *Larson*, Clyde Cook; *Lewis Leroy*, Ralf Harold; *Tess*, June Clyde; *Brannigan*, Paul Hurst; *Jeff*, Clarence Muse; *Gunner*, Nat Pendleton; *Herbert Folsom*, Hooper Atchley; *Moll*, Greta Granstedt; *Mike*, Mike Donlin.

**"SOOKY"—PARAMOUNT.**—From the story "Dear Sooky" by Percy Crosby. Adapted by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Norman McLeod. Directed by Norman Taugog. The cast: *Skippy Skinner*, Jackie Cooper; *Sooky Wayne*, Robert Coogan; *Sidney Saunders*, Jackie Searl; *Mrs. Skinner*, Enid Bennett; *Mrs. Wayne*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Mr. Skinner*, Willard Robertson; *Saunders*, Leigh Allen; *Willoughby*, Harry Beresford; *Moggs*, Guy Oliver; *Krausmeyer*, Oscar Apfel; *Hilda*, Gertrude Sutton.

**"STRUGGLE, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.**—From the story by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: *Jimmie Wilson*, Hal Skelly; *Florrie*, his wife, Zita Johann; *Nina*, cabaret girl, Charlotte Wynters; *Nan Wilson*, Jimmie's sister, Evelyn Baldwin; *Johnnie Marshall*, her beau, Jackson Halliday; *Mary*, Jimmie's daughter, Edna Hagan; *Sam*, his friend, Claude Cooper; *Cohen*, insurance collector, Arthur Lipson; *A Catty Girl*, Helen Mack; *Mr. Craig*, Johnnie's employer, Charles Richman; *Al*, a gigolo, Scott Moore; *Tony*, a mill worker, Dave Manley.

**"UNDER EIGHTEEN"—WARNERS.**—From the story by Frank Dazey and Agnes C. Johnston. Adapted by Charles Kenyon and Maude Fulton. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Madge Evans*, Marian Marsh; *Jimmie*, Regis Toomey; *Howard Raymond*, Warren William; *The father*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *The mother*, Emma Dunn; *Sophie*, Anita Page; *Alf*, Norman Foster; *Sybil*, Joyce Compton; *Saleslady*, Judith Vosselli; *Elsie*, Dorothy Appleby; *Landlady*, Maude Eburne; *Babsy*, Claire Dodd; *Francois*, Paul Porcasi; *Lucille*, Mary Doran; *Walters*, Murray Kinnell; *Man About Town*, Walter McGrail.

**"UNEXPECTED FATHER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.**—Adapted by Dale Van Every. Directed by Thornton Freeland. The cast: *Jasper Jones*, Slim Summerville; *Polly*, ZaSu Pitts; *Pudge*, Cora Sue Collins; *Mrs. Hawkins*, Alison Skipworth; *Evelyn Smythe*, Dorothy Christy; *Claude*, Claud Allister; *Reggie*, Tyrrel Davis; *Policemen*, Tom O'Brien and Richard Cramer.

**"UNION DEPOT"—FIRST NATIONAL.**—From the play by Laurie, Fowlers and Durkin. Adapted by Kenyon Nicholson and Walter De Leon. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Chick*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Ruth*, Joan Blondell; *Scrap Iron*, Guy Kibbee; *The Baron*, Alan Hale; *Bernardi*, George Rosener; *Little Boy*, Dickie Moore; *Welfare Worker*, Ruth Hall; *Waitress*, Mae Madison; *Mabel*, Polly Walters; *Kendall*, David Landau; *Actress On Train*, Lilian Bond; *The Drunk*, Frank McHugh; *A Ragged Urchin*, Junior Coghlan; *Society Woman*, Dorothy Christy; *Sadie*, Adrienne Dore; *Cafe Proprietress*, Eulalie Jensen; *Woman on Platform*, Virginia Sale; *Train Caller*, George MacFarland; *Parker*, Earle Foxe; *Daisy*, Mary Doran.

**"WOMAN COMMANDS, A"—RKO-PATHE.**—From the story by Thilde Forster. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Madame Maria Draga*, Pola Negri; *King Alexander*, Roland Young; *Capt. Alex Pasitsch*, Basil Rathbone; *Col. Stradimirovitch*, H. B. Warner; *Iwan*, Anthony Bushell; *The Prime Minister*, Reginald Owen; *Mascha*, May Boley; *The General*, Frank Reicher; *Chedo*, George Baxter; *Crown Prince Milan*, Cleo Louise Borden; *Adjutant*, David Newell.

**"WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.**—From the story by Carla Von Jensen. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Lottie*, Lil Dagover; *Captain Corlaix*, Walter Huston; *D'Ortelles*, Warren William; *Brambourg*, John Wray; *Morbraz*, Robert Warwick; *Le Duc*, George E. Stone; *Chief Petty Officer Vincent*, Matt McHugh; *The Dowager Sister*, Maude Eburne; *The Cook*, Dewey Robinson; *Lieut. Rosseau*, Robert Rose; *Defense Attorney*, Reginald Barlow; *The President*, Frederick Burton; *Verguson*, John Rutherford; *The Pilot*, Frank Leigh; *A Man of the World*, Paul Porcasi; *Doctor Rabouf*, Oscar Apfel; *Admiral*, Jack Kennedy; *Anna*, Elinor Wesselhoeft; *Chief Engineer*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Karkuff*, Francis McDonald; *Fourdylis*, Warner Richmond; *Sengeleace*, Clarence Muse.



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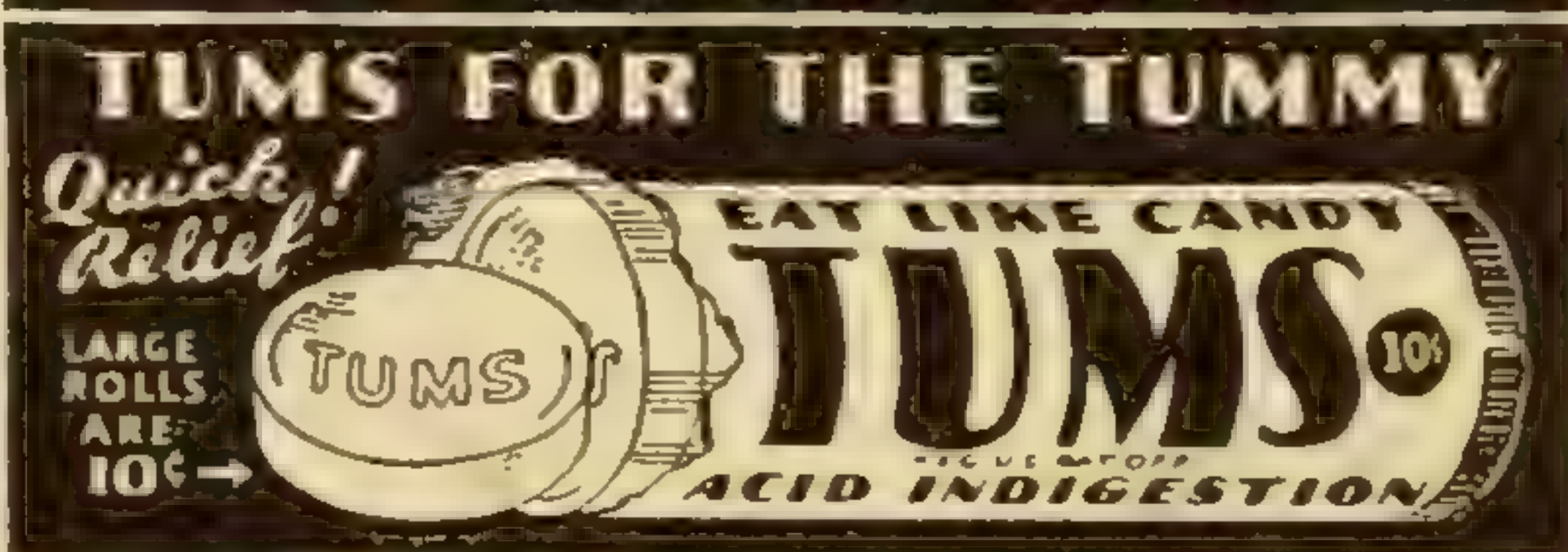
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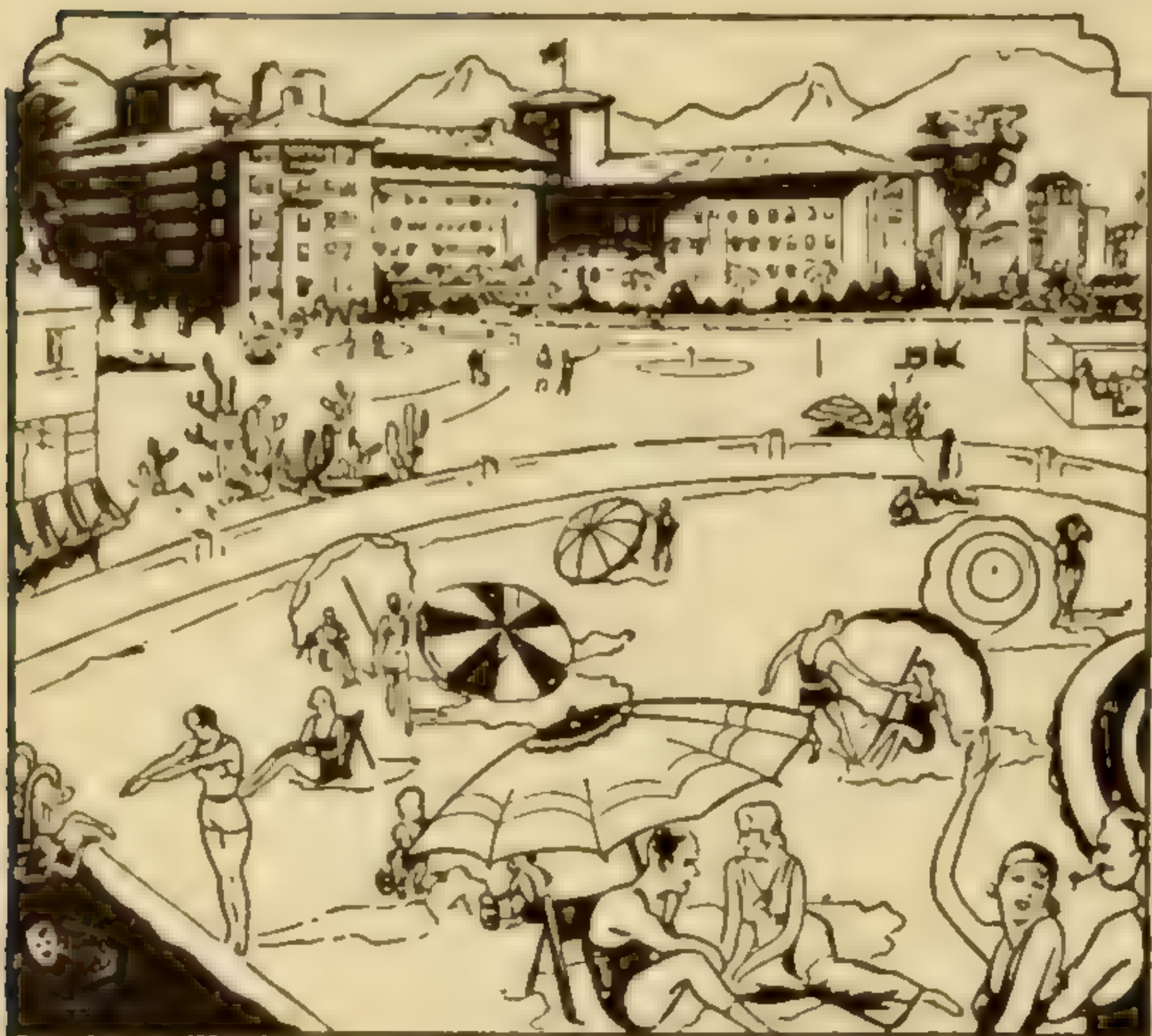
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LOS ANGELES

BEN L. FRANK  
Manager

## Advice on Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

expression by girlishly waved hair and a slightly petulant mouth make-up.

A long bob caught back behind the ears, long earrings and bangs seem to lengthen her face, while a bangless brow and hair caught in a twist just at the nape of the neck give her a childish, round-faced look.

Girls with "baby" faces should never overdo curls and fluffy hair. And they should be careful to avoid making their mouths look pouty by stressing a cupid's bow.

Another girl wrote to me saying, "I am a girl of Joan Crawford's type, but where she is brilliant and popular, I am dull. People just seem to forget my existence."

Why then should two girls resemble each other in some respects and not in others? Because in one there is a spark that flashes forth to radiate her whole being. But in the other the spark has been quenched by self pity and not enough self-analysis. This girl can be a second Joan if she will analyze her favorite and then apply what she sees to herself.

Observation is the first step toward being what you want to be. We all have to have a model—few of us are creators.

The girl who wrote the following paragraph to me is bound to get what she wants. She says, "One thing I am going to do and that is cut out the sub-title of your article which reads, 'Any Girl Can Be What She Wants To Be.' I'm going to paste it right up on my wall by the mirror so I can see it all the time. I know what I want to be—I know what I strive to have, and that is personality!"

ORLA K.:

The tapering line from hip to knee is of vital importance this year in view of the molded fashion silhouette. The following exercise is unusually beneficial for both hips and thighs.

Lie flat on your back on the floor. Keep your head and shoulders as close to the floor as possible. Then raise the right leg, swing it over the left, stretch it until you have it at right angles with the body, then give another pull on the stretched muscles and return to place. Then swing over with the left leg the same way. Be sure to roll on the hips and not with the body. If you do this faithfully morning and night, I am sure you will find good results.

A number of the prominent cosmetic houses put out bath oils that will aid your dry skin. I would suggest, too, that you bathe in lukewarm water and be sure to use a bland soap. If you are willing to take the time, it would be good to rub your body with an oil about once a week. Leave it on while resting, then remove it and sponge the body.

BUBBLES:

You are about four pounds underweight. However, at your age, that is nothing to worry about. Just try to eat more butter on your foods, more milk and plenty of leafy vegetables. Also sweets and fruits. Be sure to get plenty of sleep at night, that is the best way to build up the body.

BOBBY:

Oils and unguents will make your hair appear some darker but at the same time you will find they tend to make your hair look oily. I would suggest instead, that you use one of the good washes advertised in PHOTOPLAY to give your hair a nice sheen. Brush your hair every day also, as brushing brings out all the natural gloss in the hair.

Tall girls get a break this year. All those dressy sleeves, belted waistlines and trick seamings help to cut down their height. You can wear two-piece effects, peplums and tiers. Any full sleeves will add width to your silhouette and thus shorten you up some. Choose coats that have the slim silhouette but lots of fur bulkiness at the top. Avoid vertical lines and surplice effects. Wear round or square necklines.

JANE H.:

You will find that the following costume colors will flatter your brown-haired, blue-eyed type: Most shades of blue from light to the rich tones, soft shades of green, especially those with a bluish cast, gray, rust, golden brown and the deeper browns, burnt orange and tomato color, black with color touches or white. Pale pinks and soft rose. Most shades of yellow.

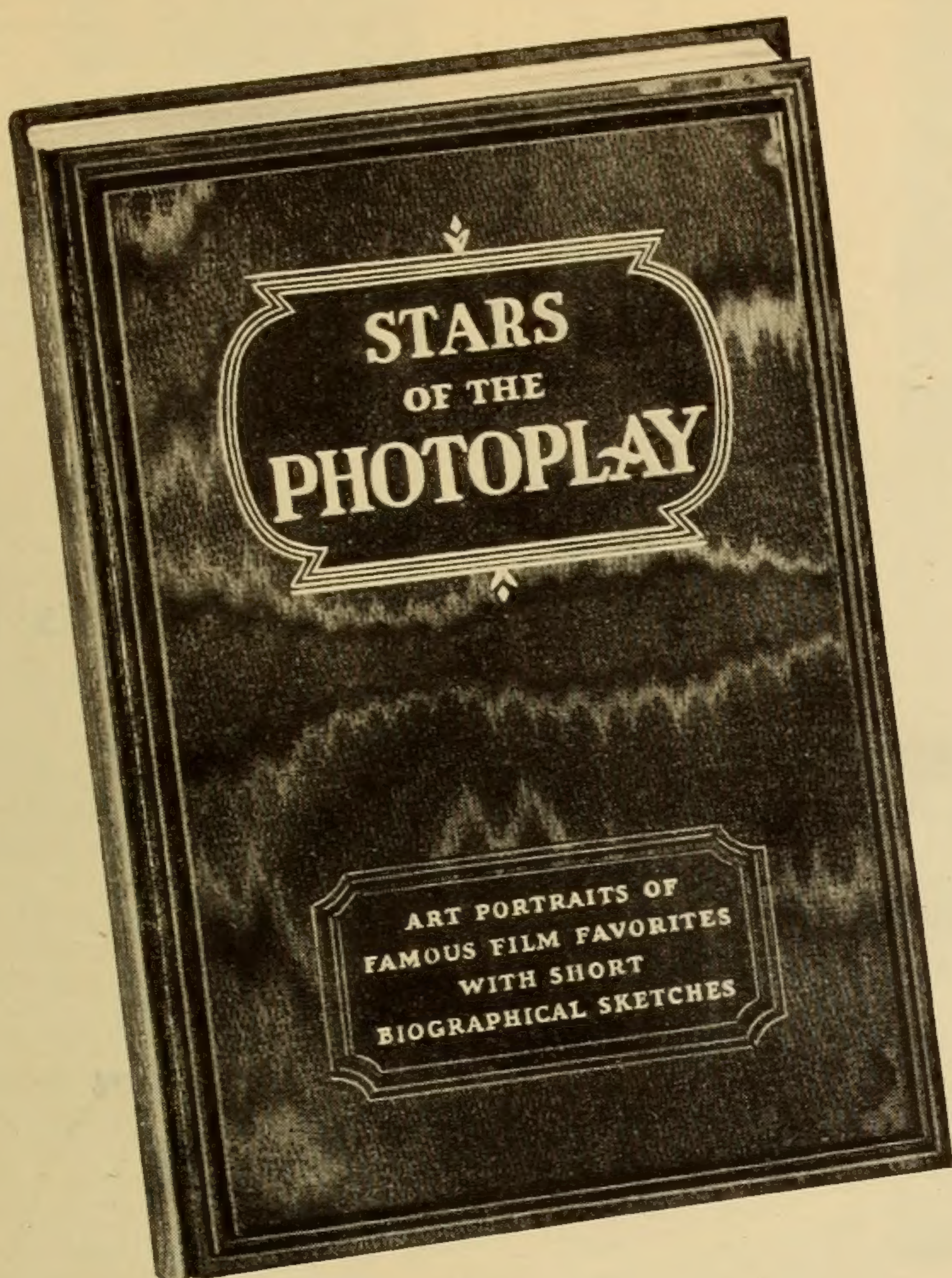
Why don't you try a coral tone in rouge and lipstick? New and smart for both blondes and brunettes. A creamy tone of powder.

You should weigh about 136 pounds, Jane.



Who but a Garbo could get away with this hairdress? This is one of her coiffures in "Mata Hari." It's what we used to call a "washer woman's knot"





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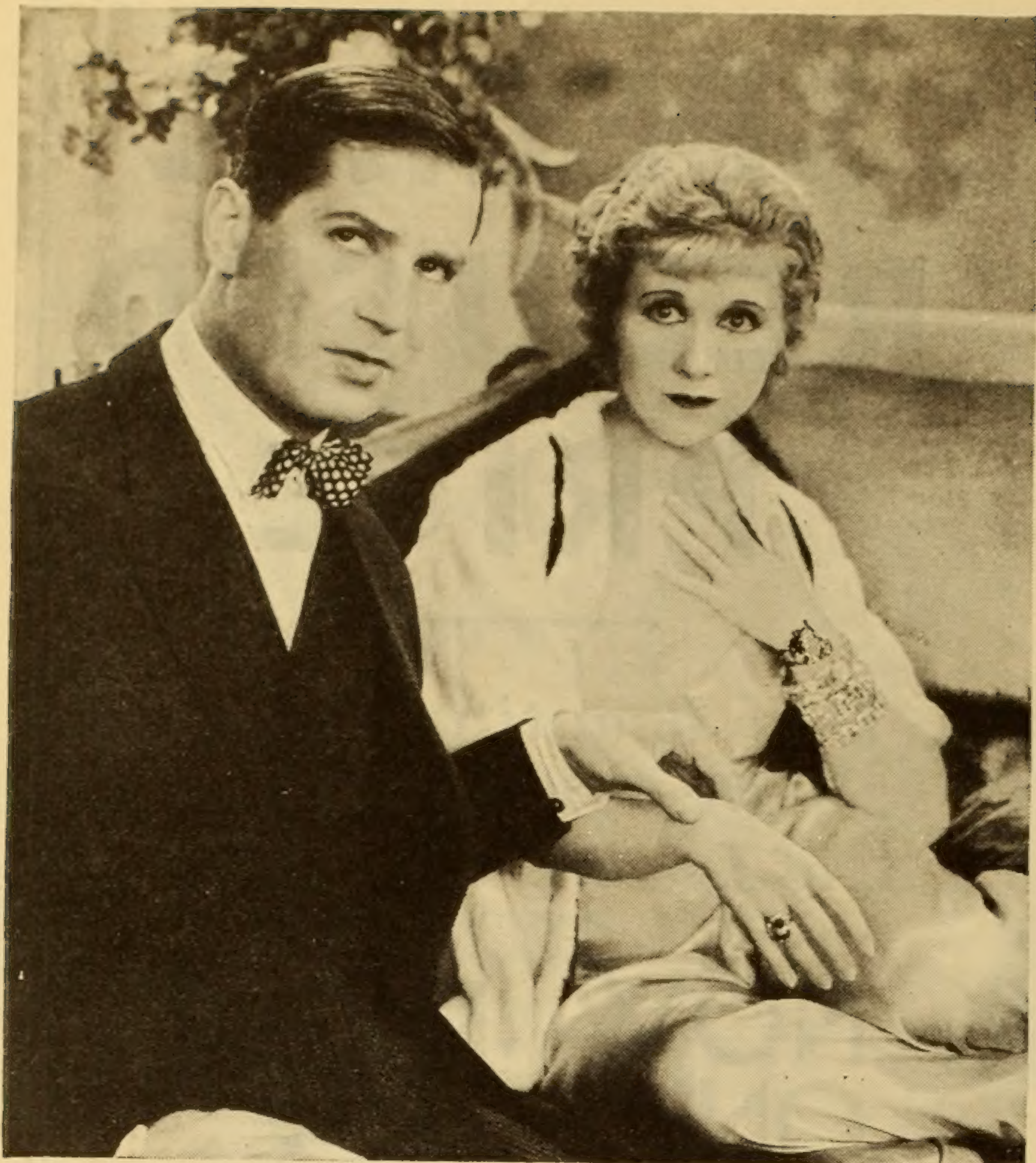
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"It iss dis way you must roll the eye, see?" That's what director Ernst Lubitsch told Genevieve Tobin, and now regard our little Genevieve doing her best to go "dis" way in a scene with Maurice Chevalier in "One Hour With You." And—oh, looky, looky—at Jennie's bangs. The last word

LET'S ramble. Here, for instance, is stage 14 on the Paramount lot. Drab on the outside, maybe, but oh boy, on the inside. Snappy, peppy music. A song. An accent. A smile. A straw hat. Chevalier. Everyone is happy on the "One Hour With You" set. The scene is a lady's boudoir. But then it usually is with that Maurice. Genevieve Tobin in pink satin pajamas, bare feet and her hair in bangs reclines on a gorgeous satin couch. Damita, little Lily, sits off in a corner on a high stool studying her script like a good child. Lily is in the French version. A vision with a bubbling laugh passes by. Jeanette MacDonald. She's in it, too.

Over there by Genevieve is Lubitsch. "Look, look Genevieve," he says. "It iss dis way you must roll the eye, see?" Ernst, Ernst, how you can roll 'em! Maurice practices golf shots behind the camera. The cameraman rushes over. "Maurice, what's wrong with your hair," he asks. "Looks bad in the rushes." "Well, when I am straight like dees," explains Maurice, "eet is good. But when I bend the head, eet is no good. Eet sticks out, eh. But that's all right, old fellow. Dees fans know how funny I look anyhow. So what ees, eh?"

Now, they're ready for the song, "Three Times a Day." And does it zip. And is Maurice a zipper. Everyone sways to the music. From prop boy to Lubitsch. It's ended, too soon. And suddenly from her stool in the corner comes a loud French raspberry from Damita. Surprised, Chevalier looks around. And right back goes a louder, Frenchier raspberry. All in fun.

But wait, wait till you hear the music in "One Hour With You." Oooooo Maurice, la la.

Let's all, just for fun, go to a speakeasy. There's one on the Radio lot and it's packed. At one table sits Bob Armstrong, Joel McCrea, Hugh Herbert. Richard Dix, three-fourths soused (only pretending, auntie, only pretending) is trying to make a speech. But nobody knows what about. Not even Richard. The scene is from "The Lost Squadron." Aviators home from the world war are on the skid. Down. There's a pathetic helplessness about these heroes returned. A sort of bewildered helplessness.

Waiters fly about with huge coffee cups full of, well, anyway, it's served in cups. Between shots Dix insists on having his

music. The orchestra tears out "The Merry Widow Waltz" while Richard paces madly up and down repeating and repeating his lines. It's a wild confusion. The girls are garbed in 1918 hobble skirt suits.

From a speakeasy to a pent house with George Arliss. Only in Hollywood could it be done. Everything is heavy drama on "The Man Who Played God" set. Arliss, a musician who has gone quite deaf, sits at the piano, playing. He hears no sounds. Maddened, he springs to his feet. Across the room, with that strange Arliss swing, he goes. A violin rests on the table. Enraged, he seizes it. High in the air he holds it.

There's a pause. Deadly. Awful. Then suddenly he brings it down. A resounding smash. And in his hands remain the remnants of his beloved instrument. Horrified, he surveys it. And then a mad dash to the window. Quick. He's on the ledge. And we're on the floor with one arm around the assistant director's leg and trying to strangle the publicity woman with the other. It's tremendous. Over and over they shoot it. It keeps one property man busy racing back and forth with violins for Mr. Arliss to smash.

BUT if you think that's excitement, wait, just wait, till we get onto the "Fireman, Save My Child" set with Joe E. Brown. We hear a strange, crackling noise as soon as we open the huge sound stage door. There's a pungent odor of smoke. Why, it couldn't be, you think. But it is. The whole corner of the sound stage is a roaring, blazing fire. Up the velvet drapes it creeps. Now the curtains go, a blazing mass. The furniture catches. The walls. It's a whole sheet of flame. Firemen from Hollywood stood tense on the side lines. "Wait," cried Joe E., the hero in the midst of all the blazing, "I can put out this fire with my magic bombs. Gather about me." We gather. Holding our breath. Quickly he opens his case. And heaven help us he pulls out—a lady's teddy. It's the wrong case. Now there is a scramble. Extras can't make up their minds whether it's all in the picture or real. Everyone is running about. Props are overturned. Even the firemen look worried. The entire Mexican polo team who have come to look on, think a sudden revolution has broken out.

The fire has spread. It's terrifying. Shouts. Screams. Yells. Windows are broken with the heat. More screams. But never mind, children. In the nick of time Joe recovers the right case and he did put out that fire. But not with a lady's teddy. And after all it was all a part of the picture. Wait till you see "Fireman, Save My Child."



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